

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THROUGH THE RANKS.

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"*Bonnie Kate*," "*The Peyton Romance*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. THREE STRIPES AND A CROWN.

FOR each company in a regiment there is a Colour-Sergeant. The rank is an honourable one, the position coveted; not without its dangers, as the bitter experience of many a man can testify. Given a lax and lazy Captain, and responsibilities rest upon the Colour-Sergeant which he is in many cases quite unfit for. Large sums of money pass through his hands; it is possible that temptation may assail him. Still he has greatness thrust upon him, for as the youngest subaltern carries the sacred burden of the colours—his young heart oftentimes filled with high and noble dreams of how he may one day be called upon to guard that treasure in time of battle—the Colour-Sergeants guard both flag and bearer. Not, however, always successfully, as we know by the story of the boy hero of the Crimean War, whose heart was pierced by the bullets that only reached him through the flag he had wrapped about him, and clutched so closely even in the death-gasp.

Three stripes and a crown. These are the badges of honour carried by the Colour-Sergeant, and as a regiment of full strength has ten companies, there are ten Colour-Sergeants; and yet it had become a strange habit in the Hundred and Ninety-Third to speak of the Colour-Sergeant, number one (Grenadier) company, as "the" Colour-Sergeant. The Sergeant-Major himself was scarcely oftener spoken of by the

definite article, though enjoying an honourable isolation as to rank. What is that wonderful personality possessed by some men and women which marks them from among their fellows? How hard it is to define it, and yet how irresistible is its power! A person possessing it is not long a member of any community without making him or herself felt. Others circle round, as it were, and without design the new-comer becomes a centre; the strong and vivid personality conquers, sways, constrains.

The choir of the dingy military chapel comprised two Colour-Sergeants, and yet, when Alison Drew said to her cousin: "The Colour-Sergeant has brought us a new chant," that young lady did not ask for any more definite description. Colour-Sergeant number one company was sufficiently indicated.

"How kind—how nice!" she said, with one of her sweet smiles.

Major Henneker's daughter may be said to have been almost always smiling, even her tears being of the April sort; but with Alison the sunshine was rarer; all the brighter though, perhaps, for that.

As the two girls entered the chapel, Mrs. Musters rose slowly and with dignity from the organ. Perhaps "organ" is the best name; but in truth it was a complex sort of instrument, a sort of cross between an organ proper and a harmonium, having to be blown into like the former instrument, but falling short of the size and dignity that might have been expected. Mrs. Musters loved to handle this instrument, but it resented her interference and did dreadful things under her manipulations, at which times the doctor was wont to look solemnly round, making a baton of a roll of music, and defying the world to

raise a smile. Taking a mean advantage, it must be confessed, of her lord's fealty, Mrs. Musters had been known to warble a certain ditty called "Melancholy Jane" at a Soldiers' Evening, and such was the love borne to the genial doctor by the Hundred and Ninety-Third, that the lugubrious strain was actually encored; a fact that no one, in the regiment or out of it, was ever allowed to forget.

It was evident to Alison that her entrance into the chapel had broken in upon some sort of homily being suitably delivered by Dr. Musters, that gentleman displaying all the symptoms of an interrupted orator.

"We thought you were not coming," said Mrs. Musters with a grim smile, evidently of the opinion that entire absence was better than unseemly interruption.

Then, with the air of one who resumes a function that has been broken into, the doctor took up his parable. "I really must ask you—all of you—to be more careful with regard to time. I am deeply impressed with the importance of this matter, because the efforts of our good friend, Gunner Grimes, though by no means uncalled for, are apt to be—ahem!—a trifle too audible to the general congregation, and I must say that to hear: 'Far from my heavenly home—hurry up,' or 'Onward, Christian Soldiers—get along, do!' is far from a suitable addendum to the hymns in question, nor yet seemly in a—er—er—" here the doctor glanced round the far from stately proportions of the chapel, stumbling for a word. But Mrs. Doctor came to the rescue.

"A sacred edifice," she said solemnly, folding her hands in her lap as her manner was.

"Quite so; in a sacred edifice—such as—er—this."

"I'm sure, sir," put in Gunner Grimes with aggrieved face and voice, "if I could get 'em along with easy-goin' ways I would; but they're that rungumcious—and then there's this boy here, he's a well-intentioned chap, but his cadences leave a lot to be wished for. There's a deal in cadence, sir, when you come to singing in churches—"

The doctor coughed; Mrs. Musters fidgeted on her seat. That was the worst of Gunner Grimes: when he got a social opening, you never knew what he would be at. Meanwhile, the unfortunate drummer-boy whose "cadence" was at fault, looked abject; the more so because one or two of his fellows displayed a painfully acute interest in the proceedings.

"Whiles I've got the ear of the meetin'," continued Gunner Grimes, "I'd like to say as I don't consider Private McMurdock always treats me fair like. Sir, more than onest he's cut me short in the matter of blowin', and took the wind out of my best fancy bits—"

The aggrieved face of Private McMurdock at this appeared over the back of the compound instrument into which he was in the habit of blowing, at times, it must be confessed, somewhat spasmodically. On the other hand, Gunner Grimes was, upon occasion, given to ornament his inevitable anthem solo with such turns and twirls, such roulades and quaverings, that it was suggestive of a plant all over tendrils; the original melody being well-nigh obscured. It was also true that, at such moments, Private McMurdock would suddenly stop supplies, and—with a faint wail like that of the celebrated dying duck in a thunderstorm—the organ would become dumb, and the ambitious roulade, deserted and alone, flutter, like a winged bird to the ground.

"McMurdock should certainly try to be even in his supplies," said the doctor—McMurdock ducked at this—"but, on the other hand, you know, Grimes, you are apt sometimes to be a trifle"—here the top of McMurdock's head and two gleaming eyes appeared again above the surface—"just a trifle too elaborate; simplicity, after all, is the thing to be aimed at. Ta, ta, ta!" and here the improvised baton gently smote the top of the organ.

What a representative group was that gathered together! Just one of those groups that one looks back upon in years to come with a sigh, realising how all are scattered far and wide, and the dear old regimental "camaraderie," that, in spite of all small rifts within the lute, was so close and dear a thing, rent and torn asunder.

At the organ, Alison, her sweet, grave eyes upon the music; her cousin's laughter-loving eyes glinting with mischief as Gunner Grimes airs his grievances; a group of band-boys, with voices that apparently come out of the top of their heads, delighted to be free from the professional control of Herr Schaffenhäusser, the bandmaster, and under the milder amateur sway of the doctor; two or three men from the ranks, very much in earnest over the work in hand, painfully so sometimes, and a couple of non-coms.—one of them the Colour-Sergeant of number one company. His tall inches well become the

"Grenadiers"; his manner is gentle, yet dignified and reserved; his voice a full, sweet tenor; his dark face, with close-cropped locks and trim moustache, has a worn look hardly in keeping with his seven-and-twenty years; and as he stands his attitude is less suggestive of drill than that of his comrade in rank, a short, fussy man, good at heart, but rather apt to worry the men over trifles.

Then there is Captain Hugh Dennison, his hand just a thought tremulous as he turns over the music for Alison; and Lieutenant Blizzard, whose acquaintance we would be got through if she were not there, it cannot be denied that her tongue is always as the pen of a ready writer, and occasionally as sharp as a two-edged sword; she is, in some ways, a good-hearted creature, and, perhaps, the regiment is apt to look upon her through the reflected light of her husband's affection and loyalty. As for the doctor himself, with his baton beating the most perfect time, his kindly grey eyes watching every member of the choir in turn, his ears pricked to detect a false note, and his deep and unflagging interest in "the soldier" collectively, we know what sort of a person he is, and how his influence binds and welds together the corps to which he belongs, as the mortar welds the bricks of a building.

It having been fully resolved that a vast and unanimous effort should be made to keep up the time briskly, to shun dragging, and to get on without the spur of Ganner Grimes's too audible asides—Private McDuck also having been adjured to keep the supply of wind "more uniform," and keep the action of the bellows smooth and free from unseemly jumps and jerkings—they were just starting upon the hymn for next Sunday evening, when Dr. Musters suddenly tapped the top of the organ sharply to command silence, and then, bending over the organist, asked softly:

"Where is our friend Carbonel? We want more than one tenor for the proper rendering of this hymn. Ah! here he is"—for at that moment the chapel door opened stealthily, as it were, and admitted, not Lieutenant Fred Carbonel, but

two somewhat shamefaced young warriors, who came in as though decidedly uncertain of an enthusiastic welcome. One was Ensign Green, no longer overburdened with nose; the other a short, square-set youngster, with fierce bristling moustache by way of a set-off against his evident youthfulness—in a word, "Verrinder of Ours." Well indeed might these two look sheep-faced, for between them both they had not the voice even of a young crow in trouble. They were impostors, and they knew it. They also knew that everybody else knew it. At their entrance soldiers and band-boys looked supernaturally solemn—a sure sign of intuitions. Alison's gentle eyes took a look of reproach; her cousin's mirthful ones dropped; while Mrs. Musters's ample mouth opened like a trap, and her shadowless orbs grew round.

"Have you brought a message for the doctor?" she said, with cruel but unconscious irony, and the intruding warriors blushed; but Verrinder proved the bolder of the two.

"No," he said, advancing meekly but surely, "we came to help, don't you know."

"But you have neither of you any voice," persisted the lady.

The doctor, seeing that things were becoming a little personal, here interposed.

"Where is Carbonel, do you know?" he said, rather sharply. "We can't do without him very well."

The Ensign looked mysterious, and spoke low.

"He's writing letters; you know his way—reams and reams—wading in ink. He won't have done till two minutes before the letter corporal leaves the quarters—'pon my honour he won't—never does. We thought we might do instead of him, don't you know;" this with the calmest impudence possible, but with a pleading glance at the back of Alison's head.

"Just so—thought we might do instead," echoed Verrinder, with a sidelong look at the Major's daughter. But that young lady was quite absorbed in the coming hymn, beating time with a slender finger on the margin of her book.

"It is no use waiting for Carbonel, then, you think?" said the doctor in a tentative manner.

"Not a bit," replied Verrinder, with decision; "he was only half through page fourteen when we left."

"That decides it," replied the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now then, Ganner Grimes—quick march."

Why Gunner Grimes always led the choir it would perhaps have been difficult to say. He had edged himself into the position, as it were, and wore the calm and dignified demeanour of a born leader of men. Accompanied by two other gunners as tight as to tunic and as gruff as to voice as himself, he was ever the first to arrive at "practice," and many complaints had been heard in the barrack-room he inhabited on the score of his constantly conning over lines of hymns, and turns and twists of anthems, and practising "fancy bits" from under his cot rug in the still watches of the night.

The gunner's excuses ran thus: "I feel myself fair busting with music sometimes, and it must have its way somehow," but nobody was appeased, and insulting suggestions that he should go and "bust" in some other neighbourhood were freely offered. However, Grimes's day came at practice hour, and he made the most of his opportunities.

But to return. The doctor gave out the hymn, and read the first line,

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
and straightway arose a din as of many
bells of Baahan giving tongue.

"You are not asked to represent the tempest, only to record it," said the doctor, beating the air with his hands to still the uproar, and looking aggrievedly at the open-mouthed assembly.

"They near give Gentleman Jack a blooming fit," said one band-boy to another, speaking in a fine, small whisper, and never changing a muscle of his face while he did so; to whom the other responded by "Now, ain't he that pertick'ler!" spitting the words out of the corner of lips that never stirred; and then the two presented the appearance of twin mutes at a funeral.

Meanwhile the hymn went on, less overpoweringly and aggressively this time, Gunner Grimes holding his men in check by the power of a glaring eye, and Alison's sweet soprano notes floating above the rest, like sunlight on water.

All went well for a time, when suddenly the doctor signalled a halt.

"Colour-Sergeant," he said, with one of his genial smiles, "we could do with a little more of your tenor, eh? Mr. Carbonel's absence—he is—ahem! somewhat uncertain in his attendance on these occasions—leaves us rather dependent—you must give us a little better measure."

Every one looked straight at Gentleman Jack; indeed, the doctor could not very

well have meant the other Colour-Sergeant, since he was booming away like a bumble-bee in a sunflower. At the reference to Mr. Carbonel's absence, Mrs. Musters looked grave. She did not approve of these young subalterns marrying, and Fred Carbonel was the most recent and youngest of Lieutenants. The fact was, their wives—especially if at all good-looking—were apt to be uppish, and gave her a great deal of trouble.

As for Colour-Sergeant Smith, a red flush rose to the thick-set crescent of his dark, crisp hair. There could be no manner of doubt, he had been listening—not singing—listening with all his ears, with all his might, with all his soul, as we listen to the song of the lark that lifts us heavenwards. The doctor, thinking that perhaps he had spoken somewhat warmly, nodded reassuringly, and the hymn proceeded with evident improvement, the tenor being more to the fore. Later on the new chant was tried. It had a fall to the minor, in the second episode, that gave universal satisfaction, and the doctor went out when practice was over, humming the tune.

"I heard it in a parish where I was once—on furlough," said the Colour-Sergeant, and Mrs. Musters bowed her head in an amiable and condescending manner, as who should say: "Very proper—very suitable; you cannot do better, young man, than employ your furlough in looking after Church music; a most seemly pursuit."

As the two girls passed out of the chapel, a paper fell from Alison's book, and fluttered to the ground. In a moment the Sergeant had stooped down, restored it to its owner, and was holding back the door with a slight bow, which Alison, with a rather startled look, returned.

Then they set off home accompanied by Mr. Green and Verrinder, the former, in accordance with an obstinate persistency, laden with three hymn-books and a prayer-book.

"He's a wonderful good sort, isn't he?" said the latter, and every one understood he was speaking of the Colour-Sergeant. "Grand form, and all that sort of thing—eh?"

"By Jove!" chimed in Mr. Green, who occasionally clipped his words, "he's 'strodinary fine fellow. When I had my little accident—er—bashed my nose a bit, you know—he took a lot of care of me; and I—I wanted to say, 'Thank you, old fellow'—'pon my soul I did, you know."

"Still——" put in the Major's daughter, with an air as of one who understands the fitness of things in the service.

"Oh, quite—quite—quite," said Mr. Green hastily, catching her up before she could complete her sentence; "a fellow can't be led too much by his impulses—wouldn't do, you know. They'd bolt with him, chuck him over the fence, and all that sort of thing—land him sprawling—must keep the rein tight. That's what I always say to the—ahem—youngsters, you know."

The girls exchanged a furtive smile, and Mrs. Musters, labouring on in the rear, requested to know what Mr. Green was laying down the law about. No one, however, gave her any information, and Alison promptly, even hurriedly, introduced a new subject.

"Mr. Green," she said, her grave eyes looking reproachfully at that young warrior's rubicund countenance, "why do you and Mr. Verrinder come to choir practice? You know you can't sing, either of you, not one little bit. Indeed, you are quite useless, and you know it."

Mr. Green returned Alison's reproachful glance with interest.

"Useless!" he said. "Oh, Miss Drew, how can you?"

"Miss Drew is perfectly right," put in Mrs. Musters from behind. "It is a great mistake for people to undertake things they cannot do well."

Mr. Green thought of "Melancholy Jane," but dared not say a word.

As to Verrinder, never was a more entirely impenitent sinner seen. Nor was the offender without an advocate; for when the two girls were in the bright and cosy room they shared, the Major's daughter, stooping to untie a dainty shoe, accused her cousin of being "hard upon those two."

"You know they can't sing," replied Alison, much in earnest.

"Of course Mr. Green can't; but then he is a preposterous sort of person altogether. Mr. Verrinder is different; he can't sing much, I grant you, but I have distinctly heard three notes of his voice quite in tune—rather good notes, Alison."

The shoe-tie was troublesome, and had apparently become an intricate knot; and the little bit of the girl's face that was visible showed deeply red—with stooping, no doubt.

Alison looked gravely at her companion, and puckered up her mouth as if for a

whistle. If she had been Mr. Green, there can be no doubt she would have whistled long and loud.

Then she spoke of little Patsey, and how white and feeble he looked in his tiny box-bed.

"And Norah—did you chance to see Norah?"

"Only for a moment; she was on her way home. She has a strange, hunted look—a look that I don't like to see. She is like a landscape from which all the sunshine has died out."

"It is the memory of that day—that terrible day—she cannot forget. She is resentful against all the world."

"I wish—I wish," said Alison, clasping her hands tight, "that we did not lash our soldiers—treat them like dogs—worse than that, for the dog has the chance to run away! Surely such a cruel, degrading punishment ought to be kept for cruel and cowardly outrage, not used for such sins as poor Deacon was guilty of. Do you know what I heard the Colonel once say to Dad? I don't think I was meant to hear it, and yet I could not put it from my mind. He said: 'It is useful sometimes to hold it over them in terror; but I must say, for my own part, I wish it could be altogether a threatening terror and nothing more. Depend upon it, Henneker, those of us who live long enough will see the lash abolished altogether.'"

"Fancy you hearing that!" replied Elsie, who had now quite recovered her self-possession. "They don't care for us to hear them when they are talking 'shop,' though, do they, Alison?"

"No," said the other gravely; "and perhaps I ought not to have repeated this, even to you; but it seemed to me a promise of brighter things to come—for our soldiers—and you know any one who lives among soldiers must think of them, and care for them, and grow into touch with all their ideas and aims, and even with their faults and failings——"

A rippling light of laughter shone in Elsie's eyes.

"I do hope, my dear Alison, you will never marry out of the service; you will be a grand C.O.'s wife lost to the country if you do."

"See that you set me the example of taking the Queen's shilling, Miss Impertinence, and then, perhaps, I shall follow on—who knows?"

But to this the Major's daughter made no reply.

STOCKHOLM.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE skating seems to give the key-note to outdoor life in Stockholm in winter. People skate here, or seem to, as naturally as they eat, sleep, and walk.

Not that there are the same facilities for long-distance skating in Sweden as in Holland. In the latter industrious land brooms and infinite energy are brought to bear upon the snow that tries to cover up the Hollander's beloved canals. Not so in Sweden. Resignation to the snow sets in in Scandinavia after November. Besides, Sweden is not permeated with waterways of the same kind as Holland's. The population, too, is smaller. It would not here, as in Holland, pay the tatterdemalions of the towns and villages to spend the hours of wintry daylight sweeping the snow from the frozen streams as fast as it falls. In Holland the average broom-man in December or January may hope in the evening to take home quite a weighty handful of copper coins. In Sweden the enterprising person who tried to work in this way would get his nose numbed, and find his patience exhausted, ere he earned the worth of a dinner. We are farther north here. Nature, too, is sterner. She sets brooms at defiance.

Lake Malar offers all conveniences for a series of magnificent open-air rinks in winter. These conveniences are accepted.

It was most exhilarating to join the varied throng, any evening after seven o'clock, on one of these spacious swept and garnished areas by the side of the central island. They were here in their thousands; men, and women, and children. And band-stands in the middle of the areas gave facility for the music so loved by the Stockholmers, and electric lamps were slung round and about the enclosures.

The moon and the keen northern stars did their best also to make the scene memorable, while on the outskirts of the rinks were booths as at a fair, in which, as in more southern resorts, you might get cups of coffee for a halfpenny, or shoot at blown eggs dancing on jets of water.

From the King downwards, every one skates. His Majesty has not a private rink. Oh, no! That is not the way in Sweden. For a popular monarch like King Oscar no other course is possible except to skate with his people; and he does it on the rink behind the Museum. There

are some charming maids of honour at the Swedish Court—ask Prince Oscar, who married the fair Ebba Munk, if it is not so—and His Majesty does not think it beneath him to take them by the hand to share and double his pleasure.

Some of the Swedes skate superbly. We do not in England see many of their champions at our precarious contests in the Fen country. Our frosts cannot be relied upon sufficiently to make it aught but hazardous for a Stockholmer to attempt the journey hither in search of ice-laurels. But I much mistake if they would not run either the Smarts of St. Ives, Hagen of Christiania, or the men of Friesland very close for pre-eminence if they gave themselves to the task. They are deft at figure-skating, too—contriving most of their work on the middle part of the skate, which is made slightly convex for the purpose.

Under such conditions of weather as may safely be predicted here in winter, it is natural that there should be rink rules just as there are moral rules of the pavement. Cigar-ends and dogs are, you learn from the notices, not to be endured on the ice. This is well. But the ordinary Swede, whether man or woman, boy or girl, can suffer some hard tumbles without complaining. Years ago in Sweden they had copper coins about ten inches square, and weighing six pounds avoirdupois—value two shillings and sixpence. A people who could appreciate nice little pieces of bullion of such a kind must have strong bones.

This prohibition of the presence of dogs on the ice is, however, suggestive. The Swedes are passionately fond of dogs. In the house where I lived there were four of them, from a gigantic nondescript to a toy terrier; and they all did pretty much as they pleased in the establishment. In the cafés, too, if you chance to fall agreeably asleep, you will also chance to be awakened sooner or later by the cold nose of a boarhound or a mastiff. The dear fellow is used to indiscriminate caresses and lumps of sugar, and he stands on no ceremony in his quest for both.

In time I should think they might breed dogs here of a size very valuable for their skins. Sweden is not such a land of game as some think it is, and so these omnipresent dogs cannot be for sporting purposes. Foxes, however, are still very plentiful. A hundred years ago, Acerbi the traveller told us how amused he was, between Stock-

holm and Grislehamn, "to see foxes here and there, standing or walking about on the highway without any apparent solicitude for their safety." Master Reynard is not hunted in state here as with us; but he is trapped, shot, and slain in any possible manner for the sake of the Government reward, and also for his pelt. In 1889, no fewer than thirteen thousand four hundred and forty-two foxes were registered as slain.

While I write I have before me the skin of one of these Swedish foxes. It is a beautiful thing in white and light brown. My host in Stockholm took me to the butcher's one day to choose it. I don't know, I'm sure, if any of Master Reynard's meat was on sale. Anyhow, there were several foxes' pelts, as well as stacks of reindeer skins, all frozen hard in the butcher's sheds. For a grand specimen of a reindeer skin I paid but five shillings and sixpence, while Master Reynard's natural blanket cost eight shillings. Between them the two things made a portly roll of fur. But ere getting them domiciled in England, I was considerably inconvenienced by the departure of the frost from their tissues. My luggage was not at all sweet latterly.

Bears are nearly extinct in Sweden. You may see them stuffed in the furriers' shops in Stockholm, and that is about all. In 1889 only nineteen were recorded as killed between Malmö and Haparanda.

The Swedish ladies deserve a paragraph. They are nothing less than delightful, and to the stranger—and I believe also to their husbands—seem to be possessed of every domestic virtue. They are as gentle in their manners as they are vigorous and capable physically. Unlike the Southerners, they do not loudly proclaim the points upon which they may reasonably consider that they excel. When beautiful—and some of them are divinely so—they bear their beauty almost apologetically, with a blushing modesty, indeed, that, if an art, is one of the most alluring of arts. An anecdote told by Miss Bremer about Jenny Lind is so characteristic on this score that it must be given.

"I asked Jenny," said Miss Bremer, "of what she thought on a certain night in the midst of her greatest success, and the simple reply was: 'I remembered that I had forgotten in the morning to sew a string on my cloak.'"

The same strain of simplicity appears in most Swedish ladies. They may be, as

many are, excellently cultured, but they seem prone to remember nothing less than their personal talents, achievements, or physical graces.

Nor can this be ascribed to their lack of common sensibility. They are anything but cold-natured. They feel very deeply, and are prone to high thinking. They are as romantic as their German cousins, and not infrequently as vivacious as a Frenchwoman. Withal, they seem exceptionally endowed with the common sense in which we Britons are supposed to excel.

I should suppose that no women make better wives or are more amenable daughters.

"Why," my host said to me one day when I had left his drawing-room to smoke a cigar with him, "do you not marry a Swedish wife? You will not want to change her. She will try to make you happy, and I think she will succeed."

For my part, I have little doubt she would succeed. The Swedish women have large feet—scoffers have brought it against them as if it were a dreadful misfortune—but they have hearts in keeping with the size of their feet. Perhaps—I cannot tell how that may be—but perhaps their hearts are almost too large for their bodies, though these, too, are large. Certainly I have, in their moments of repose, noticed an expression of placid melancholy on the faces of many of these ladies. It is sometimes a calamity to be of a very affectionate disposition. I could fancy that the Swedish wife might be embarrassing to an ordinary cold-blooded male.

But there, I am only jesting. To Hans Andersen's enthusiastic apostrophe of Sweden, "Thou land of deep feeling, of heartfelt songs! home of the limpid streams!" I would add an appendix, "and shrine of perfect women!"

Sweden has long held the chief place in Europe for its number of illegitimate births. From one aspect this casts a stigma upon the country; but from another point of view this vice might almost be rated as a virtue. In many respects the country people are ingenuous as they are not elsewhere. Nature is more powerful in them than the restraints of a high state of civilisation. This defect—we must assume that it is a defect—may be trusted to disappear in time. It is not now, for instance, the standing custom, as it was a few decades ago in Wermland, for a guest to kiss the waitress at the inn

when he had settled his bill and given her a more solid gratuity also.

It is always instructive to wander from the heart of a great city into its suburbs and so into the adjacent country, as yet unspoiled by builders. You can form an idea of the habits of a people much better by looking at these suburban houses than from the close-packed towers of Babel which form the business quarters of most European capitals.

Take our own metropolitan suburbs. The long streets of uniform small houses tell of the rage for snug privacy and absolute dominion which possesses our middle and working classes. Flats are not yet much loved by us.

It is otherwise at Stockholm. The buildings remote from the middle island, almost tickled, indeed, by the swart pines on the granite rocks which hug Stockholm on all its sides, are little less tall than our City edifices. They are not all comely; but the charge of flimsiness cannot be brought against them. Red brick and granite are most in favour as materials, and between them these do wonders. They say in Stockholm that their city is already the most beautiful in the world. It looks as if they mean it to be also the best built.

Some think a great deal of the colossal pile of iron in the heart of the city, which bears the burden of the myriad telephone wires which bind house to house and tongue to tongue. To my mind it is an ugly object. The stone building over which it rises with so considerable an air of menace is much better worth seeing. And herein you may find several score of smart young women earning their daily bread and chattering amazingly while they do the work of the Telephone Company.

It is, however, worth while to ascend this telephone tower if only to stare at a good deal of Stockholm beneath you. There is too much uniformity in the houses, but by no means too much in the level of the streets. From the north these latter run straight down to the water's edge of Lake Malar, or if not straight, with picturesque switchback undulations. There is a difference of two or three hundred feet between their level at one end and the other. This must be very objectionable for the horses that draw the tram-cars, and especially in winter, and for their sake it may be hoped that Swedish enterprise will soon substitute electricity for horse-power as a motor force.

I strolled north from the National

Museum one day when I had surfeited on prehistoric stone implements and—as it seemed—stone everything else. It was the dinner hour. For several minutes the streets were dense with clean-looking, brisk young women leaving their work. Then I passed a famous red church on a hill, in the churchyard of which a sexton was laboriously excavating a grave—they keep the ground fairly workable in winter with layers of dead leaves—and later the Observatory on a splendid site. Here the snow, which in the city was churned brown by traffic, began to assume its natural colour. I was touching the extreme limit of Stockholm in one direction. But the hammer and clink of mechanics resounded loud, and before me were the newest of Stockholm's new buildings. From them I walked directly into the forest, as sombre and yet fascinating a study in black and white as one could see. It was a little depressing to see that here, as in America, the primeval pines are not sacred from advertisers.

There is something noble about these monotonous features of Sweden. Wherever there is neither lake, river, cultivated field, nor set plantation, Nature seems determined to have pines, firs, or birches. The granite knolls among the trees add to their effect. But a builder could hardly find more intractable material than these environs of Stockholm. For the labouring classes of all kinds life in Sweden is a pretty severe test. After those who go down to the deep in ships, however, it must be harder for none than for those who have to transform irregular masses of tree-clad granite into "desirable residential blocks," five or six storeys high.

I would have walked on into the forest from Stockholm's outer edge had not the snow been too difficult. As it was, I had to content myself with a long look into the shadowy depths, and then return.

Falling suddenly ravenous—the Swedish air in winter is very appetising—I stepped into an ordinary working man's "breakfast-house," as it was styled on its sign. Here I regaled myself with a bottle of beer, two sandwiches of smoked salmon, and two sandwiches of cheese. The fact is not in itself remarkable, but the cheapness of the refectory seemed so to me. I paid fivepence for the meal, and enjoyed the warmth of a stove, the daily paper, and the society of two very respectful old women into the bargain.

Thus comforted, I felt in train to hob-a-

nob with dead Kings and Queens and Royal Marshals, and so I hied me direct to the King's Palace, and sought and obtained a guide for the Royal burial-place in the Riddarholm—or "Knight's Island"—Church.

I need not describe my experiences here in detail; you can guess at them. My cicerone led me into a gorgeous modern chapel one minute, with staring marbles and gilding and elegant tombs in the midst thereof. A minute later he introduced me to the monuments of a different generation. Then we went down into dismal crypts packed with coffins in mouldering velvet covers, redolent of mortality. These faded chests of bones were all lavishly inscribed; and high by the clerestory windows of the almost disused old church hung banners of knights and war trophies, dusty, and still, and faded, like everything else in this sombre building.

It was a place to shiver in. The crowning touch came with a glance into a recess chamber in the west end of the church, where divers nameless dead lay in coffins higgledy-piggledy—the latter rudely decorated with inelegant representations of death's-heads. There were cobwebs in this pretty nook, but not much daylight. We know that it is not all "cakes and ale" to be a crowned King. It seems, however, one of the least precious of the privileges of a monarch—this prescriptive right to lie above ground for centuries, the mock of mean vermin, and an excitant of either pitying or contemptuous comments from the descendants of the subjects whom by courtesy they are said to rule.

The old Vikings went out of mortal existence with fine effect—at least, if the legends are to be believed. Probably in a few decades our great men will, as in the past, be consigned to funeral pyres when they have done their work. A worse thing might happen to them.

When I left the church I had the luck to clash with King Oscar himself in his Royal sledge, speeding towards his huge white Palace. His good people of Stockholm paid but little attention to him; but there was certainly no mistrust or antipathy in the looks that were directed towards him. If you can fancy it, it was as if the citizens were glancing at the head of their respective households, in whom they felt confidence, and whom they saw too often to suffer any agitation in seeing once again. Gustavus Vasa, whose tomb is perhaps

the best thing in the Riddarholm Church, was probably less happy in the full pride of his martial victories than Oscar the Second in the quiet love and confidence of his people. Oscar may well put up with the distrust and habitual opposition of the Norwegians, so he continue to be revered as he is by the Swedes.

Stockholm satisfies the visitor. One does not expect such lusty stir as one finds in it. Its beauty, on the other hand, answers expectation.

This is so even in winter. The weather during January and February is not a succession of keen bright days, without cloud. By no means. Occasionally the snow whirls hard and long about the streets, and tries to paint the telephone cables white. Lake Malar is then melancholy to behold, and may become deadly on closer acquaintance. The eye soon tires of falling snow, even as the body revolts against a too constant strife with this bitter northern wind. There seems no mercy, nothing, in fact, that is good in Nature at such times here. One goes to and fro in the city, furred to the eyebrows, and tries to find partial relief in execration of the storm.

In the country it is, of course, worse. While I was in Stockholm a hardy professor of Upsala—he taught English there—started to cross the fjelds and frozen lakes into Norway. It was a journey for snow-shoes. For a time all went well, but one day he separated from his guides for awhile, bent on what he thought might prove a short cut. For him, however, it proved a short cut not to Norway but to eternity. He trod on some rotten ice in a lake, and fell into the water. His snow-shoes, which had hitherto been an invaluable aid to him, now wrought his ruin. He could not extricate his feet. He hung on till his strength failed, then he gave up and died. There are more than the average of such chances of mortal calamity in Sweden in winter. The poets and painters of the North are true to nature in the sombre impressions their works leave, as a rule, upon the mind.

But what a rare stock of human beings must be the outcome of a brave fight with life under such conditions as prevail in the North! No wonder the Scandinavians do so well in America. They carry bold hearts as well as strong limbs with them to the West. These attributes are at least as important for the emigrant as subtle intellects.

Frithlof in the Saga said notable words when, in mighty consciousness of his own vigour, he demanded :

"What is high birth but strength?"

A VOYAGE UP THE MEDWAY.

ABOVE the murmur of the waves sounds the voice, confused and indistinct but powerful enough, of the crowd, of the holiday crowd that is enjoying itself in its own hearty fashion on Southend Pier. Not a touch anywhere of the sadness that is said to characterise our pleasures, though there is room for sadness, too, if there were time to think about it. But the contingent of little cripples from their Home down east are the merriest of the crowd, and the destitute old women in poke bonnets and white caps, the uniform of their "Retreat," are positively brimming over with glee. There are numbers on the pleasure yachts that are rising and sinking with the swell, and though far from looking comfortable they are all chorusing "Daisy Bell" or some other popular strain. And how jovial we are as we sit in rows upon the benches, eating shrimps and peeling walnuts!

Even with those of us who have a more serious purpose in view than to "chase the happy hours away," and who are clustering about the gangway that is cleared for the steamer just coming alongside, the same cheerful spirit prevails. The artful boatmen try to tempt us from our purpose. "Who's for the yacht? Who's for the Nore Light, round the Nore Light? Try the Nore Light for a shillin'!" But we retort upon them with tales of maritime disasters, all couched in a light and cheerful vein; "What about the bilers busting?" suggests an old salt in the pleasure-boat interest, and a sudden explosive outburst from the steamer's waste-pipe, right in our ears, seems to emphasize the suggestion, while it frightens the picaninies and makes them scream in chorus. And this reveals what a number of babes and small children are contained in the crowd that is waiting for the Medway steamer. Not the sharp little London street urchins, but stout, stolid country babes, who put their fingers in their mouths and stare stolidly at strangers, or little maids who hide their rosy faces in their mothers' skirts when anybody speaks to them.

By this time the "Lady Nancy" has dis-

charged her living cargo of passengers, and we, the crowd, take a rush in the usual impetuous British manner, squeezing ourselves between massive timbers and storming the gangways like a forlorn hope, disregarding the temperate advice of the steamboat men to "take your time," and "don't all try to squeeze in at once." But nobody loses temper in the struggle except the babies, who, being accustomed to regard their mothers as fixed and stable institutions, are astonished to see them twirled round and round and carried along like straws in an eddy.

Once on board there is plenty of room for everybody, and as the living stream dwindles to a trickle, then to individual drops, and as the last drop fizzles along in the shape of a woman with a big carpet-bag and two children—no, there is another, and still another; but that one is left behind, for our captain has given the signal to cast off.

Probably, in these days of mechanical appliances, the ancient shouting, stentorian captain is getting a little scarce; but you could hardly expect to meet with any one quite so quiet as our captain. He has to look up at the ship's boy, but were Goliath in his place he could not make that youth jump about more smartly. And he commands that boat—and she is a pretty big one—with a wink of the eye, sometimes aided by a twitch of the thumb. But he is not dumb, as poor Harry finds, who has clambered up on a forbidden part of the bridge and is airily swinging his legs above the crowd.

"Git dan," says the captain, catching sight of him.

"Git down? Oh, I'll git down," said Harry, with a sarcastic intonation, as the captain took a turn across the deck.

"Not dan yet?" sings out the captain, in a voice like the cocking of a pistol.

"I'm just coming down, captain," explains Harry meekly, and down he slides and joins the general company. Harry tells the story over and over again, with the comment: "We don't always know how to reckon 'em up; but I call that a fast-rate officer."

Well, we are fairly afloat and crossing the great tideway, where big steamers slide to and fro, and all kinds of craft are reaching and tacking, on various errands bent, but mostly with tributary burdens for London town; and the white forts of Sheerness show more and more plainly, and the Medway opens out, and we are among a little fleet of white spick-and-

span gunboats, where bluejackets lean over the nettings and survey us calmly with observant eyes; and there is a big ironclad clustered round with barges and a hulk or two, and with a little cloud of coal-dust about her. And then we are nearly run down by a launch full of gold-banded officers, a danger which our captain averts with a combined wink and jerk of the thumb.

And at Sheerness Pier we bid adieu to the most part of the holiday crowd, and we who are left are of a more solid, serious capacity. We form family groups, we spread ourselves out on camp-stools, and bring our binoculars to bear on passing objects. On the other side is Port Victoria, which is just a railway pier set out on a low marshy coast. Its inhabitants live in railway carriages, and devote their time to cleaning the windows of their temporary habitations, and polishing up things in general. But once or twice a day the place wakes up into sudden life, as big steamers land or embark their passengers, and every now and then the place is festooned with flags, and cocked hats abound, and soldiers present arms, as Highnesses, Imperial, Royal, or Serene, arrive or depart. And now we are among the coal hulks, and looming black upon us is the old "Benbow," her toothless old ports all grimy with coal-dust, and grimy figures look out from the Admiral's state-cabin, and wave a friendly greeting to my "Lady Nancy."

And now we are in quarantine, where big cattle boats are laid up, clanking their chains and tugging at their moorings, and in the midst of the river a many-sided white fort, with guns peeping queerly through the little glass casements that are now open to admit what breeze may blow into the close and heated quarters, while one or two blue-coated artillerymen have come up for air to the top, which must be baking hot too in the sunshine. There is a string of these white casemated forts, built on shoals and islets in the river, imposing in appearance, but not of much defensive value.

When the Dutch came up this way in their famous raid on the Medway, the Royalgunnerscomplained that His Majesty's forts offered more danger than defence, and that the enemy's big shot knocked the rotten ramparts about their ears in a lamentable manner. And these white casemated forts have very much the air of whited sepulchres, and would probably soon be

laid in ruins by the fire of the powerful artillery of the present day. But perhaps they are not meant for serious defence, but like the wooden guns on Chinese forts to fright the enemy away—and they certainly inspire respectful awe in the passengers of the "Lady Nancy."

"Two inches more to the right, my love, and you will have the shade of the funnel. There! with the brown rug at your back, and the crimson one over your feet, and the Shetland round your shoulders. Now! do you find yourself quite comfortable?"

"And the box to put my feet on, you have forgotten that, D.A.P.," says the dame, rather sharply.

She is handsome still, although her hair is silver-white, and a contrast to the D.A.P., who is black and grizzled as if he had been scorched by gunpowder. A sailor man was humming just now a stave of the old chanty:

"Two ships of war came from afar,
From Edward, England's King;
'Go fetch,' he said, 'alive or dead,
The pirate captain King."

Now the D.A.P. would have made an admirable representative of the pirate captain, but he has never been anything of the kind. The D.A.P.B. R.N., which is inscribed on all his belongings, is to be interpreted as Deputy-Assistant Paymaster, "Blossom," Royal Navy. Still one can't help associating a romantic career with the glowing eyes and resolute countenance. Perhaps he ran away with the Port Admiral's daughter, long, long ago; and this may account for the devotion with which he still regards her. He has a little basket of dainties to tempt her with—a lovely ripe William pear, a sponge-cake, a packet of fondants, and a very tiny flask. He is quite happy when she chooses a pear, and produces a little case full of implements, amongst which is a silver-bladed pocket-knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle. Ah! that silver-bladed knife brings in the touch of sadness to our pleasure, with the thought of the old walled garden, fragrant with herbs and flowers, and with the scent of the ruddy peaches and golden nectarines, and of the dainty fingers that held another silver-bladed knife.

Meantime the D.A.P. has peeled the pear, but the Port Admiral's daughter has changed her mind, and will have a sponge-cake instead, and the pirate king munches the pear himself; with a twinkle in his eyes as if he had not had the worst of the bargain.

Oh, it is a pleasant, lazy passage, as the green shores flit by, and the full, placid tide reflects the church spire and the wind-mill on the hill, and the tufted trees and the red and white cows; or takes a twirl, and serves up a broken image of some great black ironclad; or glows in the shadow of the great red flapping sail of the "Mary Anne," of Rochester.

And how delightful to sit with your back to it all, and discuss with some village crony the price of butcher's meat, and the ways of infants with their teeth. The "aliquid amari" in this case is the behaviour of little Wilfred, who, seated astride the bitts, with the water flashing past in dangerous proximity to his chubby little legs, is shouting and laughing, and lashing the deck with a stick in the perverted ingenuity of childish imagination, which sees a cock-horse in a big packet-boat, with its hundreds of horse-power engines and machinery, all saddled and bridled for our especial use.

And the entrancing gossip is broken off, between the brisket and the chine as it were.

"Wilfred, you come upstairs to mother directly."

"Shan't."

"Wilfred, I shall speak to the cap'n about you," significantly.

Wilfred throws a glance aloft.

The captain has retreated to an inaccessible part of the bridge, and hung himself up by the elbows to the railings. His face is as impassible as that of one of the Indian gods at the British Museum. But when you see a brawny sailor dart forward and haul furiously at something, you may guess that the captain has winked; and when all the crew are seen suddenly flying in all directions to haul or let go, it may be presumed that the captain has jerked his thumb. Now whether a corner of the captain's eye rested on Wilfred for a moment it is impossible to say; but anyhow, Wilfred crawled meekly up the poop ladder, and sat down and listened to the discussion on the brisket and chine for at least three minutes. At the end of that time, it must in justice to Wilfred be said, that he was to be found once more upon the bitts and lashing his literally foaming steed. And then the captain winked again, and a sailor man placed a substantial bulwark between the child and the rushing tide. Decidedly, that captain is human.

But we have passed the Isle of Grain and Chitney Marsh, with inlets, and wide channels, and islands crowned with forts;

we have rounded Oakham Ness, and made the island called Bishop's Marsh, that in connection with the Isle of Grain should suggest a wicked Bishop devoured by rats, whose story has got misplaced to some castle on the Rhine. And here is Gillingham Point, and the big crane that marks the entrance to the great dockyard basin, masked by the pleasant verdant isle that has risen out of the slime and sludge of a marshy shoal, as a result of the unremitting labours of—

"Convicts! that's your sort!" and there is a general rush of the London visitors to see the convicts. "Chain 'em together, don't they?" "All of a row with rings round their necks, and a peeler holding the end." As it happens, convicts at Chatham are like snakes in Iceland, a vanished quantity. They have finished their work and retired to other "parages." Certainly there are none to be seen. "They are all gone to dinner," suggests one. "Dinner! what does they git for dinner?" asks another. A serious man relates how he was once on a jury, and sentenced a man to penal servitude. And he wonders if he's there now. "'Aving his dinner, gov'nor, an' don't you wish you was!" is suggested by a jolly little man, who has the laugh on his side, for certainly the juryman has a lean and hungry look, and the sea and river voyage has sharpened everybody's appetite.

Somebody must have winked just then, for the ship had stopped, and is backing up to a little wooden pier that rides jauntily on the waves. It is Upnor, upper or lower, but a charming little place where everybody is making holiday. There is a hill thrice as high as Greenwich, to run up or down, a really imposing crest, and bosky thickets and tufted tumuli on the heights. Civilisation, perhaps, has retreated a little as those ancient chiefs have slept so calmly in their grave mounds. There were flourishing communities where are now only salt marshes, and famous potteries that supplied all Britain with crocks and pots, such as the bargeman pulls up with his anchor every now and then.

And under the hill lies the quaint, turreted, Elizabethan castle of Upnor, that the Dutchmen "regarded no more than a fly."

And now the dockyard is passed, the visible dockyard, for the steam basins behind the high green bank are only outlined in funnels and cranes, and the peaked ridges of sheds. But here are the

red brick store-houses, and the snug dock-yard dwellings of snug officials, in the warm Hanoverian pattern, and we hear the crash of the Royal Marine band, and bayonets glitter here and there; and there are the shiny, slaty roofs of Chatham perched up and down the hill with barracks, forts, and factories all jumbled together, and green earthworks and red forts smiling or grinning above. And what a fleet of pleasure-boats all dancing in the water, and how the Captain Superintendent's gig sweeps along with the sturdy bluejackets bending their backs to the stroke, and here is Chatham Pier, a great stage of timber, where rows of people are waiting to welcome their friends. Adieu, captain! He seems to divine our thoughts, and with a disengaged thumb he points towards the hill—"Station." Adieu, pirate chief! Wilfred has gone off on his grandfather's shoulders without a look in our direction. Port Admiral's daughter, we salute you. No more of our pleasant sunny voyage.

A TRUE STORY OF AN IRISH COURTSHIP.

A COMPLETE STORY.

I.

In the suburbs of the beautiful city of Cork, within a short distance of "the pleasant waters of the river Lee," stood Vernon Mount, the residence of Sir Henry Hayes. Sir Henry, like most Irish gentlemen of the time, was dashing, reckless, and improvident; consequently he was generally popular and frequently impecunious.

Seated at breakfast one morning with his sister, the knight's brow was unusually cloudy; a circumstance that did not escape the lady's observant eyes.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"Have you got into any fresh scrape?"

"It's the same old story," he answered gloomily; "no cash—no credit—ruin not far ahead."

"Why don't you retrieve the fortunes of the family by marrying an heiress? It's a sure and easy way out of difficulty."

"Heiress, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Where is she? You can't gather heiresses on the hedges like blackberries in a Kerry lane."

"No," returned his sister quietly, "but they can be found, though, and not so far off either. There's Miss Pike, for instance."

"Miss Pike!" He laughed contempt-

uously. "Why, I have never seen her, and don't know that I shall ever set eyes on her."

"Bah!" said the lady scornfully. "If I were a man I should soon speak to any woman I had a mind to."

"But Miss Pike is a prim little Quaker, and would be horrified at the bare suggestion of marrying such a harum-scarum, devil-may-care fellow as I am known to be."

"Henry," said his sister, with severity, "I'm ashamed of you! How many of your countrymen have carried off their brides with a strong hand, and married them willy nilly? I begin to doubt whether you have any of the old Hayes blood left in your veins."

"Don't despair, Jane," returned the knight, with an evil gleam in his eyes; "you're a good sister, and I'll try to benefit by your wisdom. Since the days of mother Eve a woman has been at the bottom of all mischief."

Miss Hayes did not reply to this sarcasm; and the meal terminated in silence.

II.

MR. COOPER PENROSE, a gentleman well known and much respected in society, lived in a charming country house not far from Cork. Miss Mary Pike, the only daughter and heiress of his dead friend, Samuel Pike, had been entrusted to his guardianship, and he cared for her with the affection of a father. Miss Pike was a young lady upon whose education no expense had been spared. Delicately and tenderly nurtured, she was unusually accomplished; and in addition she possessed the modesty and reserve characteristic of the sect to which her family belonged. Altogether, a more attractive young lady could hardly be found even among the fascinating daughters of Erin.

The residence of Mr. Penrose was built in a very picturesque situation. It was, indeed, one of the sights of the neighbourhood which strangers frequently came to see. One fine summer day an unknown gentleman rode up the avenue, and seemed to observe everything with attentive curiosity. With true Irish hospitality Mr. Penrose immediately went out, and conducted him over the place. The stranger was much entertained; lingered about the grounds admiring and praising everything; and, finally, as the hour of dinner approached, received an invitation to that meal. Mr. Penrose was naturally reluctant

to introduce an unknown stranger to his family; but the hospitable feelings of an Irish gentleman prevailed over his scruples. Sir Henry Hayes—for it was he—was received with much kindness and cordiality, and made the acquaintance of the fair and unsuspecting maiden against whom he harboured such fell designs. In fact, he had come solely for the purpose of enabling him to identify her when his plans were fully matured.

III.

"WELL?" said Miss Hayes, next morning.

"Well," returned her worthy brother, "I have seen the heiress. But we are no nearer the goal than before. She is too well guarded. It would take a regiment of soldiers and a park of artillery to storm your mansion."

"Indeed!" said the lady sardonically. "It seems to me the better plan would be to let the girl come out to you of her own free will."

"Very true indeed—but how is it to be done?"

"That's for you to find out. I'm not wanting to marry Mary Pike. However, I suppose I must stimulate your sluggish invention. Do you know that her mother is very ill in Cork?"

"So I have heard—but what has that to do with it?"

"And her medical attendant is Doctor Gibbings," pursued the lady, unmindful of his question.

"Well, what then?" said her brother, not perceiving her drift.

"How dull you are this morning, Henry!" Miss Hayes continued. "Could not Dr. Gibbings ask Mary to come into Cork some night to see her mother?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the knight. "In the first place, I don't know Dr. Gibbings; and, in the second place, he wouldn't join in any plot of the kind."

"Pshaw!" answered Miss Hayes. "You are dense to-day, Henry—perfectly stupid, in fact—so I am compelled to speak plainly. Write to Dr. Gibbings for a prescription for the gout—you're sure to need it sooner or later. You can thus get a sample of the doctor's handwriting—and the rest is easy to a man of your spirit and resource."

IV.

LATE one dark July night, a few days after the interview recorded above, Mr. Penrose's household was awakened by a violent knocking at the outer door. A

messenger had come in hot haste from Cork with a letter, which he delivered, and then vanished in the gloom. The letter was superscribed "To Mr. Cooper Penrose," and the handwriting was that of Dr. Gibbings. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—Our friend, Mrs. Pike, is taken suddenly ill; she wishes to see Miss Pike. We would recommend despatch, as we think she has not many hours to live.—Yours, ROBERT GIBBINGS."

Instantly Miss Pike arose from her bed, and made haste to depart, fearful that the worst might happen to her mother before she could arrive. The carriage was promptly brought to the door; Miss Pike, Miss Penrose, and another lady got into it; and about two in the morning they all set out on their sad journey, little dreaming how sad it was to be. The night was pitch dark; the rain fell in torrents; and as the coach ploughed through the miry road it was suddenly met by four or five armed men, who called upon the coachman to stop.

Naturally the ladies were terrified almost out of their wits by this rencontre. As soon as their terror would permit they asked:

"What do you want?"

At this one of the men, disguised in a long great-coat and with a handkerchief tied over his face, advanced and answered:

"You must be searched."

The carriage door was thrown open. By the dim light of a dark lantern its occupants could be seen shrinking back in fear and alarm. The leader pointed out Miss Pike, and despite the poor girl's protests, entreaties, and tears, she was torn forcibly from her friends and placed in a chaise which stood by. As the chaise drove off she sank back exhausted, and found—a lady by her side.

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried Miss Pike, convulsively clinging to her companion.

"Hush!" said the stranger sternly, though not unkindly. "We mean you no harm. But you must be quiet."

The young lady's entreaties proved futile. There was, indeed, no help to be had from the iron woman at her side; so the chaise drove on to Vernon Mount. At the bottom of the long and steep avenue the horses stopped, being unable to drag the vehicle further over the heavy road. Hereupon Sir Henry Hayes rode up, dismounted, took the struggling girl in his

arms, and in spite of her strenuous resistance carried her up to his house. When they entered, a person attired like a clergyman came forward; some sort of ceremony was gone through; words were muttered in a language which the half-fainting victim either did not hear or did not understand, and at the close she was informed that she was Lady Hayes!

"Now," said Sir Henry, putting a pen into her hand, "you had better inform your friends of your wedding without delay."

In the wild hope of obtaining deliverance she wrote what they suggested; but neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to sign the letter by the odious name of her captor. And now, in the last extreme, modesty gave the unhappy creature unexpected courage and strength. This fine example of knighthood could not succeed in overcoming her scruples even by force, so he resorted to blandishment and conciliation. He expostulated, he pleaded.

"Don't you know me? I am your friend, your husband."

"Yes," she answered, "I do know you now. I remember your intrusion at my cousin's. But you are not my husband; and, Heaven helping me, you never shall be."

And so, strong in her innocence and purity, Mary Pike remained a captive under the roof of Sir Henry Hayes.

V.

MEANTIME the friends of Miss Pike were not idle. Enquiries were prosecuted on all sides, and at length the place of her captivity was discovered. Armed with the authority of the law for the recovery of the lady, a party proceeded to Vernon Mount with all speed. They found Miss Pike not so much the worse for her adventure as might have been expected, and greatly rejoiced to be restored to her relations. But the bold knight and his amiable sister had disappeared, leaving no trace of their whereabouts; and not without very good reason, for the crime of abduction was then punishable by death.

Informations were immediately lodged in a court of justice, the usual legal machinery was put in motion, and a large reward was offered for the arrest of the principal culprit. However, as he remained in concealment, the process of law went on in his absence, and at length sentence of outlawry was passed upon him in due form by the Court.

Now comes the most curious part of this singular story—a part that throws a lurid light upon the state of Irish society so late as the beginning of the present century. The practice of abducting young and marriageable girls of fortune had been prevalent in Ireland for a long time, and was looked upon with approval by a large section of the Irish public. During the whole of the eighteenth century it was no uncommon occurrence for some predatory Irish "gentleman," accompanied by his retainers, to swoop down upon an unsuspecting household, and carry off a helpless maiden. True, the unfortunate girl frequently—perhaps generally—became the wife of the man who had captured her by his bow and by his spear. Marriage, however, with these barbarians, and under such conditions, was often a worse fate than perpetual spinsterhood. According to various authorities, "abduction clubs" flourished even in the city of Dublin itself. Bankrupts, spendthrifts, and blackguards banded themselves together, and drew lots for eligible girls; and the abductor usually placed the lady before him on horseback in order to plead, with a touch of Irish humour, that she had abducted him!

To mend this scandalous state of matters, a law was enacted making the crime of abduction a capital offence; but the law was practically inoperative while it ran counter to public opinion. Twenty years before the date of the present narrative, two sisters named Kennedy had been carried off by force in open day. A prosecution was instituted against their captors, and the young women with reluctant modesty consented to appear as witnesses. Every means, however, was used to deter them from coming forward. Popular feeling ran so high that it was actually necessary to guard them through two counties with a detachment of military as they went to prosecute; and it was hailed by the decent section of Irish society as a remarkable triumph of justice when the offenders were found guilty and hung.

In such circumstances it was not, perhaps, surprising that Sir Henry Hayes could not be made amenable. He was a well-known man, he was a criminal, he had incurred the pains and penalties of outlawry, rewards amounting to near one thousand pounds had been offered for his apprehension; yet he walked about openly in the streets of Cork among his friends and acquaintances, enjoying himself to the top of his bent at balls and festivals

and races, like a fine old Irish gentleman all of the olden time. Not only so, but the hapless young lady, whose life he had rendered miserable by his villainy, was forced for her personal safety to take refuge in England, away from her family and her home!

VI.

TWO years elapsed. The gallant knight's sister and accomplice was now dead, and he himself desirous of bringing "the Pike affair" to a conclusion—possibly owing to the depleted state of his exchequer. At all events, he wrote a letter to Miss Pike, half-appealing, half-threatening. The poor, persecuted man stated that his conduct had been honourable and delicate throughout; that no lady with a spark of humanity in her bosom could thirst for his blood; that, if she did indulge in such an unlady-like thirst, it would be worse for her; and that he was willing to abide his trial in the city of Cork, where, he thanked Heaven, he stood as high as any man in the regards of rich and poor.

So this pious honourable, and eminently delicate knight at last appeared in Court. The sentence of outlawry was reversed without opposition, as the prosecutors wished the trial to take place on the original charge of abduction. A motion for change of venue on the ground of the prisoner's popularity in Cork was made by counsel for the prosecution; but the judges dismissed it, stating that they believed a Cork jury would remember what they owed to their oaths, to their families, and to their country, and would do their duty without fear, favour, or affection.

The friends of Miss Pike spared no expense to secure a conviction. Curran, then at the zenith of his fame, was brought down "special" to Cork to prosecute. Besides being the most brilliant advocate that the Irish bar ever produced, he was the darling of his countrymen; and to do him justice, few men better deserved their affection. As he passed into the Court-house, an old fishwoman, who had known him in earlier days, saluted him with:

"Hooray, Counsellor dear! I hope you'll gain the day!"

"Take care what you say, my good woman," answered the Counsellor, smiling, "for if I gain the day, you'll certainly lose the (k)night!"

Curran was more used to the defence of prisoners than to their prosecution. But in the present case he produced a profound effect by a speech at once luminous, elo-

quent, and pathetic, worthy to rank among the best orations that even he had ever delivered.

The evidence and the eloquence were alike overwhelming. The jury, much to Sir Henry's surprise and horror, brought in a verdict of guilty; and the prisoner was sentenced to death. Consternation fell upon his friends at this unexpected result. Was it possible that a real Irish gentleman should suffer the fate of a vulgar Croppy for such an amiable weakness? The thing was absurd, outrageous, incredible. Sir Henry's friends set to work, and made strenuous efforts on his behalf. Owing to their exertions, Sir Henry Hayes—like that other eminently moral knight, Sir John Falstaff—remained unhung, the sentence of death being commuted into one of transportation for life.

Time ran on. After passing some years in banishment, Sir Henry got his sad case brought to the notice of the Prince Regent, who obtained a pardon for the delinquent, and Sir Henry was restored to that select circle which had so long mourned his loss.

But when he returned to his native land times had changed; a death-blow had been given to the abduction of young girls; a more enlightened public sentiment was gradually growing up in Ireland; and—to adapt the lines of Mrs. Hemans:

His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Cork.

LUCK.

IT is the successful man who is apt to express the strongest disbelief in luck. "There is no such thing as luck," he tells you. "A man makes good use of his opportunities, and they call him lucky." But he forgets to add that some men never seem to have opportunities of which they can make good use. This is a world of inconsistencies. There is a man of my acquaintance who, though still in the early prime of his life, has made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange, and he protests, with might and with main, that he does not owe his fortune to his luck, but to his judgement. So, in a sense, it may be. There undoubtedly are men who, if they had been placed in his position, would still have contrived to make a mess of things. Still, the fact remains that he had the good luck to be on the Stock Exchange when money was to be made by clever men, and, sometimes, even by fools. He himself

owns that if he had continued on the Stock Exchange until to-day he might have lost all he had made. But he cut the game in time—and that again, he adds with a triumphant grin, was evidence, not of his good luck, but of his judgement. No doubt his judgement did have something to do even with that; but still, I maintain, his luck had more. He went into the "house" as a young man, when things were booming, and he made all his money in six or seven years. Suppose he had been going in just when, as a matter of fact, he was coming out, would he then have made his money in six or seven years? I doubt it, and so, in his heart of hearts, does he. Not though he had exercised all the judgement in the world.

Life is a more complicated problem than anything which is to be found in Euclid, and one to which, when all is said and done, no man has the key. The strangest things do happen. A strives for a thing with might and main, and never gets it; while exactly that thing comes to B without his even having lifted a finger. One has only to move to and fro over the face of the earth to find that the thing which we call luck is everywhere. "It is not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it." Capital morality, for the school-room, where they are apt to teach morality even at the expense of truth. But experience teaches us that it is better to be a lucky than a deserving man. "I make it a rule never to have dealings with unlucky men"—we have seen the saying attributed to a member of a Rothschild family, and to Benjamin Disraeli. Whoever did say it was a wise man if he acted up to it. It is good policy to leave the sinking ship. It is equally the part of wisdom to attach oneself to the rising sun.

On the other hand, such a line of conduct is not without its drawbacks. Bad luck, like good luck, has a trick of coming in slices. Before you know it, the unlucky man, whom you have been carefully avoiding, all in a moment may become the luckiest man alive, and that owing to circumstances which the most far-seeing judgement could never have foreseen. There is, at this moment, a member of the peerage whom, during the last few years, one has often heard spoken of as the luckiest man in England. When he was a young man, several lives stood between him and his present position—good lives, in the insurance office sense—he was

ignored by the elder branch of the family, was in receipt of a scanty income, with, practically, no prospects for the future. Almost with the rapidity of a transformation scene at a theatre, the scene was changed. The Destroying Angel insisted on all the members of that elder branch "handing in their checks." The present man found the ball of fortune at his feet—certainly owing to no special desert of his own.

In one of the home counties a young man lives in a fine house in the centre of a fine estate. When that young man was a still younger man, he was an all-round bad lot—a drunkard, and a gambler. His family sent him to Australia for the good of his health—and theirs. He went wrong there as he went wrong here. He was gambling one night with some other impecunious vagabonds who had, practically, nothing to lose but what they stood up in. He won from one of them a bundle of papers. These papers were shares in a certain gold-mine, so called. The shares were so wholly valueless that the young man, disdaining, even in his state of penury, to keep such rubbish, threw them on to the fire. Repenting, however, of his act, he snatched them back again, when they had already been scorched by the flames. Shortly afterwards, the man who had lost those shares died in a fit of delirium tremens. The day he died, by the purest accident, a workman in the mine struck upon a paying lode. Speculators will tell you that the history of that mine has since been one of the most surprising in mining annals—a history of unvarying success. That young gambler, who had never even taken the trouble to examine his winnings, discovered, to his amazement, that he held a commanding share. He holds it still. He has already realised a large fortune, and he continues to receive what to some folks would be a large fortune, every year. He has returned to England, he has bought that house and that estate, and there he lives in style, spending his money quite in the good old way. If his was not a case of luck, what was it?

Take the reverse of the picture. I am personally acquainted with a case of such continuous, and, as it seems to me, such undeserved ill luck, that, when I tell you the tale, you will, perhaps, deem the thing incredible. But it is true, every word of it.

A friend of mine had a youngster, whose

goal was a commission in the army. He was one of the most promising youngsters I ever knew. He went through school with all-round honours. He passed from College high on the list of those entitled to commissions. On undergoing his final medical examination as to physical fitness, it was discovered that, since his entering College, a relation had died of consumption. He stood over six feet in his socks; his physique was in every way worthy of his inches; he had scarcely had an hour's illness in his life. But he was ploughed—because of the relation who had died. He appealed, you may be sure; but his appeal was disallowed. In the first frenzy of his disappointment he enlisted in the ranks. The doctors passed him that time! He had not been a cavalry-man six months before a horse in the stables savaged him so badly that the authorities, concluding that the task of healing him might not be worth the candle, "retired" him. It was a long time before he was himself again; but, when he was himself, at his own request, his father gave him a sum of money and his passage out to the States. On the way out his money was stolen—it was never known by whom. Practically penniless, he landed in New York. Soon he was conducting a tram-car. In an argument with an intoxicated "tough," who objected to pay his fare, he slipped off the platform of his car, and stumbled in the street. A cart passed over him. He was in a hospital when he came to. His father sent him money to enable him to return. He returned. Back in England, his father set him up as a market-gardener. Probably he was not a master of his trade, and his first two seasons were two of the most disastrous which have ever afflicted the British market-gardener. At the end of them he was penniless, and worse. Declining to come again upon his father, who was not by any means a wealthy man, he worked his own way out to the Western States of America. There he became a cowboy. His first winter was one of the hardest winters on record—that is saying a good deal in that part of the world. In the course of it both of his feet were frost-bitten. They had to be amputated above the ankles. Now he is back again in England, scarcely over thirty, a lifelong cripple, with a shattered constitution, and, to all intents and purposes, not a hope left in the world. Again, if his was not a case of luck, what was it?

If we want a thing, by all means let us

try to get it; but it does not follow that we shall get it because we try. The doctrine of "Self-Help" is, no doubt, a convenient one. Unfortunately, it is not sound. Men have gained things which they have struggled to gain—a small minority. The large majority have wholly failed. You say that their failure has, probably, been a good deal owing to themselves. But do you not think that the element of luck enters into the constitution of a man? A has had the good luck to be born with, deeply engrained in him somewhere, the capacity to achieve success, while B has the bad luck to be born with a trend towards failure. We did not make ourselves—we are made. After all, it was only an accident that Lord Tennyson was a great poet, and that Martin Tupper was a little one. Not by taking any amount of thought could Martin Tupper have been Lord Tennyson. Possibly, though he had tried his hardest, Lord Tennyson could not have been a Martin Tupper. It was purely a question of luck: one was Tennyson, the other was Tupper.

It has been said, many a time, that "Self-Help" has done a great deal of good. It may be questioned whether a book—any book—ever did much good, or, for the matter of that, much evil. I, for one, doubt if books have anything like the influence upon the lives of those who read them, which the common and irresponsible conversation of the world supposes. Be that as it may, it would seem to be beyond all doubt that, if "Self-Help" has done anything, it has done at least as much evil as good. It has filled a number of unreflecting persons with the belief that they can be exactly what they please. There is nothing more common than for people to mistake the desire to be, for the power to be. Probably "Self-Help" has done as much as any book to foster this mistake. Many who read Mr. Smiles's book jump to the conclusion that his heroes owed all their successes to themselves—to their capacity, that is, for self-help. These readers say, what these men did, we can do. If it is only a question of perseverance, of "dogged does it," we can persevere with any one. They do persevere, and continue failures to the end.

If you read between the lines of Mr. Smiles's book—and what is being said of this particular work applies equally to the multitude of others of which it is a type—you will perceive that his, so-called, self-

mage men, as a matter of fact, owed very little to themselves. Their success was as much the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances as of anything. To begin with, they were all of them remarkable men—that in itself is an accident which does not occur to all of us. A great man is a great man, and a man of four foot six shall never attain to six foot four. Moreover, you will find that most of them were what are nowadays called “cranks”—men of one idea. They were almost invariably reduced, by their own actions, to the direst straits, and then, in the very nick of time, they struck oil, just as they were starving. Success was their only justification. If they had failed they would have borne a suspicious resemblance to criminals. Arkwright, Palissy, a whole list of them, were guilty of conduct which, if it had not been crowned by ultimate success, could scarcely have been defended by any code of morality with which I am acquainted. If a man neglects his business, allows his wife and family to nearly starve in the effort to keep him and themselves, while he sells his all, and their all, to provide himself with the means of making models, when, as generally is the case, the models turn out in the end to be absolutely worthless, do we not, at the very least, say to that man: “Go to, thou fool!” If a man “breaks up his home,” not once, nor twice, but over and over again, to feed his furnaces with the family goods and chattels, when, as they nearly always do do, his experiments ultimately result in failure, are our sympathies with the man, or with the helpless victims of his frenzy? We guessed from the first that he was some sort of a lunatic; at the last, he has proved it to our completest satisfaction. No doubt there are men walking about to-day, who have done exactly what Arkwright and Palissy did, and who, as a natural and practically inevitable consequence, have found themselves in jail. Mr. Smiles’s heroes had the luck upon their side; these other men had the luck against them. Enthusiastic worshippers of the shining god, Success, may put it as they please. That is how it appears to me.

I am not advising any one not to do his best—quite the contrary. I am simply stating what I hold is a self-evident truth, that though one does one’s best, it does not follow that one will succeed, because every day of every man’s life the element of luck comes in. How do you suppose a successful book is pro-

duced? By taking thought, or its equivalent, pains? I doubt it. I do know that success in literature is apt to be achieved by something very like a fluke, and that a man constantly—I do not say invariably, but constantly—does his best work when he is taking least pains. Take an artist: he chances—observe the word!—to hit upon a good idea; the picture in which he gives it expression achieves a world-wide fame. Other men, more than his artistic peers, never chance upon a good idea, and, therefore, never attain to a tithe of his fame. Do you think that there is no such thing as luck in the Army, and the Navy; that there have never been commanders who have won battles which, had it not been for some lucky chance, they would have lost? You know very little about the matter if you do.

At the same time, the man who habitually relies upon his luck, and upon his luck only, if he lights upon evil days, as he is tolerably certain to do, deserves all that he gets, and more. There is something in the Mahomedan’s theology—“Kismet! It is to be!” And because there is something in it, the really strong man is he who, fully recognising that the arbitrament in no way depends upon his efforts, still fights on. Understand this clearly, the joy is not in the prize, but in the running of the race. Do your best. If luck is against you, why, do it still. Work for the work’s sake. Strive for the sake of the strife. Luck is against most of us, it is certain; what then? Between the lucky and the unlucky man there is not so great a gulf as many think; between success and failure there is often but little to choose.

Also let us remember, though we may not be what the world calls lucky—that is, successful—we most of us do have some share of good luck. Many of us have the luck to be healthy. I wonder how many are conscious how much luck has to do with health. Fortune can endow us with no richer gift. It may almost be said that, if you have not good health, you have nothing. In spite of all the boasted advance in sanitary and medical science, who is not aware that good health is still very much an affair of accident? There are men who actually boast of their good luck, who are without the capacity to enjoy anything which their boasted good luck brings them. We unlucky ones may thank our stars that we are not like them. I know a man who, from some points of view, has had all the

luck, but who has, from my point of view, had none. He is a wealthy banker, something, I believe, very like a millionaire. He is owner of one of the noblest estates in the south of England. But, with so many gifts from fortune's lucky bag, he has the misfortune to be dowered with the most extraordinary disposition. He quarrels with every one. He lives in one wing of the house, his wife and family live in another. He has tried to turn them out, and failed. It is understood that he and his wife have not spoken to each other for years. His children cut him in the streets. He is continually embroiled in law-suits with his relations. As if that were not enough, he is always fighting with the country folks on questions of right of way. His estate not only swarms with warnings to trespassers, but he keeps a small army of retired policemen for the sole purpose of watching for cases of trespass. Some of the footpaths run across waste land, on which there are no crops, no hay, no game, and no nothing. Yet if you step off them a yard on either side, you are sure to have a discussion with one of his watchers. His purpose seems to be to make a passage across any of the recognised public footpaths so full of disagreeables, that, in course of time, people will cease to use them. He is always changing his servants, and he never gives them characters. The neighbouring tradesmen will not work for him, they are sure to have some unpleasantness with him if they do. He has no friends. He lives on good terms with no one. Fortune has placed him in a position in which he is able to make the peculiarity of his disposition widely felt—and he takes care that even his unoffending neighbours feel it. To crown all he looks what he is, a suspicious, peevish, cantankerous creature. I am a proverbially unlucky man; all the same, I would sooner have my luck than his.

It is, to my thinking, a curious outlook on to the world which regards it as a sort of monster competition class. The idea that life is a long-drawn-out competitive examination, in which one has only to do certain well-ascertained things in order to achieve certain well-ascertained results, is not only an unpleasant one to contemplate, but it is, fortunately, false throughout. Life is not necessarily the endless unceasing grind and cram which such an idea supposes. The inspirers of the idea have brought things to a pretty pass. In the prevalent

rage for competition men and women are not only cutting each other's throats, but also, and at the same time, they are cutting their own. The prizes for which the competitors are so frantically contending are being purchased at such a price that they can only be regarded as so much dead loss when won. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand fail to win them. And the point of a very bitter joke is that not improbably, the thousandth, who does win, is the only one who has not tried.

If you want a thing, try to gain it, but not like a madman. So order your life that, while the desired object stands first and foremost, it is still not regarded as the only thing for which to live. We have only one life to live. Let us make the best of it, so that each day, at evening, may bring us peace of mind. Let your pace be steady, so that, prematurely, you may not break down. All the time recognise the fact—do not be afraid to face it—that luck will probably be against you, and that therefore, in spite of all your efforts, the desired object may never be attained. It may possibly come almost within your grasp, and yet may elude you, though you are already touching it with your finger-tips. What of it? It is the fortune of war. In spite of your ill-luck, you are still a lucky man if you are made of that sort of stuff which can laugh at fortune's chances. I know no greater luck than to be made like that; no, nor any rarer. There are many lives which the world calls failures which, to me, seem to be successes, after all. Such, for instance, as the life of the man who works and waits, and waits and works, laughing all the time, even though the reward which he has justly earned is denied him to the end; yes, even when the door into the infinite is opened, and, still unrewarded, fortune throws him through. For I cannot but suspect, when people are crying, "Alas, poor Yorick!" that he was, in truth, a fellow of infinite jest and humour—he had the luck; that he loved his work for the work's own sake; that he loved his life, because he himself was living; that if he dreamed, it tickled him to know it; and that it was with the sportsman's joy that he played a game with fortune, and watched to see if his dreams might, by any chance, come true. And when, in the end, he realised they never would, I can easily believe that it was the humour of the thing which struck

him most of all, and that he was smiling when he died. And what greater luck can a man desire than to be able to part from the world with a smile?

TWO LETTERS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THINGS went on very much as usual for the next few weeks—the Count eager, impassioned, ardent, and devoted, Lettice calm to coldness, unmoved to indifference. In spite of the fact that affairs were pursuing their ordinary course, however, I think we all had a sort of vague impression that there was thunder in the air.

"Do you know, Lettice," I remarked to her one day when we were alone together, "that you have grown very white lately?"

"I never have much colour, you know," said Lettice, without looking up from the book she was reading.

"But this is a different sort of whiteness," I persisted, with my eyes still fixed on her face; "and you are so thin, too."

"Dear me, Ellen, I wish you wouldn't stare so," she exclaimed irritably. "There isn't the slightest difference in me."

"And you are so often cross now," I pursued relentlessly. "Nothing ever used to put you out, and now you are always flaring up about the merest trifles."

She closed her book, and returned my gaze with a sad little smile.

"And so I am bad-tempered as well, am I? Do you know, Ellen, I am afraid you're right. I always feel dreadfully irritable now."

"Then you can't be happy," I said boldly.

She began to play with her magnificent diamond ring. It fell from her wasted little hand, and dropped to the carpet at my feet.

"It must be made smaller," she said in a matter-of-fact voice, in reply to my look.

I picked it up and regarded the costly trinket curiously.

"After all, is it worth while selling oneself for five little glittering stones?" I asked, as I handed it back to her. "Upon my word, Lettice, I am glad I am not you!"

"You may well be so," she answered fiercely, her self-control broken down at last, "for I do not believe there is a more wretched woman in England at the present moment."

I half expected to see her fling the ring away; but after looking at it for a moment with a strange, concentrated gaze, she returned it to the betrothal finger again.

"You will not go on with this marriage, Lettice?"

"I must."

"Remember that an engagement can be broken—a marriage tie, never."

"I shall not break either, Ellen," she answered dreadfully.

"You will die if you marry a man you hate. You are wasted to a shadow now."

"I would give worlds to have never seen him; but now there is no escape, none."

She spoke in dull, hopeless, lifeless tones.

"How absurd you are!" I exclaimed scornfully. "If you are afraid to tell him, I will."

This time her laugh had a ring of genuine mirth in it.

"Poor child! You little know with what sort of man you have to deal. I am not easily terrified, as you know, but I would as soon face a raging lion as tell the Count da Castello that I meant to break our engagement. No, I have made my bed, and I must lie upon it. It has been my fault all through, and I have no right to complain. Luigi has been everything that is good, and noble, and generous. I shall be quite certain that, if I marry him, he will adore me."

She got up as if to close the conversation, and went towards the window.

"Here he comes!" she said to me with a smile.

As Luigi da Castello entered the room I looked at him curiously—the man of whom Lettice was afraid! For my own part, I wondered why she did not love him—or should have done, rather, if I had not suspected the truth about Arthur Wells. I fancy few women would have been able to resist him as he stood there, instinct with buoyant life and vigorous manly beauty.

He had brought her a narrow gold bangle as a gift, with the word "Lettice" sparkling on it in diamonds. It was a princely offering. I watched him clasp it on the fair wrist, and murmur words of love in her ear. Then I looked at her listless, indifferent face, and marvelled that such apathy could ever satisfy his hungry eagerness. How different she had looked one night, and how she had flushed with pleasure when Arthur had brought her a little book she had expressed a desire to read! It was fortunate that Arthur had not been near the house since the Count arrived. Luigi's jealous eye would have recognised a rival at once. And though, of course, it is absurd to talk about stilettoes and vendettas in this

commonplace, everyday England of ours, yet I confess I should not have cared to be a rival who stood in the Count's way.

She thanked him sweetly and coldly for the bracelet, and assented to his proposition that they should go for a stroll in the rose-garden—an old-fashioned, lovely, straggling place where the flowers grew and flourished in fragrant, riotous confusion. She never talked very much to him, seldom starting a topic of her own accord, but then, certainly, the Count talked enough for two.

He was with her an hour, evidently plying her more earnestly than ever. She looked white and exhausted when she came in, like a person who has been strained up to a certain pitch of endurance and can bear no more.

That evening, as she was sitting holding the newspaper, as a means of getting the silence and rest she wanted—for I am certain she hardly read a line for over an hour—she suddenly put it down with a little cry.

"Whatever is the matter?" I enquired hastily.

"Ellen! Only to think—how awful for poor Sir Ludovic! Just read that," and she put the paper into my hand.

I read the paragraph she pointed out to me. It told how Ludovic and Henry Wells—Sir Ludovic's two sons—had been drowned when out yachting. Many other things as terrible have been told in as few lines, but I never remember anything affecting me so much before. The two were so young, so strong; and the poor old man was left so desolate.

I am quite sure that it occurred to neither of us for a long time that this terrible accident would be the means of removing any barrier that there might have been between Arthur Wells and Lettice. Only, like most things in this life, it had come too late.

That night I woke several times, and thought over the terrible news. On each occasion I could see by the radiant moonlight that flooded the room that Lettice's blue eyes were wide open, although she lay as still as though she were asleep.

At last I spoke.

"Lettice!"

"Well?"

"What are you thinking about? I don't believe you have slept at all."

"I am thinking what a pity it is that I have spoilt my life," she answered drearily.

"You are thinking of—of—Arthur?"

She turned a little towards me.

"Ellen, don't think so hardly of me as all that. It is not the money that has made such a difference to me with regard to him, though, of course, other people would think so. But I have known for a long time now that I would rather marry Arthur and live in poverty all my life, than go away from you all with—with the Count."

I said nothing, and she went on:

"I cannot describe to you how I am feeling about it. I believe if I go on with it, it will kill me. To marry him and go away with him to a strange country——"

She stopped, with a half-choked sob.

"Lettice, how absurd you are! Why ever don't you break it off?"

"He would kill me, I believe."

"We don't live in the days of romantic revenge," I remarked. "You are exaggerating things very unnecessarily. The Count is too much of a gentleman to worry you by useless protestations after you have once told him that you have changed your mind."

"He may be a gentleman, Ellen, but above everything else he is a man, and a man of very strong passions and feelings. I shall never dare to thwart him."

She would talk no more after this, and presently fell into a broken slumber, from which she awoke several times, crying, in feverish agony:

"I cannot do it! Oh, I cannot do it!"

She was quite ill in the morning, and stopped in bed. She rose in the afternoon, however, and went downstairs, looking white and exhausted. The first thing she did was to write a little note to the Count at his hotel, asking him to come and see her at five o'clock. He had already been down twice to enquire after her, and had sent her some lovely flowers as usual.

I watched her write the note with some curiosity. There was an air of relief mingled with the terror of her eyes.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

She came to me and took both my hands in hers.

"I am going to take your advice, Ellen, and break off my engagement. I believe I would rather he killed me than married me! He will be here in half an hour. Will you keep the others out of the room, Nelly?"

Of course I promised rapturously. I was now quite as eager for the breaking off of the engagement as I had before been for its ratification.

The Count came, his hands again full of

flowers, and was shown into the drawing-room where Lettice waited for him alone.

What passed between them I never knew. Luigi da Castello was, no doubt, terrible in his wrath. He stopped for over an hour, and we watched him go away from behind the maulin curtains. When I went to Lettice I found that she had fainted. She told me that night before we slept that the Count would never trouble her again. She had made him understand clearly that she would rather die than marry him. She had put the matter in too brutal a light for him to possibly make a mistake.

"He is going to leave the country the day after to-morrow," she added. "I shall not breathe freely till I know that he has gone."

Lettice slept badly that night, and she made me restless too. She tossed and murmured and muttered in her sleep, and finally sat erect with a shriek of terror, and her hands pressed convulsively to her heart.

"What is it?" I asked, alarmed.

But she did not seem to hear me. She got out of bed and sought the writing materials that were always to be found on a side-table, and for a few minutes she wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper. She seemed to me to be half awake. I got up, too, and bent over her. What she had written ran thus, word for word:

"SIGNORINA,—I need not tell you that your decision of this afternoon has left me heart-broken. You alone know how I have loved you; but I am not the man to force myself on any woman, and reproaches from me would be out of place and useless.

"I leave England to-morrow. Will you grant me one last interview before I go from you for ever? Considering our intimate and tender friendship, I think I am entitled to ask this one poor favour. It may not be according to English etiquette; that I am a foreigner must be my excuse for making the request.

"I shall await you at our old trying-place at four o'clock.—DA CASTELLO."

I placed my hand on her shoulder to rouse her.

"What are you writing this for, Lettice?" I asked, rather sharply. "Upon my word, you have Da Castello on the brain!"

She woke to full consciousness with a long shudder, and clung to me with desperate energy. Then her eyes fell on the words she had just written.

"Ah, it will come true, then!" she said.

I soothed her agitation as well as I could, but for a long time her terror was almost uncontrollable.

"Was it a dream?" I asked at last, when she was a little calmer.

"Yes; it was a dream—such a dream!"

She paused, mechanically pushing back her long, fair hair with a trembling hand.

"You have always laughed at me for fearing the Count, Ellen. Well, listen to my dream, and judge whether or not I am right in doing so!"

"I dreamed that I was sitting alone with you in the drawing-room just before lunch, when the servant came in with a letter from Luigi in her hand. I opened and read it. There it lies before you," she added, pointing to the sheet of paper on the table, "word for word, exactly as I read it then. You see that the Count asks me in it to give him a farewell interview at our old trying-place—the glen. Well, I dreamed that I showed you the letter, and that you tried to dissuade me from going. 'It will only upset you,' you said. But I argued that I had after all treated him very badly, and that a last good-bye before parting from me for ever was not much to ask. So—I went!"

She paused a moment, and her voice when she spoke again sounded thick and dry.

"I went. Luigi was there before me, waiting for me. I had been afraid before, but I was not afraid now. He was quite quiet in voice and manner—gentle, and rather sad. I felt very sorry for him. He had been so desperate, so angrily passionate the day before. Now it was all different, and I almost began to like him—and trust him. He said he only just wanted to bid me good-bye and wish me every happiness. He said I had given him nothing but sweet and pleasant memories to look back upon.

"His voice was very soft and low, and his eyes tender and sad. He said a man could not hope to marry his ideal, and I had been that to him. He would never forget me. Then he asked, still in the same voice, if there was—any one else; he said I must not think he grudged me my happiness because he himself was disappointed, only he would like to know.

"He was so unlike himself, Ellen, so frank, and kind, and quiet! I began to remember how cruel I had always been to him. I told him that he would soon marry a much better woman than I; that I was not as good as he thought me; that he must try and forget me, because I had

never been worthy of his great love. And he listened to it all with downcast eyes, only repeating when I stopped:

"Is there any one else?"

"I asked him why he wanted to know—I was not a bit afraid—and he said it was because he should like to wish him happiness. He had been so good and kind that I thought I would be quite open and frank with him at the last. So I told him yes, that there had been some one else all the time; that I had never loved him really. Then he lifted his eyes and looked at me. Ellen, I pray to God I may never really see such expression in human eyes! There was the fierceness of a lost despairing soul in them.

"He drew nearer to me, still looking at me, although I shrank from him. For the first time I began to feel afraid.

"He took my left hand in his, and stooping down, said:

"'You shall never live to be any other man's wife. I love you too much for that.'

"Then something bright flashed, and I suddenly felt a horrible cold feeling in my heart—so cold and sharp that I knew that he had stabbed me—that I was dying! And I heard his slow, strange laugh fading away in the distance—and I knew that he had left me to die alone——"

She stopped, and the convulsive shudder came over her again. In spite of myself I was struck by the extraordinarily accurate way she had remembered the dream, and the vivid manner in which she had described it. The letter, too—the fatal letter that was to decoy her to her death—lay there before my eyes!

I tried to laugh away her fears, in spite of my own conviction that they were well-founded, but it was useless. The rest of that night we neither of us slept. What would the morrow bring forth?

We were sitting in the drawing-room before lunch when the servant brought Lettice a letter in the Count's well-known delicate Italian writing.

"The man is waiting for an answer, miss," she said, as she went out.

Lettice broke the seal and began to read.

"Come here, Ellen," she said.

I came and looked over her shoulder. There, line for line, word for word, was the letter of her dream! She took the

sheet of paper that she had written the night before from her pocket, and laid them side by side. They were identical! We looked at each other.

"It is a warning!" I said, awestruck and no longer doubting.

"Yes, it is a warning, thank Heaven, and one which I dare not disregard. But for my dream who knows what my end would have been?"

She rose and, going over to the devonport, wrote the following words:

"I do not wish to see your face again. You said your last good-bye to me yesterday. I cannot afford to risk the possible repetition of such a scene. Besides, this time might not the Italian stiletto avenge the Italian wrong?—LETTICE."

It was not until she knew that the Count had actually been seen to leave the place, that Lettice ventured outside the house.

Those days were days of sickness and of dread with her, so fully persuaded was she of the reality of her dream. In a week's time the following lines, the last she ever had from him, came from Luigi da Castello:

"You are right. I meant to kill you. How did you know?"

What I have written about occurred more than forty years ago, for my story is a true one.

Lettice lived her long and happy life as Lady Wells, and no one but myself ever knew how nearly her English treachery had been avenged by her Italian lover.

Before me on the table lie the two duplicate letters, both faded, yellow, old, but both identically the same. The one in round, trembling, girlish characters; the other in Luigi da Castello's elegant, flowing, foreign hand. The dream letter and the real one!

Scoff at the coincidence if you like! Solve the mystery if you can!

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THE FORTUNES OF PHYLLIS.

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CALENDAR FOR 1894.

THE FORTUNES OF PHYLLIS.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE. LEFT ALONE.

THE Guards were to go. Orders to embark early on the morrow had come to the battalion quartered in the Tower, just as "last post" was sounded, and the skirl and rattle of fifes and drums had roused the echoes from every nook and corner of the grey old fortress. The time-honoured ceremony of challenging the keys had been duly performed, and the keys themselves, that unlocked so many Bluebeard's chambers, prisons, torture chambers, dungeons stained with the secret crimes of long ago, these keys, under proper escort, had been marched off to the quarters of the Lieutenant of the Tower, and the whole building was being gradually overspread by the spirit of repose, when the rattle of the wheels of a hansom on the rough stones of Tower Hill, and the clank of the drawbridge under a hasty tread, with the challenge of sentries, and the opening of doors and windows here and there, betokened that something was going on beyond the usual routine.

The warning of sudden departure spread like wild-fire through the regiment, and

the sober brick buildings where the soldiers were quartered swarmed like an ant-hill. The stiff routine of duty was relaxed in the stress of circumstances. The canteen was reopened, and was speedily crowded with men in every stage of dress and undress, who in every variety of dialect or brogue were eagerly discussing the prospects of the future. The general tone was jubilant, but there were not wanting voices of uncheerful presage.

"We'll be left wid Pharo and his chariots at the bottom of the Red Sea; divil a wan of us will iver come back again," cried Figgins, a brawny, capacious Irishman, who generally prophesied evil things.

"But there's fine feeding out there," cried another, who had heard good accounts of the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"Yis, for the vultures," rejoined Figgins gloomily.

"Well, anyhow, Larry, them birds will have fine pickings out of you," rejoined the other.

And stout Figgins was overwhelmed in a general chorus of laughter, and a scene of jovial horse-play followed in which individual voices and opinions were lost.

The general ferment communicated itself to the other inmates of the Tower.

The Beefeaters, to whom ancient custom suggested a square meal in the way of supper when the labours of the day were fairly over, these gallant yeomen of the guard, for the most part, threw up knife and fork, and turned out to visit their friends among the non-commissioned officers of the regiment to discuss the stirring news. One among these was Sergeant Yeoman Duffield, who, in the dignity of his position, did not forget that he was once a Sergeant of the Guards. But having gathered all the intelligence that came to hand, and resisting, or rather evading many tempting invitations to partake of drinks, Duffield made his way back to his own quarters, which were picturesquely but rather inconveniently placed in one of the old towers of the outer baill.

"The regiment's away for Egypt in the morning, mem," said Duffield to his spouse, a comfortable, pleasant-looking dame. "And I wed advise ye, mem, to have some substantial settlement with the Captain before he goes."

A frown and a significant glance from his spouse, put the stout beef-eater to silence. The glance was in the direction of a deeply played embrasure of the old tower, through which the glow of the summer twilight shone upon the figure of a little maid of nine or ten years old, who, reclining in the grim, stony casemate, was entirely absorbed in the perusal of some well-thumbed volume.

Sergeant Yeoman Duffield, for all his tufted halbert, his slashed doublet, his purpled hose and rosetted shoes, was in private life but the meek and humble instrument of his wife's good pleasure. He addressed her always as "mem," and allowed that to his happy marriage with a bride who had been for many years nurse and confidential servant in the family of Lord Coleworth, one of the high officials permanently reigning at the Horse Guards, he owed his present comfortable position.

"Now, Miss Phyllis," said Mrs. Duffield briskly, "don't you go spoiling your pretty eyes reading that nasty small print; and it's long after bed-time."

"Oh, not just yet," cried Phyllis, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "I must finish this next chapter, Duffie dear."

"Ah, the dear child always does get over me with those chapters," said Mrs. Duffield, with a sigh; "I never do happen on the finish of one."

"You're just a bit slack in the deescipline,

mem, if ye'll allow me to say it," struck in the Sergeant. "But, my word," he added, as the clank of a steel scabbard was heard on the stone staircase, "here's the Captain himself, I do believe! Now be firm with him, mem, be firm."

Duffield drew himself up and saluted as the figure of a young or at all events young-looking officer, in the undress uniform of the Guards, appeared in the arched doorway.

"It is Master Gerald!" cried Mrs. Duffield, her eyes dilated with pleasure. She had been acquainted with the young gentleman in his cradle, and had brought him up, as far as he had been brought up, and was still immensely proud and fond of him.

Phyllis looked up from her book in momentary interest. "Oh, it is only Paddie," she murmured, and returned to the perusal of her book.

"But where is Phyllis?" cried the Captain in lace, looking eagerly round. "Phyllis, my bird, come down from your perch and give poor Paddie a kiss."

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis, with a sigh, "why do you always come at the most interesting part?" But she climbed down from her window and came and sat on the Captain's knee, and stroked his face in a kindly and appreciative way.

"Phyllis dear, you do love me a little, don't you?" asked Captain Coleworth anxiously.

"Oh, just a little, Paddie," said Phyllis unconcernedly. "Just as much as this, you know," marking off a very minute portion of a little pink finger-nail.

"But I'm not content with that, Phyllis," said the Captain, "and I'm going away, dear, and perhaps you will never see poor Paddie again."

The Captain's voice quivered, and Phyllis, touched by some subtle sympathy, threw her arms about his neck.

"I will love you an awful lot, dear Paddie, all the time you are away."

"But, Phyllis dear," continued Captain Coleworth in a low voice, "would you mind for once, instead of calling me Paddie, call me father, and give me one good hug, and say: Good-bye, father?"

"I don't know," murmured Phyllis, hanging off coyly, "I don't think I could;" and then seeing a cloud of disappointment on the Captain's face, she threw her arms about him and murmured the words he wanted to hear.

Coleworth gathered the child in his

arms and held her to his heart so tightly, that Phyllis cried out to be let go. He could not trust himself to words, and Dame Duffield, herself a good deal moved, could only pat him kindly on the shoulder.

"Don't you fret about Miss Phyllis, she'll be safe enough with me till you come back. And, Master Gerald, at such times you officer gents are often short of cash, and Nurse has got some yellow-boys put away in the old stocking——"

"Dear old soul!" said the Captain in a choked voice. "But not from you; and if I don't come back, see Lady Coleworth. She knows everything, and will be a friend to Phyllis. Dear Nurse, good-bye. Phyllis, my darling, one more kiss!"

The Captain was gone, and the Sergeant, who had discreetly made himself scarce from the commencement of his visit, now showed his hatchet face in the stairway. "But, mem," he cried, "I trust ye've taken good security from the Captain."

"The very best, Sergeant," rejoined his spouse. "I've got Phyllis."

The Sergeant's lengthened visage was a study.

Very early next morning, while Phyllis was fast asleep in her little turret chamber, Nurse came and roused her, and helped her to dress in great haste.

"Don't ye hear the drums, lassie, and the bugles? The lads will be marching out, and we'll not miss the sight."

And Phyllis was at the top of the winding stair and out on the battlements of the Byward Tower while Nurse was pounding doggedly on, half-way up. Already the regiment was formed on the parade ground, officers and markers were running to and fro. Sharp words of command were heard, and with a great clash and clang of drums and cymbals the companies, falling into fours, marched forth to the stirring tune of the "British Grenadiers," echoed back with resonant clamour from the grim enclosing walls.

"There goes Paddle; good-bye, Paddle, good-bye!" cried Phyllis with irrepressible enthusiasm, as she recognised her Captain at the head of his company. The Captain turned and waved his sword, and half a hundred heads, surmounted by as many black bearskins, were turned upwards at the same moment. Most of the men knew little Phyllis, and grinned and nodded their adieux, but Figgins, the big Irishman, who had naturally enough appropriated Phyllis's greeting specially to himself, turned round and cried: "Good-bye, little maid, we'll

bring ye back a slice of the pyramids to play wid."

Roofs and battlements were now sprinkled thickly with spectators; heads and shoulders were thrust out of windows, and cries of encouragement or farewell broke the decorous stillness of the Tower precincts. The river sparkled beyond in full flood, with ships getting under weigh, capstans and winches clanking and sailors yo-hoing, while fainter and fainter in the distance sounded the march of the British Grenadiers.

And now all the brave Bearskins were gone, and in their places marched up and down on sentry-go the men of another regiment, no longer Guards, but habited in the more sober costume of the line.

"Why, they're more like policemen," said Phyllis discontentedly, who had been reared, so to say, on Bearskins.

"Oh, hush, my dear, they're a very fine regiment," cried Nurse; "the Royal Cambrian Rangers, with a beautiful white goat."

"Phyllis! Phyllis!" cried a voice from below; "come along, quick—quick. Come along to Uncle Grimshaw's wharf; we'll see them all embark. Come along."

"I'm coming, Arthur," cried Phyllis joyously, whirling down the corkscrew staircase, while panting Nurse toiled after her in vain. "Gone, the thoughtless lassie, and without any breakfast!" exclaimed Nurse. But Arthur Gray was sure to take good care of his little maid, and, indeed, he had already purchased a couple of scones at the breakfast-stall at the corner; and munching one of these, Phyllis, holding Arthur by the hand, danced joyously along through devious passages and narrow byways till they came suddenly out into the open, where the river, and the ships, and all the whirling tide seemed to rush upon them.

Seeing that the hour was early and the embarkation not extensively advertised, it might have been expected that the Guards would have had a quiet march through the City. But the hour was not too matutinal for the workmen, porters, packers, with all the tribes of early market birds, who, in some instinctive way, knew everything that was going on, and had already filled to repletion the streets through which the troops would pass. The martial music died away in the crowd, the big drum was almost stove in by the pressure, and the narrow red and black column, with the white belts and shoul-

dered rifles, was almost lost to sight. All were cheering, shouting, calling out encouraging catch-words, seeking individual recognition. "Are ye there, Jem Hallet? Here's Mary!" and a soldier's sweetheart is passed along through the crowd, and steps out, if not gaily, at least cheerfully, beside her Jem. "Figgins's wife!" was hailed with delighted cheers in the form of a battered old market-woman, who diffused an agreeable flavour of potheen. "It's just my mother-in-law, God bless her!" cried Figgins, unheeded, to his comrades, as he carefully stowed away sundry half-crowns that the brave old dame had scraped together to start him handsomely on the campaign. But the wharf, where the men embarked, was held by a strong party of the Cambrians, and sweethearts, wives, mothers-in-law, brothers, sisters, good chums and old friends, all had to break away with one firm hand-clasp and husky farewell as sole remembrance in the perhaps solitary days to come.

But Phyllis and her friend Arthur Gray were delightfully placed, with a private view, as it were, of the whole ceremony of embarkation. London Bridge was black with heads; drays, and waggons, and early buses, crowded with outside passengers, all stopped for the moment and helped to pile up the living fretwork; people jumped on barges or clambered upon the wharries that hung to the dripping stairs; the men who were loading the Continental steamboats crowded to the front, the crates and cases swinging idly in mid-air. And here, too, everybody cheered and shouted their lustiest, while the bells of the City churches, waking up for the day, began their soft clamour. There was a ruffle of drums, recovered from the squeeze, and with one accord, as the tenders, crowded with soldiers, gave their warning whistles, a wild chorus of whistling broke forth from all the steam-pipes around. Phyllis shouted, too, and waved a morsel of cambric, and Arthur threw up his cap so high that a puff of wind caught it and blew it into the river.

All was bright and sparkling just about the bridge; bridges and churches and Paul's hazy dome, all quite white and radiant; but looking downwards, there hung a deep, impenetrable haze, like a curtain; and as the boats, with their scarlet and steel-bound freight, glided slowly down, they were soon lost to sight in the folds of this black and gloomy shade.

As they peered and strained their eyes to see the very last of the old battalion, now a gleam of the scarlet, now a flicker of light from the steel, out of the gloomy shade there came sweeping along with the tide a great black barge with two men tugging with might and main at a huge sweep, while a boy, with his back against the tiller, crammed it over hard a-port. Then suddenly hauling the sweep on board, the men hurried to a huge hawser, and seizing a coil of rope attached thereto, hurled it with considerable accuracy of aim in the direction of the two young people. Phyllis covered her eyes, but Arthur, dashing forward, dexterously caught the rope, and hauling at the hawser, managed with some difficulty to slip the loop of it over a big iron hook. Then for a moment it seemed doubtful whether the wharf would hold back the barge, or the barge carry away the wharf; but finally the toughness of inert matter prevailed, and the barge swung captive alongside.

"Forty bales from the 'Jumna' for Grimshaw's," cried the man in charge of the flat.

"All right," said Arthur. "On whose account?"

"Don't ast me; some blossoming toff," growled the bargee. But Arthur seized the manifest and read:

"Shipped on the 'Jumna,' on account of the Rajah of Kandurga."

"What are you doing with that paper, Arthur?" said the shrill voice of Mr. Grimshaw himself. He was small and rather wizened; generally, as now, dressed in a tweed suit and felt hat, rather the worse for wear; and often was very much at home in a little grimy launch, that would puff noisily along among docks and tiers of shipping, and might sometimes be seen with a barge at its tail or a loaded wherry. But Arthur averred to Phyllis that seen in evening dress, which he sometimes assumed for a City dinner, Uncle Grim looked a thorough patrician, and that you might have fancied him wearing a pig-tail, or with a wig and sword and knee-breeches, without any violent strain on the imaginative faculties. But Uncle Grim was very cross at times, as Arthur acknowledged, and this was one of his times, for he scowled at Arthur as he snatched the manifest from his hands, and he looked crossly at Phyllis, so that the child was glad to find herself on terra firma once more and under the protecting ægis of the Tower.

And there she met the white goat of which Nurse had told her, and tried to make friends with it, but found it disdainful of her advances. A big grey wolfhound, also a fresh arrival, was of a more amiable disposition, and followed Phyllis to the steps of the Byward Tower, in the cool shade of which they both sat down. And there drowsiness overcame the child, and she fell asleep on the steps, her head pillowed on the soft coat of her shaggy friend. And here she was found by Colonel Lloyd, of the Cambrian Rangers, who was taking a turn round the place with Major Jones and a beefeater to show the way.

"Who would think of finding a little fairy princess in this rough old prison, Jones!"

"Pretty cretur!" said Jones. "What do they call her?"

"'Tis Phyllis, sir," the Sergeant Yeoman's little girl," said the veteran.

"Oh, Phyllis!" cried the Major, and in his sharp falsetto he hummed a stave of the song:

"Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the wind or seas:
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

CHAPTER II. ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

If seven years—or perhaps eight, or even nine—have elapsed since Phyllis fell asleep on the steps of the Byward Tower, it must not be supposed that we intend to depict our heroine as emerging from a Rip Van Winkle kind of trance, and finding herself transformed from a child into a young woman. That kind of transformation is not effected so easily. The pretty, perilous passage, full of hidden griefs and evident delights, is not to be accomplished in a dream; the golden bridge betwixt seven and seventeen is not to be crossed except by dint of hard scrambling and climbing. Yet the interval had brought no violent changes in Phyllis's surroundings. The Sergeant Yeoman was dead, and his official residence was occupied by some other stout beefeater. But Phyllis still lived with her "dear Duffie," and not very far from the Tower either, for in Nightingale Row, where they had taken up their abode, two out of the four pepper-box turrets of the White Tower could be seen peering over a blank wall in a quite startling manner.

Otherwise Nightingale Row was almost shut in by docks, huge warehouses, high brick walls, and swing-bridges. Yet the houses were handsome and substantial, with

a florid comeliness about them suggestive of an earlier origin than this commercial age, and that they were probably a survival of the lost faubourg, swallowed up less than a century ago by docks and shipping. Some knowledge of the locality, of times and of tides, which if they wait for no man often themselves kept waiting numbers of men and horses and drays, was necessary to find a direct way to Nightingale Row. But for Phyllis on her daily trip to school and back again, the transit had no difficulties. When drawbridges were raised and steamers and lines of barges floated in and out, balancing between the tranquil stillness of the pent-up waters and the rough-and-tumble of the fervid tideway, there was generally a tug to be hailed or the harbour-master's launch, or a spring from one barge to another and a scramble up the dock gate might shorten the passage. And as Phyllis had grown up among the shipping, she was a general favourite with everybody about the docks, so that bargees were kind and labourers civil, and ship captains brought her gifts from beyond seas, while apprentices and mates cherished romantic dreams on her behalf.

All this time Coleworth was still absent. The Guards came back, but he was not with them. He had obtained a staff appointment in India, and, subsequently, was placed at the head of an expedition to settle the question of a boundary line on some wild Indian frontier. The pay and allowances were fairly good, and the Sergeant Yeoman's heart was rejoiced by liberal remittances. Then bad news came to hand. The exploring expedition had been attacked and dispersed, and Colonel Coleworth—for he had gained brevet rank by his services—was missing. Survivors reported that he had been seen to fall under the blades of a dozen truculent tribesmen; and though his body was not recovered, yet so little doubt existed as to his fate that his name was removed from the army list, and his relatives went into mourning for his death.

Phyllis, too, was dressed in sable garments, but that might have been for the death of Sergeant Duffield, who died at this time. His widow inherited a comfortable amount in savings, of her own money, 'tis true, and that, with certain snug investments of her own, secured the household from want. But Phyllis's education must be provided for, and her future position settled, and Mrs. Duffield travelled westwards to interview Lord Coleworth on the

subject. But in this object she was foiled. Lord Coleworth had retired from his official position. His son's death had affected him a good deal, and he was quite feeble and broken now, while Lady Coleworth watched over him with admirable care and assiduity, keeping from him everything likely to worry or disturb him.

Now Mrs. Duffield belonged to the age of the first Lady Coleworth, Gerald's mother, and she had no faith in the reigning spouse, who had been a widow with two children of her own when she married Lord Coleworth. Undoubtedly she was a clever managing woman, and having no children by her present marriage, she was naturally anxious to provide for her own two, as well as to secure her own future independence. But Lord Coleworth's personal means had been trifling, derived chiefly from his own economies, while he had inherited from his first wife, who had left everything unreservedly in his hands, a handsome fortune, amounting, perhaps, to a hundred thousand pounds. All this Lord Coleworth had carefully explained to Mrs. Vyvian, the handsome and clever widow who had fascinated him. He was a man of the strictest probity, and incapable of anything like deceit or dissimulation himself, was intolerant of such conduct in others. And justice demanded that such fortune as came to him through his first marriage should descend to the offspring of that marriage, his only son Gerald. To his chosen wife he could only offer a share in his very handsome income while he lived, and at his death the sum of ten thousand pounds which he had saved, and which should be hers absolutely, together with such economies as she might be able to effect in the future. Only one contingency could affect this resolution. Should his son prove unworthy, he would disinherit him without scruple. Mrs. Vyvian had assented to all this very gracefully; but during the years which had elapsed since their marriage the position had changed a good deal. Dick and Ruby Vyvian were gay, affectionate, pleasant young people, who became, as time went on, very dear to the old man's heart. And Lady Coleworth had assumed the supreme management of affairs, and her influence over her husband seemed unbounded. Yet she herself well knew that this influence had its limits. Lord Coleworth would deplore with her that her children were so slenderly provided for.

"Let us save for the dear creatures," he would say; "let us live on five hundred a year and put by all the rest for the young ones." But this did not suit Lady Coleworth at all. "Rather let them all share alike, yours and mine," she had ventured to say. But on this Lord Coleworth assumed an air of cold surprise.

"What you suggest would be dishonourable on my part," and Lady Coleworth did not venture to urge the matter again.

But when the presumed death of Gerald Coleworth was reported, Lady Coleworth saw that her opportunity had arrived.

"Dear Stephen," she said, "you will of course make a new will and leave everything to me."

Lord Coleworth was surprised, but he could not but own that the request was a reasonable one. Yet, so punctilious was he that he thought it right to communicate with the nearest of kin of his late wife before altering the dispositions of his will. The first Lady Coleworth's only sister had married the Earl of Llanelyd, and only one child was born of the marriage, that child being now a young woman, no longer very youthful, who was known as Lady Dorothea Wynne. And Lady Dorothea being a great heiress, naturally had been much sought after by the gilded youth of the period. But the only one she ever favoured was her cousin, Gerald Coleworth, and him she discarded on coming to hear of some doubtful conduct on his part; for Lady Dorothea was of a very high and lofty nature, and chivalrously devoted to redressing the wrongs of her own sex. However, as to the matter of Lady Coleworth's money, she begged her uncle to dispose of it as he pleased, for if, as seemed now certain, poor Gerald was no more, nobody was concerned in the matter, except himself and those connected with him. And upon that it only remained to set the family lawyer at work to draw up a new will.

Thus all was rosy and pleasant in Lady Coleworth's horizon, when a threatening cloud in the shape of Mrs. Duffield appeared upon the scene. Not that my lady was unprepared; she had been taken into Gerald's confidence; she, if any one, was acquainted with the history of Phyllis from her birth. Mrs. Duffield's knowledge began when the child was already two years old, and thus she was under a disadvantage.

"It is the old story," said Lady Coleworth coldly; "but I promised Gerald to

befriend the child, and as far as my means allow I will do so."

And she would make a certain allowance out of her own private purse till Phyllis was eighteen, by which time she ought to be able to earn her own living. For the rest, Lady Coleworth washed her hands of the whole matter. And she finished with a gesture that reminded Mrs. Duffield, so she said, of Pontius Pilate.

But all this is ancient history, and Phyllis as she is now demands our attention, a piquant, laughing little beauty, for whom her present life and the love of those about her is full and engrossing enough. She is known as Miss Coleworth, certainly—Nurse took care that she should be so far distinguished—and she is proud of a father who died fighting for his country. But as for her family, if she has any, she would never give up dear Daffie and Arthur Gray, to say nothing of old Captain Ironbridge and lots of others, for any unknown and uncourtous kindred. And as for the future, she has her music, and a voice which good judges pronounce to be of excellent quality. Is not Phyllis a pupil at the School of Music on the Embankment, which is but a stone's throw after all from Nightingale Row?

Anyhow, it is a delight to sing duets with Arthur Gray, who is a fine baritone, and makes the old sconces ring again, and the cut-glass drops play a little chime, when he sings in Uncle Grimshaw's old-fashioned drawing-room. Mr. Grimshaw has retired from business, and Grimshaw's wharf has been let to a steamboat company. But Grimshaw himself does not look much older, and he still has a share in a steam-tug company, and goes up and down the river in his noisy little launch. People say that he is enormously rich, but that he mistrusts everybody, and prophesies that the Bank of England itself will break in such and such a year, and so keeps all his money in gold in a strong-room beneath his house. There is such a room, for Arthur once saw his uncle unlock it, but there were no heaps of gold and jewels to be seen, and Grimshaw angrily said, when he found the boy had observed him, that he kept there his old business ledgers, in case anybody should make an unfounded claim upon him. But if Uncle Grim were rich, poor Arthur did not get much benefit from his wealth. Certainly his uncle had sent him to a public school—it was St. Paul's and involved a twelve miles journey every day—but then he put Arthur into

a shipping office, where he worked very hard for very little pay. He was to work his own way as Uncle Grimshaw had done. But as his principals compounded with their creditors every year or two, it did not seem to Arthur as if there were much use in getting to the very top of the tree.

But August had come, and schools of music, as well as every other kind, were in vacation. The weather had been wet and cold, but cleared all of a sudden, and a spell of glorious sunshine followed. It was glorious, that is, if you had nothing to do but loll in the shade; but for people who had to move about in the City it was a little too glorious. London began to gasp for breath; the streets were ovens, the shops were hothouses. But for fruits, and ices, and cold drinks there would have been general slaughter from heat apoplexy. It was baking hot, too, in Nightingale Row. Grimshaw had already made his escape in a big ocean steamer for Norway. Mrs. Duffield suggested that they should go—she and Phyllis—to Southend; but the heat of the transit, and the probably still greater heat to be suffered in narrow quarters, deterred them.

And then Arthur came whirling in, calling for Phyllis just as he used to do when they were boy and girl together. His governors had given him a week's holiday, in consequence of having called in an accountant to arrange their affairs, and as Uncle Grim was away he would borrow his launch, and they would all go up the river. "But isn't she a very shabby old thing?" queried Phyllis doubtfully. Shabby for want of painting and gilding, perhaps; but in her inward parts of exemplary brightness, and one of the fastest boats on the river. Phyllis thought that the plan was of a promising nature, and Mrs. Duffield, who would have done anything to please her, agreed to go. It was like starting from their own door, for the launch was in dock close alongside, and they provisioned her, and fitted up the little cabin so that Phyllis and Mrs. Duffield could sleep on board, while Arthur, with a tent and waterproof sheet, would camp out on shore.

And away went the "Firefly" in the cool of the evening, threading her way through the crowd of shipping below bridge, saluting the old Tower with a salvo on the steam whistle, and snorting loudly under the echoing bridges. The myriad lights of Westminster were showing in the opal clearness, and on the

terrace of the Houses of Parliament members thereof were congregated in crowds with gaily-dressed dames interspersed. These the "Firefly" saluted with an ironic kind of screech, and then gave a round O of amazement at the gap left by the fallen walls of Millbank Prison. Bryce, the engineer of the "Firefly," was an elderly man, very silent and reserved, who made of the steam whistle a kind of outlet for his own repressed feelings. He blew a whiff at Lambeth Palace, warm and lucent in the evening glow; at the potteries, wreathed in smoke, that took strange glowing tints from the diffused light. In Chelsea Reach, where the waters glowed in opalescent tints, and the boat seemed to cut out swathes of liquid gold, Bryce sounded a solemn note for the sage of Cheyne Walk; and there the pleasant homely terrace, the red-brick tower, the pleasant gardens, the windows veiled with sun-blinds, all shared in the general glamour. Lucent, too, were the lawns of Hurlingham, where lamps were shining forth, and the soft strains of a string band seemed to invite to the dance.

Bryce's Pandean steam-pipe gave a sigh for the vanished Terrace and the old wooden bridge of Putney, that together seemed to speak of pleasant, prosperous city and river life; and he hooted horribly under the granite arch of the new bridge, but that was only a warning to the innumerable pleasure craft that were afloat on the full tide. And club races were going on at Hammersmith, with gun-firing, and flashing off of fours and eights, all with quite ghostly effect in the twilight; and Chiswick was passed, and the oster-bound solitudes beyond, and Barnes' and Mortlake's jolly, hospitable shores, and the last of the real Thames-side villages, still almost unsophisticated and untouched, dear old Strand-on-the-Green, with the peaked outline of Kew's charming balustraded bridge gleaming white against the thick foliage of the eyot beyond, where Brentford's coaly barges loom dark against the tawny orange glow. Quietude is on the scene, and semi-darkness in the shade of lordly trees, and the stroke of the hour sounds solemnly over the water from Islé-worth's dark tower; but the "Firefly" wakens things up considerably with a succession of fiendish yells as she passes between the massive piers of the new half-tide lock, that is to keep everything afloat and awash irrespective of the vagaries of the ocean tides.

By this time Arthur has got out the side-lights, and it was time for coming in sight of Richmond Bridge. They found it all festooned with lamps and the river crowded with boats hung with lights of all kinds, a veritable feast of lanterns, while the shores are festooned with coloured lamps, and the pleasant gardens and lofty terraces glow from shore to summit. We have chanced upon an evening fête, and the crew of the "Firefly" feel for the moment that their craft, rough from the swollen tideway and rusted with sea-spray, is not of the elegant tournure adapted for such displays. And there is the danger of jostling these light fairy structures, all lights and flowers, and spilling the oil of the twinkling lamps over the elegant costumes of Cleopatra and her attendants; but soon comes the darkness again, black as Erebus from the contrast of the recent brilliance. Yet the moon was still up—a gentle, delicate half-moon—shining behind old Twitnam's tall, dignified houses and tufted groves, while the ferry-boat leaves a track of silver ripples in the dark waters. Phyllis bethinks her of the song, and warbles forth:

"Ho ye ho! who's for the ferry?
I'll row ye so quick, and I'll row ye so steady,
And tis but a penny to Twickenham Town!"

And ah! for a summer's night on the river, there only wants music and song to complete the spell of its enchantment.

"I wish we could fix this happy time and make it last for ever," cried Arthur, who was stretched on the deck at the feet of Phyllis.

"Toujours perdrix," cried Phyllis, laughing. "Not for me. I so long for new scenes and new faces!"

Arthur's face darkened.

"Phyllis," he said, "I believe you are as fickle as your namesake.

"Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks."

"Thank you for so much," replied Phyllis lightly; and then Bryce, who had not been heard of for some time, gave a warning shriek for the address of the lock-keeper at Teddington, and presently they were in the deep, dripping darkness of the lock, and the roar of waters sounded in their ears, as winches rattled and ironwork clattered overhead, and they rose softly into the moonlight again.

It was too dark now to go any further, and they blew off steam and made fast

under the bank to a stout old alder. And as they supped they watched the rockets from Richmond blazing over the trees, and fire balloons sailing majestically into space. And then Bryce curled himself up under a tarpaulin in the bows, and Arthur found a lodging in a neighbouring cottage, and the other two made the most of the little saloon, through which the summer wind played refreshingly all night long.

And soon after dawn fires were lighted and steam got up, and before the heat of the day came on, the "Firefly" had made an excellent run, with only Royal Windsor on the way to vary the pleasant tameness of grassy banks, and lawns, and country houses, varied by occasional gas-works and factories, till at Bray Lock they ascended to what Phyllis called the drawing-room floor, and came to an anchor by the wooded heights of Cliveden, where they spent the day pleasantly enough.

Next morning the "Firefly" did not start very early, as the day promised to be cool, and there was a general reluctance to leave their pleasant anchorage. Phyllis, too, was strangely depressed.

"I feel as if the best part of the voyage was over, Arthur," she said. "Perhaps we shall never have such a happy time again."

"Oh! why not?" cried Arthur. "Why should we not sail on together always, Phyllis?"

"Well, we shan't, you'll see," said Phyllis despondently but firmly. "Some bolt out of the blue will come, and we shall drift thousands of miles apart."

But getting under weigh again, all such presentiments were put to flight. And they had now reached a part of the country where Mrs. Duffield felt at home. In yonder little village she was born, and thence at eighteen she had gone to be under-nurse at Coleworth Court, and round the next bend of the river sure enough they would come to the Court itself. She had not thought of that, and it gave her quite a turn as she reflected that in this beautiful place Phyllis should have found a home, and have been reared in the lap of ease and luxury to take a great position in the world. For had not Master Gerald told her more than once that all would be made right at last, and that Phyllis would be received by all the world as his own true daughter? Perhaps she herself was not free from blame in having acquiesced so quietly in Lady Coleworth's decision. There were others to

whom she might have appealed, and though she had no certain knowledge, yet she knew more perhaps than she had ever acknowledged. But how hard it would be to part from Phyllis, whom she had loved and cherished for all these years! And yet she had seen with pleasure the increasing love that Arthur felt for her darling. For she knew that there would be always a corner for her in Arthur's house. It would be a very comfortable house, for Arthur would surely have his uncle Grimshaw's money, and Phyllis herself would not go empty-handed from her dear old Daffie.

And while all this was passing through her head the launch went slowly steaming on, and there opened out a lovely space of green turf, rich and velvety to the very water's edge, with a quaint Elizabethan boat-house, stored with all kinds of craft, a marble staircase and landing-place close by, where a peacock sunned himself on the white balustrade, attended by his glittering harem. Noble trees formed green arcades, and carried the eye among soft folds of grassy glades. Above a thicket of flowering and ornamental shrubs rose the white façade of a house, moderate in size, but handsome without and within, while glass-houses, gardens, tennis-courts, and bowling-greens were bordered by a grove of tall elms, where an ancient colony of rooks kept house among the topmost branches.

The scene would have been pleasant enough in utter solitude and repose, but on this particular afternoon it sparkled with life. Scarlet jackets were seen through the trees, and the melodious strains of a military band fell softly on the ear. White tents were pitched here and there under the trees, and groups of smart people in the smartest and newest of costumes were posed here and there, changing with a gentle movement of arrival and departure. Scores of carriages, no doubt, were drawn up on the dusty road, but many of the guests arrived by water. There were punts in satinwood and mahogany, whose fittings were a triumph of the cabinet-maker's rather than the boat-builder's art, gigs and wherries of the same luxurious appointments, and launches, both steam and electric, as smart as varnish and gilding could make them; and on the lawn by the river terrace a delightful-looking elderly gentleman, with a lady at his side, much younger, but still of mature years, was welcoming a large party which had just landed, and a

number of young people, who were just pushing off in a punt, were exchanging chaff and badinage with a young man and woman, evidently brother and sister, on the terrace.

"That is Lord Coleworth!" said Mrs. Duffield, catching sight of the elderly gentleman. "Phyllis, that is your grandfather!" she continued, with uncontrollable excitement.

"What a pretty girl!" at the same moment cried Phyllis, whose attention was attracted by the youthful group. At the same time Bryce improved the occasion by letting off a series of ear-splitting shrieks. "I'm afraid our behaviour is rather low," cried Phyllis, as soon as her voice could be heard. "Arthur, have you any string?"

Bryce coloured fiercely, for he could not brook being interfered with, and the gag, as applied to his whistle, he never would endure.

The gay scene on shore had engrossed too much the attention of those on board the "Firefly." They had not seen, and could not have heard, the approach of a huge white launch that was coming down with the stream at tremendous speed, and with an utter want of a look-out ahead. It was an affair of a moment for the big launch to pass over the "Firefly," sending the boat to the bottom of the river with her side stove in, and throwing all her occupants into the water.

CHAPTER III.

IN CHARGE OF LADY DOROTHEA.

COMING gradually and painfully to life, after the strange terror and flurry of drowning, Phyllis was first conscious of a pair of dark, glowing eyes fixed steadily upon her, and as sensation and vague recollection came back to her out of the dread void of oblivion, she recognised that the dark, finely-cut features belonging to the eyes were utterly strange to her.

"Well," said a voice in deep, soft tones, "the soul has returned to its tenement—poor little soul that had almost fluttered away beyond recall! But it obeyed the powerful word of Dr. Sancotta. Yes, she has come back, the teasing little soul with all her tricks—"

"Faithless as the wind or seas."

Phyllis sat up astonished. This strange creature's words, his dress as strange as his features, for he wore a long Oriental gown, and a yellow tarboush was bound round his brows; but his words gave her

the clue that she lacked, and the past sped by at full gallop through her brain. "Where is Duffie?" she cried, the final catastrophe having been recalled.

"Is it the elderly lady, her highness's chief attendant? She is safe; also the chief boatman and the other—what shall we call him?—'Ganem,' the slave of love, perhaps."

There was a mocking playfulness in the tone that Phyllis resented a little. Yet she had evidently been well cared for, and she was reposing wrapped up in blankets and fleecy coverings, in what was evidently the state-room of a river yacht. As she looked about her, there came forward from an inner cabin a handsome Oriental in a jewelled turban and flowing Eastern robes, who fixed his bold black eyes upon Phyllis with an expression that made her shiver. The pair spoke together in some unknown tongue, and the young Oriental passed out.

"He is a care to me, our Rajah," said Dr. Sancotta, with a frown. "It is as if I led a tiger by a string. But I forget, there are those of your friends who are asking for you."

The doctor went to the door of the cabin, and called to some one on shore, and presently a boat came alongside.

A tall, handsome woman entered the cabin, and sat down beside Phyllis, taking her hand in a firm, sympathetic grasp.

"My poor child, you have had a narrow escape, and you must keep quiet, and I will tell you all you want to know. You are on board the Rajah of Kandurga's yacht, who ran you down. She is a great deal too big for these waters, as I told him; but he is a selfish youth, who only cares for his own slothful indulgences. Now that young man of yours is a splendid fellow. My dear, he dived for you time after time, and when he brought you to the bank, he was distracted when you gave no signs of life. But, thanks to Dr. Sancotta, who is the Rajah's private physician—"

"Yes, she is mine," said the doctor. "I gave her life, and she belongs to me."

"I think there will be somebody to dispute your claim," said the other, smiling. "But now, Phyllis, I have something to tell you that is not so satisfactory. Poor Mrs. Duffield is, I am afraid, very ill. The shock at her time of life may have serious consequences. She is well cared for at a cottage on the other side of the river, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Coleworth, and he has gone to her. Oh, I knew Mrs.

Duffield long ago, for I am Dorothea Wynne, of whom, perhaps, you may have heard. And I am going to take charge of you till we know how your nurse is likely to go on."

Phyllis felt the kindness of all this, and was strongly attracted to the firm, capable woman who had now assumed the command. And she breathed more freely when she was clear of the ill-omened yacht, and yet she was grateful to Dr. Sancotta, who was assiduous in helping her to disembark.

"I shall come and see you," he said. "Mind, I am only lending you to this lady."

Lady Dorothea's pony-carriage was brought down to the landing-place, and as the accident had excited a good deal of interest, a number of people gathered about the carriage, among whom Phyllis recognised the pretty girl she had seen on the lawn just before the upset.

"That is Ruby Vyvian," said Lady Dorothea good-humouredly, indicating her with the thong of her whip. "You have to thank her for your outfit, Phyllis. She is a good-natured girl, but she laughs too much and gets too fat."

But where was Arthur all this time? They met him on the road, walking with the venerable Lord Coleworth. They had just come from the cottage, and Arthur's grave face warned Phyllis to prepare for the worst. Dear old Duffie was dead; she had felt that she was dying when she sent for Lord Coleworth. And he, poor man, seemed strangely agitated and overcome. He gazed at Phyllis under his white eyebrows, and seemed as if inclined to address her. But then Dick Vyvian came along and offered the old gentleman his arm, and they walked away together.

Mrs. Duffield's death seemed to bring Phyllis's fortunes to a crisis. She had left no will, and relatives of hers turned up from all quarters to quarrel over and eventually divide her succession. Even Phyllis's piano, bought with her own money, was claimed as a portion of the inheritance. But this Lady Dorothea, who championed Phyllis's cause with her usual energy, succeeded in cutting out as it were from under the enemy's guns. And there was no question after the first of where Phyllis's future home was to be.

"Providence," said Lady Dorothea, "in shutting one door had opened another." It would be her care that Phyllis should be fairly started upon some career that should give her the prospect of an honest

independence. But she would not let off Lady Coleworth a single sixpence of her promised allowance, which had still another year to run.

"Bah!" said Dr. Sancotta, who still continued his visits as physician, although Phyllis declared herself perfectly well. "She shall be dancer, singer, teacher! What good is that? If you cannot do more good than that, I shall take her myself."

Sometimes the Rajah came with his physician, and practised talking English with Phyllis, while he amused himself with exciting her curiosity with wondrous tales of his native land.

Lady Dorothea's riverside cottage was only a little higher up-stream than Coleworth Court, and the two Vyvians were constantly at the Bungalow; and Phyllis found Dick a most amusing companion, and a past master in the art of making time pass pleasantly. And Lord Coleworth would come in sometimes in the afternoon for a cup of tea, and for a chat with Lady Dorothea, and he would sit and furtively regard Phyllis as she busied herself over the tea-cups, with a puzzled, anxious look on his face, although he only talked on casual every-day topics. But once, when everybody happened to be out of the room but my lord and Phyllis, he drew up his chair near to hers.

"Phyllis," he said in a low voice, almost a whisper, "did you ever know a man named Figgins?"

Phyllis was as much astonished as if the teapot had become a petard, and exploded. Yet she thought and thought, and at last she fancied that she connected the name with some unredeemed promise—we rarely forget people, even as children, whom we fancy our debtors—and it occurred to her that she had been promised a "slice of the pyramids" by one Figgins, and had never had it; and the whole scene came back to her, of the tower-row of the drums, and the march of the British Grenadiers. And she told Lord Coleworth softly that she believed that there had been such a man in the Grenadier Guards, but that was years and years ago; and Lord Coleworth acknowledged the information, scanty as it was, with great empressement.

All this time the Indian Rajah was a very constant visitor at the Court, and in high favour with Lady Coleworth. People said that she wanted the Rajah, who was fabulously rich, and whose jewels were worth

a dukedom, for her daughter Ruby; but in truth Lady Coleworth had no ideas of the kind. Her interest in the Rajah was founded on the fact that His Highness's principality was situated on the very frontier where some years before Colonel Coleworth's expedition had come to a disastrous end. And it had been thought that the Rajah himself knew more about the matter than he was at all inclined to avow; and that he had caused sundry quiet, inoffensive tribesmen to be shot and hanged just to propitiate the British Government, while sheltering and even rewarding the real authors of the outrage. Aware of these vague suspicions, which were current only in a very limited circle of those who, if the phrase may be allowed, were "in the know," Lady Coleworth had obtained a considerable influence over the Rajah, who, if he had a tinge of the ferocity, had something more of the cowardice of a tiger. But Lady Coleworth's object was simple enough, and did not revert to these bygone events. The Colonel had been killed, no doubt, and all that Lady Coleworth wanted was some conclusive proof of his death. And this, she put it to the Rajah sweetly, she felt sure he could furnish. The Rajah turned pale under his dusky skin, and gave her ladyship a glance as sharp as the executioner's sword; but he only murmured under his breath that he would make enquiries.

All this time Arthur Gray had fared but badly at the hands of fortune. Phyllis was lost to him; he had no place among the new friends that she had found, and the best service he could render her was to disappear altogether from her sight. His scanty fortunes had fallen to utter ruin. His employers had definitely resolved to dissolve the firm and retire from business. His uncle Grimshaw, enraged at the loss of the "Firefly," and disgusted at his want of success in the general shipping line, had requested him to find a home elsewhere. Bills announcing an auction sale were pasted in the windows of the house in Nightingale Terrace where he had passed so many happy hours with Phyllis. In the City, people he had known in business hurried past him, or addressed him compassionately: "Well, Gray, what are you doing now?" And even if he got once more a foothold on the tread-wheel which was twirling round so merrily, what was there before him but a wearisome struggle, now swimming, now sinking, till he sank to rise no more. In this dismal

mood he reached Charing Cross, where a recruiting sergeant slapped him on the shoulder. Anything was better than going back, and with a feeling that this was the next best thing to suicide, Arthur Gray took his place in the forlorn awkward squad that awaited the army surgeon's arrival by a dingy door in the dingy front of the barracks behind the National Gallery.

"Here he comes! here comes the bloke as 'll punch their ribs!" cried the little knot of onlookers, mostly rejected ones, who crowded at the barrack gate—like Paris at the gates of Paradise—as the doctor hurried in, and the squad of would-be recruits, with a feeble counterfeit of playful smartness, took the word of command from a sergeant and marched in after him.

CHAPTER IV. A FLIGHT FROM THE RAJAH.

IF Lady Dorothea had been moved in her championship of Phyllis by certain tender memories, as well as a chivalrous impulse to protect the unprotected of her own sex, these feelings were soon replaced by a strong affection for the object of her care. People of her acquaintance had to take Phyllis on trust, as all the explanation vouchsafed to them was that she was the daughter of an early friend, whom she intended eventually to adopt as her own. Lady Coleworth, for her own sake, was anxious that nothing should be known as to Phyllis's real origin, although she deplored the fatality which had thrown her in Lady Dorothea's way. She had cherished the hope that her own two children would eventually be Lady Dorothea's principal legatees, and she had strong reasons for desiring the return of Phyllis to the obscurity out of which she had so unexpectedly emerged. And it would not displease her to see Phyllis compromise herself in a way to forfeit the protection of Lady Dorothea.

There was the Rajah, now, who was so much fascinated by Phyllis's attractions—if his caste prejudices and the fact that he had left at least one lawful wife behind him in his own dominions—if these considerations precluded any permanently binding connection, surely money could do anything, and a girl like Phyllis, if sufficiently well endowed, would think herself fortunately placed as His Highness's reigning favourite.

These notions Lady Coleworth insinuated into the Rajah's quick percep-

tions, with the additional encouragement that Phyllis was not legally under the guardianship of Lady Dorothea, and that no offence would be committed in removing her from her care. And the result was that the Rajah grew more and more pressing in his attentions to Phyllis, while there was often in his manner to her when alone, a veiled insolence and familiarity that excited her anger and scorn. But his opportunities were few, for Dr. Sancotta was nearly always in close attendance upon him. The Rajah fumed and fretted under this supervision, and it was easy to see that there was no love lost between the pair.

As for Lady Dorothea, she tolerated the Rajah's visits for the sake of Dr. Sancotta's society. Sancotta was a Parsee and a disciple of Zoroaster, as far as he was a disciple at all who professed to be a master and to hold the key to the most recondite secrets of nature. He had captured Lady Dorothea on her visionary side, and had won her faith by the power of his penetrating intellect. "My dear Phyllis," said Lady Dorothea, in a moment of confidence, "that wonderful man has penetrated the mystery of my life!" And Phyllis owned that although Dr. Sancotta was very kind, and seemed to be actuated by the very best motives, yet that he always gave her a creepy sensation when he approached her, while he seemed to read her thoughts as readily as if they were written down for him.

It was on one beautiful autumnal day that Phyllis, taking a little skiff from the boat-house, sculled herself up the stream a little way to where a venerable willow formed a shady nook, sheltered from sun and wind, and making the boat fast to the bole of the tree, she began to skim the pages of the last new novel from Mudie's. As she read the lines became indistinct, for drowsiness had come over her—the lapping of the water, the rustle of the breeze, the cheerful sounds of surrounding life, all combined to lull her to sleep. How long she slept she could not tell, but when she awoke she was surprised to find the skiff in the middle of the river and drifting rapidly down the stream. That she had moored the boat insecurely was her first impression, but when she saw that the scull with which she had manœuvred the boat had been removed, she began to suspect that somebody was playing her a trick. But before she had made up her mind on the subject, her skiff gently came

in contact with the gilded counter of a big white launch, when a dark fellow in a white turban reached out and made fast the wandering craft.

"What a happy chance has brought the lovely queen of the river to the dazzled sight of her humble slave!" said the Rajah, hastening to offer his hand to the young girl. "And now you will bless me by your presence in my humble ship."

But it was no chance at all that had brought her there, but the skilful management of some practised swimmer, who was at this moment landing under some bushes; and the launch was under steam, and at that moment dropped the buoy to which she had been moored and began to descend the river. Yet Phyllis, though vexed, only thought of the matter as a practical joke. She did not see how to get away just then, but at the first lock she could escape. But the Rajah's tone became more imperious and threatening as he saw that she did not intend to accept his invitation.

"You will come on board now in a minute," he cried, and seeing refusal in her face, he gave an order to the dark attendant, who, without more ado, drove a heavy spike through the bottom of the skiff, which at once began to fill and sink, so that Phyllis had no choice but to spring for safety to the side of the launch. In so doing her hat fell off and floated on the water.

"That is well," said the Rajah. "They will find the boat and the hat, and they will say you are dead! But you shall be alive, very much alive, with me."

The Rajah put his arm round Phyllis with an insolent smile, who in return dealt him a stinging blow in the face, which only had the effect of putting him in a violent rage. He called to his attendants to seize the girl and convey her to the cabin.

The launch had begun to move quickly, but a difficult bend of the river made her commander slacken speed; but although the craft was skilfully handled, yet she was held by something in the very middle of the river. In vain the Rajah raged and ground his teeth, but not an inch could the boat be stirred; and now, coming along at a good pace, was seen a boat pulled by two good oars, while in the stern sat Dr. Sancotta, who was waving a red umbrella as a signal. The boat shot up alongside and the doctor leapt on board the launch, which at once began to

move on its course. The dark attendants exchanged awe-struck glances, and the Rajah's gleaming eyes fell before the doctor's burning glance.

"My dear," said the doctor, addressing Phyllis, "I witnessed your accident, and have brought your friends to your aid."

For it was Dick and Ruby who were rowing.

"Why, Phyllis, what a narrow escape you have had!" said Ruby.

"Yes, indeed," replied Phyllis, with a shudder.

But they had picked up her hat, and soon regained the skiff, and the lost scull which was also floating down the stream.

People talked for a whole evening of the accident that had befallen Phyllis, and then the matter was forgotten.

But to Lady Dorothea Phyllis told the true version of the affair, and the recital filled her with vivid apprehensions. How to act in the matter so as at once to avoid any scandal or publicity—things which Lady Dorothea dreaded above all things—and at the same time to afford due protection to Phyllis, was a problem that puzzled her completely. In all the emergencies of life she had been accustomed to consult Lord Coleworth. Her oracle was becoming old and infirm, and his wife disseminated the opinion that the old man was in his dotage, but there was plenty of intelligence and judgement behind those shaggy white eyebrows, although craving chiefly to be left in peace and tranquillity.

But it so happened that Lord Coleworth himself wished to consult Lady Dorothea, and came over to see her one morning at a time when he was supposed to be smoking his customary cigar in the shrubbery. Lord Coleworth recalled to Lady Dorothea's remembrance the circumstances attending poor Duffield's death. That good woman had sent for him and imparted to him certain surmises of her own connected with Phyllis's parentage that had greatly surprised him. She had nothing in the way of proof, but she believed that one Figgins had; and with that she ceased to speak coherently and then the end came. The clue was a slender one, but having ascertained that Figgins had been a soldier, Lord Coleworth made enquiries through the War Office, and found that he was still receiving a pension of sixpence a day, and was employed as a porter in the City. Lord Coleworth saw the man, who told the following story. On the eve of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, when the troops

were formed in the darkness and lying on the sand awaiting the order for the final rush, Figgins was on the right flank of his company, and Captain Coleworth was lying next to him. And just there there was a glare of light from some fires that were burning in the enemy's lines, and in the light of that, the Captain took out his tablets and pencil and began to write. And when he had finished he fastened the writing in an envelope and addressed it. And said he, handing over the letter and a sovereign: "Figgins, if I'm knocked over, send this on; if not, give it me back," and Figgins took the note and stuck it in the lining of his sleeve. Well, Figgins was hit on the arm, and the Captain escaped scot-free, and came to Figgins in the hospital tent. "Where's that note?" said he; and the ambulance men had cut off his sleeve on account of his wounded arm, and had taken no notice of where they put the same. And it was some months after at a rag-shop in Cairo that Figgins recognised his sleeve hanging up, and bought it for a plastre, and tucked up in the cuff of it was the Captain's letter; but by that time the Captain had left the regiment, and Figgins kept the letter, thinking that some day it might be asked for. And meeting Mrs. Duffield, whom he had known when she was at the Tower, he told her about it, and she said: "Keep it till you're asked for it." But when the Captain's father came and said how his son was dead, and looked at the letter, and said he knew the person to whom it was addressed, and as the old gentleman behaved handsomely to Figgins, why, he was welcome to the letter.

"And here it is, my dear," said Lord Coleworth, producing a yellow, discoloured letter addressed to Lady Dorothea Wynne, whose face blanched with emotion as she saw the faded handwriting.

"Ought I to open it?" she asked, looking at Lord Coleworth. "He would have taken it back, you know."

Lord Coleworth hesitated.

"I think Gerald's death alters the case," he said at last. "Yes, open it, certainly."

Lady Dorothea broke open the cover and read the contents of the letter, which consisted only of a few words. At once the pallor on her face was succeeded by a warm glow of colour, which faded and left her face paler than before.

"Thank you," she said in a strained voice, "thank you for bringing me this. It is a message that concerns only me."

Lord Coleworth took up his hat to depart. "There is nothing, Dorothea, in which I can be of service!" Lady Dorothea bethought her of the advice she had been about to seek, in what seemed to her now the far distant past. But everything was different now, a faded scrap of writing had changed it all. No longer she hesitated. In what concerned Phyllis it was for her to decide, and she made up her mind at once. Phyllis must be taken out of the reach of this insolent Rajah and of his fascinating but uncanny physician.

In a general way Bradshaw and a cab are the only essential preliminaries, finance permitting, for a successful evasion. There were half-a-dozen houses in as many different parts of the country where Lady Dorothea would be welcomed with effusion. But then, so would the Rajah. His Highness was in the fashion, and no country house of distinction could miss a visit from the brilliant and popular Prince. Thus, as known to be in His Grace's favour, Lady Dorothea had been applied to by various friends. "Do persuade your Rajah to give us a few days, and his charming physician of whom one hears so much."

But there was the Duke of Ancaster, who detested foreigners, and held the mild Hindoo in especial abhorrence. The Rajah would never get an invitation there. True, the house was a dull one, the Duchess somnolent, the Duke thinking only of his grouse and deer, and surrounded by cronies and toadies of both sexes. And the house, Ogham Castle, not a hundred miles from John o' Groat's, was encompassed by at least a hundred square miles of barren heath and wretched moorland, dignified by the name of forest. That is on the shore side, for the Castle itself lay on a rocky promontory, washed by the wild North Sea, and tall ships might anchor in the bay, with their yard-arms poking into the very windows of the Castle. However, to Ogham Castle she would go with Phyllis, and lest the Rajah should follow them, she would confide her destination to nobody till they were fairly at sea.

And in pursuance of her plans she sent for Dick Vyvian, and gave him carte blanche to hire a commodious steam yacht of about two hundred tons, to be moored off Gravesend on the following Saturday.

"Gravesend," cried Phyllis, when she heard of the proposed cruise; "why not London Docks?" and she carolled the old sailors' shanty:

"To London Docks we bade adieu,
To lovely Poll, and likewise Sue;
Our anchor peaked, our sails unfurled,
We're bound to plough the watery world,"

"That is just it," said Lady Dorothea, laughing. "Phyllis, if anybody asks for our address for the next few months, tell them the 'watery world'!"

But Phyllis had certain tender thoughts which turned towards the London Docks with a feeling that none could share. That rugged old playfellow, the Tower, and Grimshaw's wharf; and where was Arthur now, and why didn't he write or send her some sign of his existence?

Lady Dorothea's plans had worked out without a hitch. Dick had secured just the kind of boat she wanted, with an affable captain and pleasant crew. Dick, too, on being invited to ship for the watery world, replied that he would be delighted to go to the end of the world in such company, if he could be assured of being able to join a county football match in the first week of October. Satisfied on this head, he threw over a friend who wanted him to join in sailing a two-ton yacht to "Norroway through the foam," and joined the party at the rendezvous.

"I want you, captain," said Lady Dorothea, as soon as they were all on board, "to sail till you are out of sight of land, and then I shall make up my mind."

"I see, my lady, sealed orders," said the captain, with an irresistible wink that he indulged in even in the most august presence. And Sheerness was passed, where guns were gruffly barking, and shot were raising fountains of spray that caught rainbow tints in the sunshine, and ironclads lay wallowing on the tide; and so past Herne Bay, where batteries of bathing-waggons were drawn up on the beach, with Reculvers' twin towers, and Margate shining on its headland, roofs, and white hotels, and the beach with its gay and busy swarm, the resonance of the band and the faint hum of the multitude falling softly on the ears. But all was still and hushed in the calm of a summer evening, when, out of sight of land, and with only a little fleet of fishing-boats to be seen far or near, the captain came to Lady Dorothea for further instructions.

"Duncansby Head, madam! That is our point, then—and a nasty coast it is with a north-east gale!"

The voyage passed pleasantly and calmly. There was a soft westerly breeze,

and the boat stood close in to the huge cliffs of the northern coast. Scarborough tempted Phyllis and Dick most cruelly, and they begged Lady Dorothea to let the ship lie-to for the night so that they might go ashore,

To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

But Lady Dorothea was inexorable, and the gaunt ruins of Whitby Abbey on the lonely height were passed, and the castled crag of Bamborough, and then no more was seen of England, and not much of Scotland; and as they sailed on, the daylight seemed to draw in rapidly, and the nights were lit up with strange radiance from the northern skies. And with the sea like milk, and perfectly smooth, the boat rounded the dark headland, and opened out the rocky bay where Ogham Castle, with its turrets and battlements, was mirrored in the placid waters. But before them lay the placid firth, here narrowed by islets, and there stretching out indefinitely into the glory of the setting sun, with a coast of dazzling sands and rocky headlands. It was the extreme end of the Isle of Britain.

But out of the glow of the evening sky there came a growing obscurity of thick smoke. A steamer was coming along from the west, full tilt for the Pentland Firth. She slackened speed as she made out the other boat, and as she came abreast of her, stopped altogether. Yes, it was Dr. Sancotta who stood on the bridge and amicably waved his hat to the little group on the rival steamer.

"He is wonderfully guided, the wretch," said Lady Dorothea, "but I think we shall have the best of him. I don't think he will conjure his way into Ogham Castle."

CHAPTER V. "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART."

THERE was nothing formidable about Ogham Castle even for a tyro in fine company. It was just like a big hotel, only with better attendance than usually falls to the lot of the traveller. The dinner was the most formidable function, but on the first evening Phyllis was taken in charge by a good-humoured, talkative, middle-aged Colonel, an old friend of Lady Dorothea's, who made things very pleasant for her. And in the drawing-room there was no time for gène, as the Duchess had a plan in her head which drew all the ladies with eagerness together. It was a secret to be kept from Duke Leofric, who

abhorred everything of the kind, but the Duchess had managed to secure Dr. Sancotta for this one evening, and in her own boudoir, and just among themselves, for half an hour he would show them some wonderful things. The doctor would not appear at the dinner-table, for he preferred to fast before any manifestation of his powers.

"We are in for it now," whispered Lady Dorothea to Phyllis; "we must join the rest, but be careful."

Dr. Sancotta sat at a table reading by the strong light of a shaded lamp, while all the rest of the room was in semi-darkness. He rose and bowed courteously as the bevy of women entered the apartment, and with a magisterial wave of the hand intimated that all must be seated.

"You must not expect," he said, in his firm, melodious tones, "any extraordinary manifestations this evening. The past is within our grasp to recall, the future may be forecast with accuracy, but these by methods which demand long and painful preparation on the part of the neophyte as well as the master, and should be approached in a more solemn spirit than is compatible with a mere casual gathering. But the present is within our reach. All we require is a medium of communication, and the three requisites of such a medium are youth, purity, and a sensitive organisation."

A certain embarrassment was evident among the Duchess's guests, as the searching glance of the doctor passed round the circle.

"Shall I send for some of the young housemaids?" asked the Duchess nervously.

"By no means," said Sancotta. "I see a young lady who perfectly fulfils my conditions, with the addition of charms that recall the 'Phyllis smiling and beguiling' of the old song."

"Amazing!" whispered the Duchess to her neighbour. "He knows everything, you see."

Lady Dorothea's eyes flashed fire, but the doctor met her glance with a look of triumph as Phyllis, trembling, and with pupils dilated, approached the wizard's seat.

"Courage, my dear girl," whispered the doctor, "there is nothing formidable to encounter," and he placed her in a chair with her back to the table and the lamp. "Now," said the doctor, "I want you to think earnestly on somebody you know or knew—a living person preferably. If dead, your task will be more difficult." Phyllis

tried to think of some indifferent person, of Lord Coleworth or old Grimshaw, but do what she would, only one image would fix itself in her mind, and that was of the dear "Paddie" she had known in her youth, the figure associated in her mind with the red coats and black busbies, and the strains of martial music.

"You have thought of some one, I see," said Sancotta, with a smile. "Now hold out your hand." Taking her hand in his, the palm uppermost, he poured into the hollow a few drops of a rose-coloured fluid, and bade her look intently at the liquid globule. As she did so it appeared to increase and swell, till she lost sight of everything else, and in the centre was a dark nucleus, which gradually unfolded till she could make out figures and a landscape, a hillside covered with a thick forest growth, in the centre of which was a kind of stockaded fort, about which a number of dusky-looking warriors were lounging. The gate of the fort opened, and there came slowly limping forth into the open, a man of European features, half hidden in a grizzly beard. His ankles were shackled together by heavy irons, so that he could only walk at a shambling pace, and he was watched and followed by half-a-dozen guards with rifles on their shoulders. He made his way to a seat under a lofty tree, where he had carved his name and a long row of notches, which perhaps represented the months of his captivity.

All this Phyllis had mechanically, and in a low monotone, described to the audience; but as she saw the figure's eyes fixed upon her, and she heard the sigh or groan which escaped from his lips, she could control herself no longer. "It is my father!" she cried, and fell, half fainting, into the arms of Lady Dorothea, who had come to her aid, and stood over her, looking wrathful defiance at Sancotta.

And nothing could assuage Lady Dorothea's indignation or induce her to stay another day at the Castle. She would take Phyllis at once to her own home in Wales, where at least she could be protected from charlatans and adventurers. Poor Phyllis, who was paying the penalty of over-excitement in headache and nervous depression, offered no opposition, and without beat of drum Lady Dorothea re-embarked her party, and gave sailing orders for the coast of Wales, to run within the stormy Hebrides. This had been the disastrous sea route of the defeated Ar-

mada; but for Lady Dorothea it would be a kind of triumphal progress.

But the progress was not so smooth as before. For although the weather was calm, a heavy ground-swell had set in from the Atlantic, great glassy waves coming on in oily smoothness to break with a thundering roar and in sheets of foam on the rocky coast. Cape Wrath was wreathed in clouds of spray, through which it loomed as dark and sinister as its name, and the tide was pouring down the Minch in whirls and eddies that made Scylla and Charybdis appear probable. For there were rocks, too, in abundance, jagged fangs and treacherous reefs, and but for catching a highland pilot and making him take charge of the ship, the captain would have put about the boat and gone back the way he came. Then they ran into smoother water, and found the straits by Lochalsh as placid as an inland lake. But the Atlantic surges caught them as they passed between the strange island peaks of Rum and Eigg, and it blew something like a gale off Ardnamurchan Point. And Staffa, with its wondrous columns, was white with sea foam, while Iona and her dark low ruins seemed all awash with the great rolling billows. There was nothing after this but howling winds and driving rain, while rocky isles and bare gloomy promontories were seen to pass like a vision. The Irish coast loomed on one hand; in a gleam of misty light the rugged Mull o' Galloway was seen on the other. A dark, shadow-like pinnacle, dimly seen in the shades of evening, was said to be the "Calf of Man," and after that all was oblivion, till a lovely morning broke in perfect peace and stillness as the boat lay at anchor in the Menai Straits, with their green shore and their pleasant towns, their huge bridges, and their happy, "riant" aspect.

With the clatter of Welsh tongues as they landed, Phyllis imagined herself in a foreign land. But Lady Dorothea was familiar with it all, and had a Welsh greeting for one or the other. Now it would be an old market-woman who would seize her by the hand and pour out a torrent of Welsh civilities; or an old farmer in a white peaked hat would bar the passage, gesticulating in what seemed to Phyllis a violent rage, but which was only a friendly welcome to the land of the Cymry.

There was a drive of eight miles or so to Bryndinas, a gradual ascent nearly all

the way, with a mountain torrent roaring below, and rills, and brooks, and foaming falls making a pleasant murmur on every side. And the hills were more rugged and broken the further one went, and over the rocky pastures showed the purple flank of a huge precipice, and the ridge of a mountain summit showed against the sky. But Nature had softened her mood when she hollowed out the vale that was spread out beneath the rude crest of Bryndinas. There were traces of a rude fort on the hill that had once been the stronghold of the chief of the tribe, but the house that had taken its name therefrom was in the valley, a grey and venerable mansion, set in the greenest of sward, with massive oaks grouped here and there about it, and a deep, dark background in the firs that clothed the hill behind it. And it was strange in the deep solitude and silence to hear the clock from the stable turret chime forth the hour, and the scream of the peacock that followed.

"It is an enchanted palace," cried Phyllis, as the carriage stopped at the lodge gate, a mile away from the house.

"I love the place," said Lady Dorothea; "but I love it best at a distance, for I always come to it with something like reluctance. There are places too deeply charged with memories; but you, Phyllis, must bring in the charm of the present."

Life at Bryndinas passed pleasantly enough. Visiting neighbours were few and at long distances apart, and the great house of the district was closed to the dwellers at Bryndinas; for the first news that greeted them on their arrival was that Lord Oldfield was entertaining a large party at Penarth, and that among the guests was an Indian Prince who went about all spangled with diamonds.

There was no getting out of the Rajah's radius; that was evident; but as he made no attempt upon the privacy of Bryndinas, it seemed probable that his visit was a coincidence merely, and Lady Dorothea began to relax her anxious watch over Phyllis; and Gelert, the great wolf-dog, was a sufficient protection to that young lady in her walks abroad and also in her drives, for a strong attachment had sprung up between the two, and after his first introduction to "Phyllis, smiling and beguiling," the poor dog would follow nobody else.

And Phyllis one day, with Gelert in attendance, had driven over to the station, some five miles distant, to fetch a box of

books from Mudie's; and she was about to drive back the way she came, when she heard the sound of martial music and the tramp of many feet. "Indeed it is the soldiers marching through the town," said the station-master, the town consisting of half-a-dozen thatched cottages, and an inn called the "Cross Foxes," upon the old Holyhead Road. Phyllis thought she would like to see them pass, and drove on to the cross roads. A good many people had gathered to see the soldiers pass, and Welsh greetings of all kinds rent the air. For these were the Cambrian Rangers, the very regiment that had relieved the Guards at the Tower in the old days; and there were a good many Welshmen among the rank and file, and they were marching from Wrexham to join a transport steamer at Holyhead. The white goat with the long beard marched in front with as much dignity as the drum-major, while Bran, the wolf-hound, whose acquaintance Phyllis had made in the Tower, and who was a near relative of Gelert's, ran from one to the other of the companies. When the regiment had gone by, Phyllis was about to drive away, when she saw that the regimental baggage had still to pass, three or four transport carts, drawn by mules, with a baggage guard of a corporal and two men. These had more than their share of the dust and heat of the march, and looked fagged and thirsty. And a woman at a cottage door brought out a great brown pitcher of water, and called out in Welsh to them to come and drink. They understood the gesture, anyhow, and ran eagerly across, the Corporal making his men drink first. As the young Corporal lifted up his face from the pitcher, Phyllis recognised him; he was Arthur Gray. She called out his name.

"Phyllis," he cried hoarsely, "good-bye. God bless you! I must not stay," and he and his men doubled after the baggage waggons, which had gone a good way ahead.

CHAPTER VI. A TIGER ON THE TRACK.

A YEAR or more had elapsed since Arthur Gray had disappeared in the dust of the Holyhead Road, and Phyllis had heard nothing more of him except that the regiment had arrived in India, and had been sent up the country. As for Lady Dorothea and Phyllis, they had been moving here and there, at Mentone in the spring, in London in the summer, and they

had returned to Bryndinas for the autumn. The Rajah had perseveringly followed their course, and he had lost no opportunity of meeting Phyllis, but his demeanour was irreproachable, and without shutting Phyllis up altogether, Lady Dorothea saw no way of entirely evading his attentions. And Dr. Sancotta was not far off whenever the Rajah was at hand, and Phyllis was far too fond, so thought Lady Dorothea, of talking with that enigmatic but fascinating personage. But he was in such general demand in society that Phyllis was thought fortunate in being able to secure such a share of his attention. But Phyllis was chiefly anxious to elicit from the doctor some explanation of the vision she had seen or imagined under his influence. For the scene haunted her, and in her dreams she saw the captive loaded with chains and always he looked up at her with the same sorrowful, half reproachful gaze. But Sancotta declared that he knew nothing of the scene or the person. He had heard, certainly, of a Coleworth sahib who had been killed by the hillmen, but he had no concern for the "sahibs." He had the Rajah to look after, and that was enough for him—too much at times.

"But why do you devote yourself to the Rajah," asked Phyllis, "when you don't really like him?"

"Because," said Sancotta gravely, "I am commissioned by a higher power to regenerate, if possible, a man whose life affects the welfare of myriads of human beings."

"And if it is not possible?" said Phyllis.

Sancotta made a gesture with his hand as if he had brushed away a fly from his sleeve. Phyllis shuddered, for she had implicit faith in Dr. Sancotta's power.

It was at a brilliant reception in the Duke of Ancaster's grand Belgravian mansion that Phyllis next saw the Rajah. She had been talking to the venerable Lord Coleworth just before. Only a few commonplace remarks had been exchanged, for Lady Coleworth was in waiting and hurried him off to speak to somebody else. Then Phyllis saw that the seat next to her was occupied by the Rajah.

"Listen, sweet Phyllis," he said, with a charming smile. "I have thought of a so good way of softening your obdurate heart, and making it respond to my affection. You shall say to me, beloved one, I will that you shall make ready for me a beautiful house, an earthly paradise where we

shall live and love to the end of our days. And I so joyful send a little word by telegraph; it travels across India, and one who just then was in chains, is now free to walk here and there, and at night instead of a dungeon he sleeps in a beautiful pavilion."

Phyllis looked at the Rajah with sudden, intense interest. He was speaking of her father, who was in some way in his power.

"And when we are together, sweet, in our paradise—shall it be in Italy?—yes—I will never go back to India. If I have wives, there they shall stay, they shall never trouble you; and then the prisoner shall come free, he shall close the old father's eyes, and turn the old ranees out of doors."

"And if I decline this peculiar paradise?" asked Phyllis, with curling lip.

"Still there will go beneath the seas the little word, and where there were chains on the feet there shall be chains on the hands also, and a weight that no man can lift; and if my beloved is still cruel another word shall go, and they shall take irons and put out his eyes; and another word, and they shall tear his flesh with pincers."

The Rajah's words came fast and thick, his eyes gleamed, drops of foam trickled from his lips.

"Cruel wretch," cried Phyllis, "I will denounce you; you shall suffer for this."

The Rajah threw himself back in his chair, and laughed softly in a sudden change of mood. "And how people will laugh," he cried, "and they will say how capitally the Rajah draws the long bow!"

And, indeed, all people to whom Phyllis spoke treated her story as an amusing invention, or if impressed by her serious, eager manner, they decided that the poor girl was suffering from the hallucination of overwrought nerves. And yet poor Phyllis's efforts were not entirely without result. The story she told reached the ears of a high official, who had all along had his doubts about the Rajah. And concurrently with a private telegram from His Highness, "More rupees," an official one of greater length suggested that the Home Government would not be ill-pleased if an expedition were organised to chastise those hill tribes who had been giving trouble lately, and to clear up more conclusively the fate of Colonel Coleworth. And the result was that a wing of an English regiment and a number of Ghoorkas were detached for this service, and the

wing in question happened to be the half-battalion of the Cambrian Rangers in which one Arthur Gray was sergeant.

CHAPTER VII. IN THE RANKS OF DEATH.

THE little border war that had burst out on the frontiers of Kandurga had hitherto produced no definite result. There had been much desultory fighting, and wherever the enemy had made a stand he had been dispersed; but he had gathered again at a respectful distance, and to follow him further in a wild and mountainous country, where regular troops were at a certain disadvantage, seemed to be only to invite disaster. And the scene of the catastrophe of the Coleworth expedition, some four or five years before, had been reached, and the neighbourhood carefully examined, but there was nothing discovered that could throw any light upon the fate of its chief. But some peaceful villagers who had remained in their habitations, and had realised small fortunes in the sale of eggs, and milk, and vegetables to the invaders, had vague information to give that a certain white man had been seen in a place fifteen or twenty miles distant, the way to which was over an almost inaccessible mountain pass. It would be absurd to risk the safety of the force in such a region, but a small party of picked men might march out and reconnoitre the region and be back in the camp before the hillmen had time to muster in any force. The Cambrians had distinguished themselves by their marching capacity as well as by their steadiness under fire, and the best marching and the steadiest company in the battalion was number five, in which Arthur Gray was sergeant; and number five accordingly was chosen for the business.

The start had been made in the small hours of the morning, and in darkness and silence the little column had stumbled along through the intricacies of a forest path in the footsteps of a native guide. Then there was a halt till sufficient daylight appeared to show the way across a dangerous mountain ridge, and they reached the summit of the pass before the fiery heat of the day had fairly commenced. Stretched before them was a wild forest region, vast and desolate, bounded by the distant snow-covered mountains of Thibet.

The men had three days' provisions in their haversacks, but it was forbidden to

light fires lest the smoke should alarm the enemy, although there was no appearance of any human creature being in the neighbourhood—no dwellings, or smoke from household hearths, no roads or foot-tracks winding here and there—nothing, in fact, but the wildest solitude and deepest tranquillity. Towards evening they began the descent of the pass, and they had passed over the most dangerous part of the ground while daylight still lasted, and they bivouacked in the dry bed of a torrent in darkness and silence, as far as there could be silence among so many men encamped in such an uncomfortable manner. In the early morning when they should have resumed their march, it was discovered that the native guide had vanished. He had wriggled his way among the rocks unheard and unseen. The occurrence involved a council of war between the Captain and his sergeants. "Let us push on at daybreak," was the general advice. "If we are betrayed, it is too late to retreat." A council of war, they say, never fights, but this one was full of fighting.

But when the sun rose upon the scene and day began with a rush, it became evident that the little column was already surrounded by enemies. The first man who climbed out of the nullah had a bullet sent through his toupee, and the Captain, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, fell dead into the arms of Sergeant Gray. The young Lieutenant, a handsome lad who had recently joined, was shot in the shoulder. At once it was evident that the nullah was commanded by a wooded knoll from which puffs of smoke darted in quick succession, while bullets were humming all round, flattening themselves on the rocks or scattering splashes of lead over the bivouac. "Lads, we've got to clear them out of that," cried Gray; "follow me." He had thrown aside his rifle and buckled on the Captain's sword; and waving the steel, he headed the swift rush across the open, where two or three bit the dust, and up the steep hillside and through the tough breastwork of mud and brushwood. The hillmen ran before the fierce white faces that stormed in upon them, but those who were overtaken turned fiercely upon their foes, and died like wild cats, fighting to the last.

Leaving half-a-dozen men to hold the knoll and look after the wounded, Gray drew out the rest of the column in open skirmishing order, in full pursuit of the

fugitives who were making for the forest; and as these last instinctively crowded together in their flight they offered a better mark to the rifles of the pursuers, while the steady fire that rolled along the line seemed to give an assurance of victory. And there was no stand made in the forest, which was open and free from underwood.

It almost seemed as if they had done enough, as the soldiers, panting and wild with excitement, reached the edge of an open glade whose grassy sides sloped down to a crystal running stream. The men ran wildly down to quench their burning thirst, while Gray, with all the responsibilities of command on his shoulders, carefully studied the position. Perhaps the panic they had created might secure for them a safe retreat over that awful pass; but the sight of their enemy in retreat would instil renewed courage into the hearts of the tribesmen, and with such a swarm there surely must be a hive somewhere near at hand. There was a well-used track that led somewhere, and Gray cautiously pursued the track; but the first object he saw was a rustic seat, which was so English and familiar in appearance that he rubbed his eyes, thinking that he did not see aright. And along the seat was carved in large letters "Gerald Coleworth," and an arabesque of notches surrounded the inscription.

The quick induction followed that here was Phyllis's father, probably still alive, and that his prison must be in the immediate neighbourhood. Signalling silence and caution to his men, he spread them through the wood so as to surround any building there might be within, and himself followed the track from the seat, a track which, though deeply worn, was now partly covered with freshly sprung grass, as if the prisoner had for some while ceased his daily walk; but still the track was plain enough, and ended in a wide circular clearing, in the centre of which rose a circular stockaded fort, surrounded by a deep ditch and glacis.

After a successful tussle men fancy they can do anything. The Cambrians had their blood up, and as the word went round, "Rush the blessed stockade," a cheer rent the air and pell-mell they went at it, while a withering fire from every loophole wreathed the old fort in smoke. But before the smoke cleared away the fort was taken. Arthur was the first in, and chucked the swarthy chief of the band

into the ditch, while he cut down next moment a turbaned executioner, who was about to despatch a heavily ironed prisoner. But next moment he came heavily to the ground; a flying tribesman's parting shot had found a worthy billet.

CHAPTER VIII. IN CAPTIVITY.

No one was better informed of what passed in near or further India than the Rajah of Kandurga, and long before the general public or even the official world knew of the gallant deed of Arthur Gray and number five company, the Rajah was in full possession of all the details: Colonel Coleworth set free and coming to England; Sergeant Gray badly wounded, but still living. This intelligence was of terrible significance to him for reasons which must now be made clear.

When Colonel Coleworth passed through Kandurga on his way to the hills, he was charged with a secret mission from the Governor-General, to ascertain what grounds there were for the reports that had reached head-quarters of the crimes and cruelties of which the young Rajah had been guilty. The Colonel found that there was ample proof of the worst that had been alleged against him, and in a confidential despatch he recommended that the Rajah should be deposed and brought to trial. But the despatch never reached its destination, having been intercepted by the Rajah's retainers; and the Rajah, having perused it, determined on suppressing both the despatch and its author. It was not difficult to arrange with a neighbouring chief that the Colonel's party should be attacked and effaced. That the Colonel himself was not killed, but detained as a prisoner, was the result of the chief's subtle policy, who saw in him a means of keeping the Rajah up to his promises.

But with Colonel Coleworth's liberation all was at an end for him. He would be tried, he, the proud descendant of a sacred race, would be tried by these low white-faced traders, and if he escaped an ignominious death would probably be sent to herd with the lowest criminals in the Andaman Islands.

Yet there was still time to escape; Russia would surely give him an asylum, if only for the sake of his influence with the border tribes. Or in America, perhaps, he would be safe. Anyhow, he must get out of English jurisdiction. His yacht was lying at Holyhead; in an hour he

could be on board of her, for the Rajah was now residing in a pretty marine villa on the Menai Straits. And what a triumph, what a grateful revenge, could he carry off his enemy's daughter—obscure the triumph of his release by the intelligence of his child's disgrace! Ah, yes, the Rajah was himself again, supreme above all laws, either human or divine.

But one consideration troubled him. His enormous revenues were now derived altogether from India, and the Government would put its claw on everything. It would be a sorry thing to show himself a ruined, bankrupt Rajah, begging for bread as well as for protection. Every one would put him to the door. Then he remembered some words his father, the old Rajah, had said to him on his death-bed: "Son, in extremity seek the good physician." That meant Sancotta. Let Sancotta appear.

Sancotta did appear at the moment, and the Rajah explained his case.

Said Sancotta:

"Your Highness, it is true your father, the good Rajah, during his lifetime entrusted a considerable treasure into my hands, so that should you ever be in dire need, as from his knowledge of your character he feared you might be, I might relieve your wants. But at my own disposal, and if I thought you unworthy, then to give it to some one more deserving. But I am not disposed to refuse you. How much will meet your present necessities?"

"About ten thousand pounds," replied the Rajah, with a scowl.

"I must go to London for the money," said the doctor. "But I will be here with it to-morrow evening."

The Rajah nodded assent and the doctor departed. Now could the Rajah arrange his plans. He called to his two chief attendants and gave them certain directions, and they retired assuring him that everything should be done as he wished. Then the Rajah departed to go on board his yacht, determined not to spend another night on English soil.

Lady Dorothea and Phyllis were now staying at Bryndinas, and on the following morning the former received a telegraphic message to the effect that Lord Coleworth was in a dying state at Coleworth Court, and desired especially to see her. Lady Dorothea went off with much concern, and just half an hour after she had left, and before her carriage had returned from the station, a closed carriage drove up at a

rapid pace with a railway porter on the box. Lady Dorothea had been taken suddenly ill at the station, and Phyllis was to join her immediately—and not to bring the dog. Phyllis was too much alarmed to make any demur, and poor Gelert was shut up in the stable, and away went the fly. But not towards the station. Before long Phyllis noticed that the road was strange to her and called to the driver to stop, but he only drove the faster. But when Phyllis let down the glasses, and began to scream for help, although the road was lonely as the grave, the carriage did stop, and an ugly but powerful virago jumped inside.

"Now, miss, if you don't hold your row you'll be made to; no harm's meant, and you're with good friends all the time."

In an hour's time the carriage stopped, and close to the seashore where there was a landing-place on a sandy beach, and a half-ruined tower called Porthmawr, which the Rajah had repaired and sometimes used as a summer-house. There was no creature near except seagulls, and Phyllis was obliged to submit to physical force, and was carried into a gaudily furnished room, with a window overlooking the sea but guarded by iron bars.

"You'll not be here long alone," said the hag, with a horrible leer. And here was Andromeda chained to her rock, but with no Perseus at hand; at least, she looked for him in vain on land and sea.

CHAPTER IX. THE RAJAH'S FATE.

"THE best-laid schemes of mice or men gang aft agley," and if it were not so, what chance would there be for honest creatures who have no tricks up their sleeve? At the very first junction at which Lady Dorothea stopped she saw Lord Coleworth on the opposite platform, evidently waiting for a train in her direction.

"You are coming to see me; very well, I will go back with you," was her quiet greeting; but she felt terribly frightened, for she saw that she had been the victim of a plot, and she feared that the Rajah had found her off her guard. She scarcely understood a word of what Lord Coleworth said to her, and made the flyman drive at a furious pace from the station. And then to find that her fears had been realised, and Phyllis gone! Her agitation was quite incomprehensible to those about her, and it was only increased when she heard Gelert barking in the stables.

And then Lord Coleworth, who kept his tranquil mien through all the excitement that Lady Dorothea diffused about her, made the pregnant suggestion: "If the dog follows Phyllis generally, he will follow her now."

And Lady Dorothea ordered a groom to put her saddle on the fastest horse in the stable, and to let Gelert loose. And the dog bounded out, and making a cast here and there in the gravel, at last darted off in the direction of the coast, and Lady Dorothea after him, and a couple of grooms riding hard in her train. And the good dog led the chase over stock and stone, till he brought them all to the tower at Porthmawr, where he flew up towards the window in the high tower. And just then there was a cloud of smoke to be seen, and a big steam yacht showed its nose round the adjoining promontory. Lady Dorothea sprang from her horse, and finding the door of the tower fast locked, she bade her men take up the spar of a wreck that was lying on the beach and use it as a battering-ram. But at that moment the attention of all was attracted by a strange turmoil on board the yacht. The Rajah's voice could be heard screaming with rage, shots followed, and then a man was seen to leap from the deck of the ship, and to rise at some distance and strike for the shore. But a shower of bullets followed him, and lashed the water into foam about him. And then the ship itself seemed to rise from the waves, and with a roar that shook both earth and sea, masts, spars, funnel, and a thick cloud of objects of all kinds were hurled upwards, and a white pall of smoke hid everything else from view.

It was awful to see the great white smoke-cloud creeping over the sea, and to think of all the lives that had gasped their last into its fumes. It seemed to follow the form of the swimmer, and to hang about him like an aureole. But he reached the shore at last, and then it was seen that he was Sancotta.

By this time Phyllis was released from her dungeon, and she came to where he was lying panting on the sands, for he would let no one touch him.

"Phyllis," he said, "my art avails me no longer. I have loved you well, and now I leave you all that I possess. Draw the ring from my finger; press the spring——"

He could speak no more, and presently expired; and thus was lost every chance of fully explaining the meaning of the

last strange scene of his existence. But before many hours were over the waves had washed ashore the blackened, discoloured body of the Rajah, whose features still bore the impression of the rage and hate that had characterised his last moments.

CHAPTER X. THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

LORD COLEWORTH'S sudden visit to Bryndinas had been prompted by the receipt of a telegram from India, in the name of his son Gerald, announcing his liberation and his speedy return. The news had not afforded unmixed gratification at the Court. Lady Coleworth declared that the whole affair was a fraud, and that if this supposed stepson of hers was received at the house, she would quit it at once with her children. And the poor old man, at his wits' end, had come to Lady Dorothea for advice. All the old lord's explanations had fallen upon deaf ears; but now that Phyllis was safe, and as her cheerful voice and song announced, in no danger of suffering from the shock of her late adventure, there was time to attend to the rest.

In the meantime, the news of the "gallant affair on the frontier" had become generally known. The morning papers extolled the gallant deed of the sergeant lad, who, with a handful of men, had dispersed an important rising, and in capturing an important position had rescued a distinguished officer from a cruel captivity. Phyllis flew into the drawing-room, where the elders were discussing the situation, with eyes aflame and brandishing the news sheet in her hand. "It is Arthur, my Arthur, who has done all this!" and she flung herself upon Lady Dorothea's neck in a passion of tears.

"Poor children!" said Lady Dorothea, when she had kissed and soothed poor Phyllis to her heart's content. "It is a pity they can't live upon glory. But," turning to Lord Coleworth, "after these published details, surely you can't doubt that it is really Gerald?"

No, personally, Lord Coleworth had no doubts, at least next to none.

Just then an Indian telegram arrived for Lady Dorothea.

"Yes, it is Gerald himself; read that," she cried, when she had perused it.

Lord Coleworth read it carefully, short as it was. "Coming back to claim my own. What can he mean by that?"

"Do you remember," asked Lady Dorothea in her turn, "bringing me a letter preserved by one Figgins? You shall see it now."

From a locked desk she produced the discoloured scrap of paper.

"Dear wife, Phyllis is our child; take care of her.—G."

The old lord looked up in wild astonishment.

"What, married, you two?"

"Yes; married and parted; we were young, and very foolish, and very much in love."

"But the deceit," cried the old lord, "the long course of deception! Dorothea, it is unpardonable. I can never forgive it, and it absolves me of all obligations towards Gerald!"

"The old rock," cried Lady Dorothea, turning to Phyllis, who had been an astonished listener during the interview. "True as steel, and as hard. My father was just such another. Hence I deceived him. But, oh, Phyllis, can I regret it when it has brought you to brighten my life? Phyllis darling, come here and put your arms round me and call me mother!"

The Calais boat was late one afternoon, the malls being heavy, and a large contingent of passengers from the P. and O. steamer having come across via Brindisi. There was something of a crowd, too, on the harbour jetty awaiting the arrival of the boat, the smoke of which was even now trailing over the blue sea. Phyllis had a seat in the reserved part of the structure, and was alone, for Lady Dorothea at the moment was interviewing the railway authorities about a special carriage for her party. For Colonel Coleworth and Arthur Gray were to arrive together by the boat, Mr. Gray having already been gazetted to a commission for distinguished services in the field. Lord Coleworth was also on the pier, but after saluting the others gravely he had taken no further notice of them.

And Phyllis was horribly nervous at the approaching meeting. Perhaps Arthur would be changed—and then it would be so strange to meet on such a footing. For Lady Dorothea had decided that Arthur must be received simply as a guest, honoured and distinguished, but nothing more. And although it was very nice to have people belonging to you, it is not so nice, perhaps, to realise that you belong to them and are very much at their disposal. And oh, thought Phyllis, how I

wish I had something of my very own that I could share with Arthur!

Then her eyes fell upon poor Sancotta's ring, which she had worn on her middle finger ever since his death. There was a fine ruby in it, but that was not a fortune; and the doctor had said something about touching a spring, but no spring could she discover. And Phyllis began to rub and polish the ring with the inside of her glove, when suddenly she saw an elderly gentleman at her side. He was thin and rather sour-looking, and Phyllis was sure she had seen him in earlier days, but could not recall when or where.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but the sight of your beautiful ring recalls a very old friend."

"Dr. Sancotta?" queried Phyllis, feeling a sudden interest in the conversation.

"The same," rejoined the other; "and from seeing the ring on your finger, I fear that its former owner is no more."

"He is dead," replied Phyllis softly, "and in dying he gave me this ring."

"I was led to expect something of the kind," said the other gravely. "But did he give you no instructions?"

"Only to press a spring, and I can find none."

"May I try?" said the old man kindly. And no sooner was it in his hands than a little valve flew open, and a minute roll of something like paper fell upon Phyllis's lap.

The other carefully unrolled it, and laid the minute oblong slip on Phyllis's palm, placing in the other hand a magnifying-glass.

"Read it, please."

Phyllis read: "Deposited with me, to the order of Dr. Sancotta, thirty-one bales of treasure, as per manifest.—Signed, J. GRIMSHAW." While across the document was written: "Transfer to Phyllis.—Signed, SANCOTTA."

"And you are Uncle Grim!" cried Phyllis, now recalling the old gentleman's tournure.

"Not so grim, perhaps, as I look," retorted Mr. Grimshaw sharply. "And you are Phyllis. My dear, shall I tell you how much I hold of yours?"

"Will there be enough for us, both for Arthur and me?"

"My dear, you will be rich; and as for Arthur, he is not my nephew for nothing. After all, I am proud of the boy, and perhaps he would not have done so well in the City."

Then the bell rang, the gong sounded, whistles shrieked, and the Calais boat ran in, its deck and paddle-boxes crowded with passengers and luggage.

"There he is! There's Gray!" cried some soldiers in undress from the garrison. "Three cheers for Gray!"

The cheers were given with a will. Old Grimshaw joined, and Lord Coleworth waved his hat. Phyllis's heart beat violently, and then she was seized by the shoulders, and saw a worn, grizzled face bending down to kiss her.

"It is Paddie, dear Paddie!"

"Where's your mother, child?" cried the Colonel eagerly. "Oh, I see her," and passed on.

There was no time to arrange the question of Arthur's reception; he settled the point himself by seizing Phyllis in his arms and kissing her with quite fanatic ardour.

"Oh, Arthur, don't smother me!" cried Phyllis, half laughing and half crying. "And let me speak to Paddie."

"Oh, he is all right," cried Arthur. "Don't leave me, but let me make sure that you are my own dear girl. For 'Phyllis is my only joy.'"

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE "SHIP" AT SHELLBEACH.

SHELLBEACH was not a fashionable watering-place, neither was the "Ship" a fashionable hotel; all the same, Gerald Waring on his arrival was charmed with the appearance of both. He had desired complete rest and change, together with the recuperative qualities of a bracing air, and had been recommended to try Shellbeach. The "Ship," too, appeared a good old fashioned comfortable type of seaside hostelry, standing, as it did, a little back from what the inhabitants were wont to refer to proudly as the Marine Parade, and not far from a somewhat elementary pier.

It was a long, low, plastered building, with roomy bay windows and an unassuming entrance approached by a couple of shallow stone steps, and at that particular hour of the afternoon there was an atmosphere of drowsiness about the whole that was far from unattractive to the traveller.

At first there appeared to be no one about as, bag in hand, he crossed the threshold. Coming in out of the sunshine

he, for a moment, experienced some difficulty in distinguishing objects, and was considering what means he had best take to signalise his arrival when, as his eyes began to accustom themselves to the semi-gloom of the interior, he made out the figure of a man asleep in a chair in the dark corner under the stairs.

He was a waiter by his dress, and it was not without some compunction that Waring decided to disturb his slumbers.

"Shows they can't have many stopping in the house," was his impression, as he administered a slight but effectual shake.

The man started to his feet with a scared look upon his face, and for a second or two gaped at Waring speechlessly. The latter was attired in a dark navy blue suit, and wore a travelling-cap with a peak.

"Poor beggar!" he thought, as he observed the almost panic-stricken expression which for an instant distorted the man's face. "I suppose he's afraid of my reporting the fact of his being caught napping."

Consequently it was in his most genial and reassuring tone that he made enquiry as to the necessary accommodation.

"I beg pardon, sir," was the waiter's exculpatory remark, "but just for the moment I took you for some one else."

Then he went on to answer glibly the questions put to him. Oh, yes, the gentleman could have rooms. There was no lack of accommodation at the "Ship" just at present. There never was much doing in October. In fact the staff was always reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, and they took things pretty easy, which accounted for his being caught in the very act of taking forty winks.

"You see, sir," he added, "it's what you might call the dead season. Oh, lor!"

Again that scared look upon the man's face as he pulled himself up sharply.

Waring had his choice of half-a-dozen bedrooms, and chose a corner room which had one window with a view of the sea, and another looking upon a large paved, sleepy-looking stable-yard, in which there appeared to be nothing awake or animate save a large sandy cat, which was sunning itself on a doorstep.

He took his dinner in the coffee-room, which he had almost to himself—a couple of young men at an adjacent table being the only others present, and they, as he discovered by their conversation, were on a pedestrian tour and were only stopping one night. They talked largely, possibly

with the view of impressing their auditor, of the distance they had already covered; but Waring paid little attention to them, being chiefly occupied in discussing a very good dinner under the superintendence of the nervous waiter. His seat faced the door. Once during the meal it was pushed open, and the head of the sandy cat appeared.

"Shoo, you beast! Get out!" cried the waiter, flapping at it with a table-napkin.

The cat spat at him and vanished.

When Waring went upstairs to his room that night he saw the same cat sitting outside a door some way down the passage.

A week went by and still Waring found himself practically the only visitor at the "Ship." He and the nervous waiter and the sandy cat seemed to have the place pretty well to themselves. By-the-bye, there were two circumstances in connection with this last couple that may be worth mentioning. The first was the reciprocal ill-feeling that existed between man and beast; and the other, the daily increasing nervousness on the part of Joseph, the said waiter. He had a habit of starting violently at nothing, which had a deleterious effect upon the hotel crockery, combined with a certain air of furtive and timorous expectancy.

"I seem likely to be your only visitor for the remainder of my stay," observed Waring on one occasion.

"I only hope you may be, sir," was the fervent reply, as the man wiped his forehead, which had an unpleasant habit of breaking into a perspiration without apparent cause.

"Queer chap!" thought Waring. "However, the fewer the visitors of course the lighter the work."

"At the same time," he continued aloud, "a fresh arrival would make things a little more lively."

"Miau!" in a strident feline voice without.

"Drat the beast!" from the waiter. "If I don't believe it understands every word that's said."

"You don't seem to like cats?"

"I don't mind 'em in general, sir, but this one I can't abide, no more can any one else, and I never knew it to take but to one person."

"Then I wonder you don't get rid of it," indifferently.

The man shook his head gloomily as he answered:

"We don't dare. There's no knowing how he might take it."

"Who's he?" asked Waring.

The waiter started and dropped the lid of a vegetable dish, which fortunately escaped with only a slight chip, and his face was beaded with perspiration as he stammered:

"I—that is—well, you see, sir, the cat's an old cat, and it might lead from bad to worse."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I hardly know, sir," dropping a tablespoon.

The landlord of the "Ship" owned a second hotel at another watering-place about ten miles off, and alternated between the two.

Waring gathered from something the waiter said that he rather avoided Shell-beach during the autumn months, only driving over about once a week on a visit of inspection. It was on one of these occasions that the former overheard him speaking to Joseph outside the coffee-room door.

"Then it's all right up till now?"

"Up till now, sir. But then you must remember he's hardly due yet. It's generally about the last week in October that——"

"I know, I know. Well, there's nothing to be gained by anticipating matters, and, anyhow, you must remember that all of you who stay on get double wages."

"It's worth it, sir. In fact there are times when I feel as though I must cut and run like the rest."

"Nonsense! Why, you ought to have got pretty well used to it by this time."

There was an evident disclaimer from Joseph, which was interrupted by the sharp enquiry:

"By-the-bye, how about the cat?"

"Oh, it's going on just the same as usual. Sits outside the door nearly all day long and sleeps on the mat at night, which it's my opinion it ain't a cat at all, but——"

"Well, I must be off, but I shall be over again early next week."

No answer but a lugubrious sigh, followed by the rattle of wheels.

Altogether a queer, mystifying fragment of conversation, which, recurring to the mind of the hearer late that night, was the reason of his taking the trouble to walk some yards down the passage at the end of which his own room was situated. Yes, there was something curled up asleep on a mat outside one of the bedroom doors. It

was the sandy cat. Something also prompted him to try the door. It was fast, and the sandy cat awakening snarled at him viciously.

One day the weather, which had been unusually fine and sunny, took a turn for the worse. A cold, fine drizzle setting in about dusk drove Waring back to the hotel earlier than usual. Crossing the hall and making for the staircase with the prudent intention of changing his coat, he almost fell over the nervous waiter, who, with his body bent nearly double, was engaged in apparent close examination of the bottom step.

"Lost anything, Joseph?" he enquired carelessly.

The man raised a white, damp-looking face, shook his head dumbly, and moved away.

"Queer chap," thought Waring again, "uncommonly queer chap. Should think he must have a screw loose somewhere. What on earth was he examining so closely? Oh, I see, some one else has been caught in the rain besides myself."

On the shining light linen covering that economised the wear and tear of the stair carpet was a wet footprint.

After this, Waring was rather surprised to find himself still the only occupant of the coffee-room. For the first time the apartment struck him as somewhat cold and cheerless as he took his solitary dinner at his usual table. Certainly, Joseph did his best to enliven the proceedings by dropping almost everything he took in hand; while he frequently wiped his forehead with whatever came most convenient in a way that rather disturbed the diner's fastidiousness.

"Got any one else stopping in the house?" he enquired casually. Then: "Hang it all, man, mind what you're about! You've dropped some mashed potato down my neck."

The man gasped an apology, and Waring repeated his question.

This time the waiter answered it by putting another.

"You—you haven't happened to see anybody, have you, sir?"

"No; but I thought, perhaps, you might have had some one down by the afternoon train."

"Oh, no, sir; not at all, sir. We have had no one by the afternoon train, I assure you, sir."

He seemed, if anything, unnecessarily voluble in his assertion of this trifling fact.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Waring, "only I had a sort of impression——" Perhaps it would have been more correct to have said he had seen an impression. "Eh? Did you speak?"

No, he had not spoken, only started and upset the mustard.

In addition to the unaccountable conduct of the nervous waiter, was the equally unaccountable conduct of the sandy cat.

Ascending the stairs leading to his room, Waring's ear was attracted by a strange, low, grinding sound, which, on being traced to its source, proved to be nothing more than the purring of this singular animal. Having taken up its favourite position on the mat outside that particular door, it was exhibiting symptoms of the most amazing feline satisfaction—the purring noise being mingled with occasional short, harsh, caterwauling cries, as though it were appealing to some one for admission.

Waring had reason to believe that the door was locked and the room unoccupied, and yet he could have sworn that he heard a voice—a man's voice, low, and muffled—from within call "Tim! Tim!" in answer to the appeal. And it would seem that the cat heard it too, for, rolling over and over, it appeared to wallow and contort itself with delight; while the purring sound it kept up might have been produced by half-a-dozen cats rather than one.

"Uncanny sort of animal," thought Waring as he turned away. "I wonder whether there really is any one in that room?"

On reaching his own door, he looked back again along the passage, but there was no sign of the cat.

Next morning, standing at the side door of the hotel, he saw the beast slinking across the stable-yard. Something prompted him to try the effect of the name he fancied he had heard it called by.

"Tim! Tim!" he cried.

The cat pricked up its ears, bounded some distance towards him, came to a sudden halt, glowered at him for a moment with its sinister yellow eyes, then, as much as to say, "You are not the person I took you to be," turned and walked away in another direction.

"I should like to tie a brick round your ugly neck and throw you into the sea," was Waring's comment.

As on the previous day, the weather changed for the worse towards evening.

Running lightly upstairs on his return to the hotel, Waring's eye was again attracted by a wet footmark on the step before him—then another and another. He tracked them to the top of the stairs, where, turning sharply off to the right, they were continued along the passage to a certain point. And yet, according to Joseph, he was the only visitor stopping in the house! At intervals, too, during dinner, particularly when the door was opened, he was aware of certain strange, discordant sounds issuing from the back regions. Somebody seemed to be indulging in a violent and protracted fit of laughter. But was it laughter? Just then the sound struck him as being more nearly allied to grief than mirth. The waiter, noting his attentive attitude, intervened at this point.

"Beg pardon, sir, it's the chambermaid. She's had a bit of a fright, and has been in hysterics, off and on, ever since."

"So that's it, is it? A fright, you say? How came that about?"

The man, who was apparently concentrating his whole attention upon a glass he was laboriously polishing, affected not to have heard this last question.

Waring repeated it in another form.

"What frightened her?"

"It was—at least—that is—it was the cat, sir."

Here the glass, upon which so much pains had been expended that it might attain the highest degree of crystalline perfection, had a hairbreadth escape.

"Well," was Waring's mental remark, "of course it doesn't matter a brass farthing to me what was the actual origin of the hysterics, but I wouldn't mind betting that, in spite of my own adverse opinion of the same quadruped, in this instance the cat has been libelled."

Somehow he could not sleep that night. It was in vain that he arose and punched his pillows and made hay of the bed-clothes; Morpheus was not to be entreated. What was most annoying, too, he had forgotten to wind up his watch, and so had no means of judging the time. Then he remembered that there was a clock below.

It was now daylight. If he crept to the top of the staircase he could look over and get a glimpse of its face. He rose accordingly, and opened his door very softly—not that he was afraid of disturbing any one, for he had every reason to suppose that there was no one else sleeping near him. By Jove, though, he was wrong! Surely that was the sound of another door

opening further down the passage? He hesitated for a moment; then cautiously widening the aperture of his own, he was just in time to see some one descending the staircase.

It was a man, judging by the figure—the face being turned away—a young man. He was dressed in dark clothes and wore some sort of a cap on his head, and as he slowly and silently pursued his way, Waring perceived that he was followed step by step by the sandy cat.

Somehow this quite put the idea of consulting the clock out of his head, instead of which he returned to bed rather perplexed and almost immediately fell asleep.

At breakfast he attacked Joseph on the subject.

"I thought you told me that you had no one else stopping in the house besides myself?"

The man stared at him for a moment open-mouthed.

"Did I—did I say so, sir?" he stammered.

"To be sure you did. And now I find there is some one occupying a room in the same passage—some one who is a very early riser. I saw him myself this morning going downstairs when it was hardly light."

The man had turned away and was busying himself at a side table; Waring could hear the clatter of knives and forks.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, without turning round, "but I think I know what you are referring to. I remember you did ask me the other day whether any one had come in by the afternoon train, and I said 'no,' sir."

"Well?"

"It was quite true, sir. The—the party you refer to did not come by the afternoon train, sir."

This sounded plausible; only why this prevarication in the first place?

"Who is he?" he asked abruptly.

Still the man kept his face turned away, and his voice seemed difficult to manage as he answered that it was a naval gentleman, of the name of Manvers—Lieutenant Manvers, to be correct—who generally came to them about the last week in October. He also contributed the information that it was not likely that Waring would see much of him, as he kept himself almost entirely to his own room, and gave very little trouble.

"I suppose, then, he was going for an

early swim when I caught sight of him this morning!"

No answer; only a slightly increased clatter among the knives and forks.

"The cat appears fond of him," he went on half to himself.

There was a smothered exclamation from the direction of the side table, whereby that particular animal was seemingly dedicated to some violent end.

Waring was beginning to feel that he had pretty well exhausted Shellbeach, and that he should not care to remain over the end of the week. It was on Wednesday that the weather, which had been gradually going from bad to worse, culminated in a violent storm. Late in the evening the rain abated somewhat, but the wind remained as high as ever. There was to be a high tide at ten o'clock, and, in spite of meteorological drawbacks, Waring determined to sally forth and view the scene.

Having equipped himself, therefore, in the manner most calculated to defy the elements, he left his room and was already descending the stairs when he perceived that some one—in whom he recognised the same individual he had seen once before in the early morning—had the start of him. Joseph, too, chanced to be coming out of the coffee-room as they passed through the hall, one behind the other. Waring's attention was attracted towards him by the sound of breaking glass.

"If the fellow has to pay for all he smashes it must take a pretty good slice out of his wages," he thought.

"Joseph," addressing the waiter, "I am going down to the shore and shall——"

Glancing at the man's face he was struck by the look upon it, as, totally disregarding of himself or of the damage just committed, his eyes were fixed in a strange, wild stare upon the other receding figure.

"Does he drink, or what?" was Waring's thought as he followed.

No sooner did he set foot outside than the wind, which had been lying in wait, swooped down upon him in fury and dared him to come on. At the same time he gave a slight stumble as something—it might have been a dog or a cat—brushed hastily by him.

The "Ship" was not more than a hundred yards from the pier. After a successful wrestle with the adversary he set his face that way, baffled Boreas hooting after him in rage and derision. A dark

figure, now some way on ahead, showed his fellow-lodger to be making in the same direction.

The man at the turnstile, as he tendered his admission, remarked that it was a rough night, and he, for his part, wasn't sorry that it wanted only a quarter of an hour to closing time.

As Waring stepped upon the slippery planks a blinding cloud of spray, and a fierce gust of wind that made him stagger, gave additional weight to the man's words.

"Confound it all!" he muttered, as he regained equilibrium and eyesight, "the fellow on in front forges ahead, and makes no more of it than if it were the mildest zephyr."

Taking advantage of a lull he quickened his steps until he had lessened the distance between them by more than half. The wind, acting as a besom, swept the face of the moon clear from obscuring clouds, and Waring caught the gleam of a gold band encircling the man's cap. He also noticed, with a sort of shock, that though the rain had now ceased, moisture was dripping from the other at every point.

"I must see his face," he resolved.

Scarcely was the determination formed than it was fulfilled. For suddenly, as they were both within a few strides of the pier-head, the one who was in advance halted and wheeled round.

Never as long as he lives will Waring forget that wild, pallid countenance with its look of doom, or those eyes that, meeting his own, burned themselves into his memory. Then a great wave struck the pier, which seemed to rock beneath their feet, and a drenching cloud of salt spray enveloped both, hiding each from the other.

When Waring emerged, gasping and choking, he was alone.

Alone? But what was that half-drowned-looking object skulking there? Surely not a sandy cat! Cat, indeed! how came a cat there, of all living creatures? A sudden savage impulse took possession of him. He seized the animal as it made a futile effort to escape him, swung it backwards and forwards once or twice, and then flung it from him with all his force.

There was a wild yell, followed by a faint splash; then Waring, with this murder of the sandy cat upon his soul, turned and beat his way back in the teeth of the wind.

Arriving haggard and breathless at the turnstile, he made shift to gasp something to the effect that he feared some accident must have befallen the—the gentleman who had passed on to the pier just before him.

The man looked at him in surprise.

"You are mistaken, sir. No one but yourself has set foot upon the pier this night."

"Well, sir," this from the nervous waiter, "if you will insist on hearing all about it, and at such a time of night, too, all I know is that six years ago this very month he came and engaged a room here. He was a quiet sort of gent, but, all the same, he let out as he was expecting a letter—a very important letter. His first words in the morning would be: 'Joseph, any letter for me?' And his last words at night: 'Joseph, if any letter comes in the morning see that I have it at once.'"

"Well, one morning a letter does come. The address was in a lady's hand; I could swear to it. I took it up to him, and I seem to see the look on his face now. Being a trifle curious like, I waited about a bit outside his door. 'I hope it's good news,' I says to myself. Then I heard a sort of cry, and the words, 'False! false!' in a voice that made my blood run cold. I saw nothing more of him till night. Then he comes up to me, looking like the ghost of his own self. 'Joseph,' he says, 'I'm going out; you needn't sit up.'"

"I did sit up, but he never came back, not till he was carried in a cold, wet corpse."

"He was drowned, then?"

"Drowned off the pier-head. Death by misadventure they brought it in, but I knew better. And every year since then he comes back about the same time, and occupies his old room and scares most of us out of our wits."

"And the cat?" gullily.

"Why, that cross-grained varmint took to him uncommon; followed him wherever he went, like a dog. What's more, it's never forgotten him, but watches and waits for him to come back—as you're a witness yourself, sir, as he does from time to time—which you'll excuse me, sir, but I'm all of a shake and a shiver."

At daybreak Waring woke with a strange feeling of oppression—a heavy weight upon his chest, so that he could scarcely breathe. As he opened his eyes a pair of malignant yellow orbs gazed straight into

them. Then, with a sound between a hiss and a snarl, something leaped from the bed.

He rose and searched the room, but found nothing. Door and window were both shut fast.

"I will not remain here another night," was the resolution he came to, "and if ever I come to Shellbeach again it shall not be in the dead season."

A few weeks later he read in the paper an account of the destruction of the "Ship" by fire.

The chief witness, a waiter, whose excessive nervousness under examination was particularly referred to, stated that he was carrying a lighted lamp when a cat, or something, ran right between his feet, upsetting him and causing the conflagration. He added that he believed the cat to be one that had mysteriously disappeared some time previously.

HIS DANGEROUS FRIEND.

WHEN the chief takes a prolonged holiday it sometimes happens that his right-hand man gets none at all, or waits till the leaves in the woodland are sere and the rains of early winter have come. One of these prospects was before Hector Bayliss, and he felt as if he did not greatly care which. With strange ill-luck he had managed to quarrel with a pretty girl on the very morrow of winning her consent to be his wife. It was about another loiterer in the big, dull town.

"Everybody has forsaken London—everybody who is anybody. Yes, that's true," Morrison Schofield said. "But I'm not sure that I come into the class. And then I've been a persistent globe-trotter, and I've earned the right to do as I please, and not as other people do. I have a fancy now for poking about in the social desert. I feel as solitary sometimes as if I were at Tadmor in the wilderness."

"If I had your freedom and your money, old boy, I'd be off pretty sharp and find some change and some company."

Hector Bayliss was tying up a small bag of inferior gems, as he spoke, in his principal's private room. He was manager for Mr. Fischler, whose fame as a dealer in diamonds is in all great houses. The master's trust in Hector was as flawless as the finest stone he had ever sold.

The broadest of smiles overspread Morrison Schofield's handsome face. He

looked happily assured of his own comfort and content. His jollity rather grated on Hector. It emphasized the contrast in position. This old schoolfellow had come in for a fortune before he began the globe-trotting to which he had referred. He had not to screw, and scrape, and dance attendance on the whims of a selfish principal who absorbed all the good weather in his own vacation. Hector listened with a disagreeable sense for a second of being patronised.

"I have decided to stay and brighten you up, Bayliss. It is a shame that it should be all grind, grind with you. Fischler ought to know that all work and no play will blunt his best tool. As to company, I've got it here—first-class company. And didn't you hint something the other day about bright eyes that had bewitched you? You might take me along and introduce me as 'fidus Achates,' eh? Or am I too presumptuous, both in the thought and in the name?"

"Not a bit," Hector Bayliss answered. "You must meet Carrie Fuller. I was going to suggest it if you had not forestalled me."

He was ingenuous over his love-dream and engagement. There was positively a colour creeping into his cheeks. He did not notice the drop of Morrison Schofield's jaw and the quick line on his brow. These symptoms came and went in an instant.

"I shall be most happy."

The confident lover looked for no difficulty; but he encountered one. Though man might plan, it was for woman, in this case, to dispose.

Carrie Fuller turned a deaf ear to the proposition that she should receive and welcome her betrothed's oldest friend. Her mother came in when he had only gone so far as to find that there was an obstacle. The discussion dropped, to be taken up again at the next interview.

Between these two calls of Hector Bayliss at Lauriston Gardens a perilous situation had declared itself. On the second occasion he was perturbed and out of temper, and weary to boot. Indeed, long hours and the pressure of a continual anxiety had so worn him down that while waiting in the boudoir for Carrie's release from an appointment with a modiste, he dropped into an uneasy slumber. Carrie found him with closed eyes, talking wildly.

She was absolute in her refusal to see

Morrison Schofield. It vexed her lover, and an ominous gulf began to yawn.

"Tell me what grounds you have for disliking my friend, when, as I understand it, you have not even met him," Hector Bayliss demanded with rising anger.

"I cannot do that." The answer was very firm.

The young man took three or four agitated turns round the room. The happiness he had believed to be in his grasp seemed sliding from him. There was a masterful grain in his nature, and he could not bring himself to bow to prejudice. What could it be but prejudice?

"Then I am afraid I have made a mistake, Miss Fuller," he said bluntly at last. "You are hardly the girl I thought you. It is most unjust to poor old Schofield. As if I didn't know him through and through, and as if he wasn't a good fellow and the soul of honour! It is preposterous. I think I had better go."

She was very pale, and her heart ached. But she did not detain him, or attempt to furbish up a defence. It was her sister's secret, and she was not at liberty without Annie's leave to explain. Annie had confided in her on the promise that she would tell nobody. She could not break that bond even to retain her lover. She sadly wondered if Hector would ever come back, or if she had sacrificed her joy to sisterly fidelity.

But his friend was certainly not the paragon he had described. In Essex, in the spring, he had won shy maiden affection only to disappoint and disillusion his victim. Such perfidy was play to Morrison Schofield. Moreover, other matters came to light which seemed to show that he had a curious past, and had gained little from his travels but spendthrift habits and a knowledge of vice. There was no doubt of his identity. The name was not very common, and many features and episodes mentioned now by Hector Bayliss had previously been spoken of by Annie Fuller, or incorporated in the letters she wrote from under an uncle's roof. The man who had turned up in town was the same rolling stone, the same glib deceiver.

It was one of life's odd coincidences—which are countless—that the next day Carrie Fuller received a fresh and fortuitous illustration of Morrison Schofield's character. It was in a chemist's shop. She stood in the background while the attendant waited on an earlier customer. With a start she recognised him. Though it was

perfectly true that they had never met, he had once been pointed out to Carrie by her sister on the platform at Liverpool Street. She had a good memory for forms and faces, and there was reason to recall this man's outward presentment.

"Yes, I am a doctor," he said.

The words were so easy and so decided that they closed the door on suspicion. No further question was asked. The dispenser behind the counter busied himself amongst his drugs, and had soon wrapped up and sealed a phial. He gave it to the tall, well-dressed stranger and received the money. The girl in the shadow beyond knew that a deceit was practised, and it was a startling commentary on words that would not leave her mind.

She thought of Hector's trust in Schofield as the soul of honour, and, September though it was, she shivered. There were clouds on her sky before. They seemed to grow thick and mysterious. It was a ready falsehood in the chemist's shop. The speaker was no doctor; he had been trained for a civil engineer. A misstatement made with so much deliberate assurance had surely purpose behind it. Carrie Fuller was troubled about the risks that her angry lover might be running. Ought she to find means of warning him? But it was a problem how to do this and not seem to say "Come back." She would never ask him to return.

If she had guessed it, her mood of extreme solicitude was well matched at the gem dealer's establishment at the corner house of Stafford Court. There was increasing cause for worry.

"It means watching every day and every hour in the day as if for a man's life," the manager had remarked to Josiah Jaggars, the confidential clerk. "I shall be heartily sick of the vigilance I have to keep long before Mr. Fischler tires of the Alps and the Lakes."

That was at the beginning. The prophecy had become a fact. Not only was the ordinary load of care always heavy, but a special weight was added thereto. It appeared that the gem merchant's foes were within his own borders, and that Josiah Jaggars was a rogue. The clerk went according to Hector Bayliss's directions to Plymouth. His errand was to meet an agent with Cape diamonds, and while he was gone there fell a bolt from the blue. The evidence of his villainy lay in the manager's pocket. It was in the shape of a letter which an accomplice

seemed to have misdirected in a most unusual, but for Hector a fortunate, fit of forgetfulness. At first this precious epistle staggered the reader. It said:

"DEAR JAGGERS,—You can trust our little game to me. Everything is in first-rate trim for Thursday evening. The wheels are well oiled and I know where to place the swag. You will be on duty, for that's the night your muff Bayliss goes spooning, I believe. You watch for him. Good joke, isn't it? There will be only us to go shares, but you'll make them think it's a bit of work done by a gang. I promise to fix you up with a few bits of string so that you will never be suspected. Bayliss will not dream that you have a finger in the pie. Not even when you are pulling out the plums—or the stones. Bayliss is a conceited noodle; I know him. Mind you get his keys or copy them, no matter which. Yours, T."

Hector Bayliss could make nothing of the solitary initial that stood for signature. Nor had he the slightest clue to the handwriting. It was a bold boyish style. He turned helplessly to Morrison Schofield, who happened to be present when the letter was delivered by a messenger. Hector and he had been chatting over old times. Schofield saw the intellectual face whiten as his friend read on. He dexterously elicited the cause of this sudden panic.

"I don't recognise the writing," Hector Bayliss said.

"Of course you don't. It is hardly likely you would. If it is not wholly strange it is beyond a doubt disguised. But it's lucky you've got it instead of the man it was meant for. Fancy calling you a noodle inside, and then being so negligent as to write your name, or have it written, outside. There's retribution in that. And you can act upon your knowledge, don't you see?"

Hector Bayliss was looking straight across at the dun-coloured wall. The shock of the discovery had momentarily stunned him.

"It comes to this," he groaned: "that a man I could have backed against all the temptations of London has been tampered with. Fischler trusted him too—most thoroughly. He had earned complete trust. Why, Josiah Jaggars has been at Stafford Court twice as long as I have. When I came I was put over his head. It

wasn't the fairest thing. It was simply home influence that did it, and because I had a better education."

The other shrugged a pair of remarkably broad shoulders. A peculiar twinkle was in his eyes. It struck his friend that he regarded the whole affair in the light of a joke. That must be owing to the detachment that comes of the possession of wealth. He was to be envied.

"Perhaps Jagers didn't exactly approve," he said. "He may have borne you a grudge in secret for it. Anyhow, mischief is meditated now. That is as clear as daylight."

"I am afraid it is. Yet I can hardly realise that Jagers is in it. It gives the lie to all his past rectitude."

"Better say, perhaps, to his luck not to be found out. It is often like that in the world. The dark stain doesn't show for a while."

There was a sneer on the speaker's face. His cynical conviction of human wickedness made Hector Bayliss sigh. It was his only answer.

"A downright neat little plot I call it," Morrison Schofield went on. "Your clerk is to be attacked—by one marauder; he is to be robbed—by one; he is to be left bound as an injured and helpless servant of the establishment—by one. And it will be impossible to believe that there were not a band. That alone will be likely to divert suspicion from the proper quarter. Oh, yes, it is clever."

"They know that Mr. Fischler is absent, and of course Jagers is on duty sometimes. I am not quite a prisoner all round the twenty-four hours. That would be unbearable."

"Quite so; and it fixes the time for this interesting game."

"Yes. They have taken the advantage."

"They clearly intended to do so. But it is all in the future, and the plan is wrecked. Why not take this person in his own snare?"

Schofield fingered the letter on the table.

"What do you mean?"

"It appears to me very practicable. You used to be Al at disguises when we were at Randell's together. I don't suppose you've lost your cunning in rather better than a dozen years. And you are pretty much the clerk's height, and size, and build. You don't dress as shabbily."

"How does that affect the writer of the letter?"

It was a feverish question.

"You are just a trifle dense, Bayliss, or is it the upset? I can see that we may not merely checkmate but capture him—you and I. If we stir on any other lines it is a dead certainty that these conspirators will get clear off. That fellow's scrawl won't carry you far. But if you can catch one of them 'flagrante delicto,' why, you will succeed in convicting both."

"How would you do it?"

"Easily. The writer has given himself away. Jagers will be up shortly, and as you and not he got the message, he may be utterly in the dark about its contents."

"The scoundrel!"

"It's no use calling names. Better decide to make yourself up in rusty black, and with a blonde wig and a few whiskers pass in a poor light for Jagers. The days are shortening; it will be dusk, and quite possible. You and I wait for our friend. I can slip out of sight when the bell gives tongue. The testing-screen at the back of your desk will answer capitally. Do you follow my scheme?"

"I think so."

"Mr. 'T.' duly arrives. You place the keys here upon the table, and point to one of the safes. Make it empty, if you choose, for the occasion. You have a row of them; it will be easy to arrange that."

Hector Bayliss nodded.

"That will do, then. Anyhow, you will keep the visitor in play while I creep out at the side of the screen and fix up the door; after that, he is at our mercy."

"The chances are that he will be armed."

"Possibly. But we need not grant him odds in that particular. We are both athletic men, equal, I believe, to the bit of work I am sketching. Does my proposition commend itself to you?"

The manager was buried in thought. There was audacity in the plan, but it had points which caused him to debate its wisdom. He had especially recoiled from the suggestion that he should further lure on the thief by bringing out his keys. Morrison Schofield, watching him narrowly, had seen his eyes grow hard and dark there. He sought to modify an unpalatable idea by the hint that the real hiding-place of Mr. Fischler's stock-in-trade might remain unknown and obscure.

There was much to be said for such a dramatic turning of the tables as was suggested. The pair of rogues richly deserved their intended discomfiture. It

looked fairly sound and feasible. Morrison Schofield was a man of the world, and smart to his finger-tips. He would make triumph almost a mathematical certainty.

But it was the tone of contempt in the letter that finally tilted the balance in favour of the venture. The writer had shown outrageous effrontery. "Noodle," indeed! If the miscreant came into the hands of justice he would no doubt sing to a very different tune.

"Yes, I like the notion, on the whole. We will put it to the test," Hector Bayliss said.

He resolved to say nothing on the subject to Carrie Fuller. For one thing it was not a woman's business, and it would inevitably frighten her. For another, her treatment of Morrison Schofield remained in suspense. But when he was next at Lauriston Gardens he was quite determined to bring Carrie to his own point of view. The result was total failure and a very deep chagrin. He was enthusiastic about the marvellous gifts and graces of his friend. He found an obstinate little sceptic, and he flung away in a passion.

The dénouement of plot and counter-plot promised to put a new and overpowering argument at his disposal. He would have it in his power to vaunt his own perspicacity. When the perilous episode was over, and the attack on the treasures in his charge was foiled, the time would have come to convince Carrie. She could then hold out no longer. Whatever the secret of her absurd prejudice, it must infallibly be broken down. He would explain and enlarge upon his debt to Schofield until her ears tingled. Then she would stop him in her eagerness to make amends. She would beg his pardon, and his friend's pardon, and he would forgive her. He saw it all—as Eastern travellers see a mirage.

There was a day and a half to waste in worrying. Never in his recollection had hours seemed to drag so unconscionably. He could concentrate his attention on nothing. People thought him "distract," and he feared, not without reason, that he made bad bargains. Even his penmanship had a curious waver very unlike his usual clerky hand. He felt that in a few days of this stress and strain he must go mad.

It was not so with the guilty Jaggars. He exhibited no sign of self-consciousness. He was stolid and deferentially dull. It tried the manager's patience not to break out in fierce and fatal charges. He longed

to accuse the clerk of double-dealing. But he schooled himself to wait, and instead of that he sent him away on the Thursday evening to fulfil a commission at West Kensington. Next he proceeded to assume outwardly the absent man's identity. He did not manage badly, and Morrison Schofield was early on the scene to give aid and advice.

The two men sat talking in low tones behind the barred windows of the principal's room as the shades increased. They were both excited. Suddenly the electric bell sounded the signal of approaching danger. Hector Bayliss answered the summons in person.

"Is all serene, Jaggars?"

A short, thick-set fellow put the question in a whisper.

"Yes, all's right."

It was an indifferent attempt to copy the clerk's peculiar quaver, and the manager was conscious of it and dreaded instant detection. But no suspicion seemed to be aroused. The visitor followed at his heels.

"Ah! The keys are here. That is good—very good. Now for a short cut to fortune. Which of these iron doors am I to try?"

Hector Bayliss still followed the programme. He threw out his hand and indicated the safe at the left of the testing-screen. The chamber there was empty, but there was a glass inset in the green baize, and at this instant a lamp in an opposite window made this a mirror. The manager caught a glimpse of what was passing in the rear. He saw a cruel, stealthy foe where he looked for a friend and an ally. There was no mistaking the dark glee on the features; there was no misreading the traitor's action. The sight froze the blood in his veins. He was paralysed by horror as well as stupefied by the fumes rising into his nostrils as Morrison Schofield gripped him behind.

"Daped!" he gasped.

The word was in his own ears as an echo on a far off shore.

The big muffler steeped in the sense-destroying fluid was round his throat, he was dragged remorselessly back, and even the knowledge of a great imposition that implied his ruin faded into nothingness.

Morrison Schofield deftly removed the handkerchief and put it away at arm's length. He went over to join his confederate.

"Won't they stare when they find him?" he said, with a heartless chuckle. "'Pon my word I'd like to see it. We'll leave the place open, then a constable will be sure to enter sooner or later. But they won't make much of him yet awhile. We shall have a good start, and I guarantee the smartest man at New Scotland Yard doesn't hit upon our route to Buenos Ayres. I haven't knocked up and down the world for nothing. No, I've squandered a fortune—to get it back this way! I say, Tom Finch, he'll have to apologise to Jagers twice over; once for his make-up, and once for his suspicions."

"This is the wrong set of boxes—there's nothing in 'em."

"Better luck the other side. We've the keys of all handy. That is what I rigged up the 'plant' for. He almost twigged me once."

Neither caught the sound of cautious steps without.

But they heard a sharper noise and looked round. It was too late.

"Click! Click!" Dark figures filled the doorway, and each rogue was covered by a revolver. Tom Finch threw up his hands by the instinct of his tribe. The other was like a wolf at bay. He poured out a volley of oaths and curses. He would willingly have had a fight for escape if he had seen the smallest hope. Some one threw up a gas-jet, and the inspector in command read correctly the fury in Morrison Schofield's eyes.

"No, you don't! Stand back. You are a dead man if you move," he cried. "You are both prisoners."

It was Carrie Fuller who had thwarted the last reckless venture of a broken villain. Her lover had murmured puzzling words in his doze of exhaustion. He fancied he was discussing the plan of his false friend. Then came the incident at the drug stores. It supplied Carrie with a possible key to the riddle.

She went to the police with her knowledge and her fears of treachery. For once they acted in a timely and fortunate manner.

Morrison Schofield received a long term of imprisonment. It transpired at the trial that the whole device, including the decoy letter purposely sent to Hector Bayliss, was of his contriving. Tom Finch was a professional cracksman. He helped to convict his employer, and was lightly sentenced.

The reward of a spirited girl was soon forthcoming.

"You are the true judge of character," said Hector Bayliss, in a new and genuine humility. "Can you forgive me, Carrie, for my abominable temper? I shall have learnt to rely on my wife's verdicts."

It was perhaps sufficiently daring under the circumstances to speak in that way, but Carrie's smile gave absolution.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

THE scene of the adventure I am about to relate is Bickleston-on-Sea, a watering-place bordering on the English Channel, situated on the eastern side of the beautiful bay of Fitworth; and, being surrounded by grand and picturesque scenery, was much frequented by artists, and those who loved the beauties of Nature in their sterner and more imposing aspect.

The day had been bright, and the evening was calm and still. A more beautiful or more peaceful picture than that which met the eye of Stanley Bolderson, as he and his friend, Jack Wilkinson, sat on the beach smoking their cigars, cannot be imagined.

The sea, like a lake of molten sapphire and beryl, lay hushed in as deep a calm as ever brooded over its transparent waters, stretching out to the offing, where some outward-bound ships, with their white sails hanging listlessly from their yards, seemed to be floating in the middle ether.

Above, the sky expanded into an arch of the purest blue, over which, as the sun sank lower and lower, a soft amethystine effulgence spread, like the glow on beauty's cheek; growing deeper and deeper, till, as the sun touched the horizon, the ruby intermingled, and carpeted the sea and dappled the sky with loveliness.

Then, as if to cradle the departing luminary, a soft white cloud rose up, and the sun, as though fascinated by the crimson glory which surrounded him, lingered for a while on the horizon, and then sank languidly into his silvery bed.

"I don't exactly know what to make of that Miss Elmore," said Wilkinson. "I hope, Stanley, you are not going to fall in love with her."

"And why not, pray?" asked Bolderson.

"Because she hasn't got a penny to bless herself with, and you are not much better off. Take my advice, old fellow; take the advice of a man older than yourself—"

"Rubbish! Matrimony in my case is out of the question," replied Stanley.

"Ah! it's all very well to say rubbish; but, depend on it you are in the greatest danger; and as a friend I think it my duty to warn you. Take my advice, old fellow, and let us pack up our tooth-brushes and get back to London as fast as we can."

"That's exceedingly rich," laughed Bolderson. "The boot is on the other foot, dear boy. It is you that are in danger, not I. It's Maud Howard's brown eyes that you are afraid of, not that I should fall in love with Fanny Elmore! I'm not afraid!"

"Afraid! No, I don't suppose you are. Only this I've got to say, she won't suit you, she's as proud as Lucifer, and as to loving, well, she will never love anything so well as her own pretty self," concluded Jack.

"You think so," replied Stanley. "Well, have your own way; but what about Maud,—do you think she will ever love any one better than herself?"

"She! My dear Stanley, she's got the softest little heart in the world!" Here he broke off, and jumped up and waved his hand. "By Jove!" he continued. "Look here, Stanley, that's a challenge for you! Don't you see there's Miss Elmore on the balcony, and she's waving her handkerchief to you?"

"I fancy the challenge is for you, my friend," said Stanley. "It's Maud, not Miss Elmore, that is waving her handkerchief!"

"Ah! so it is; well, never mind, come along!"

To his more intimate friends Stanley Bolderson was an enigma. The fellows at his club set him down as "a very hard nut," and averred that nobody had been able to "crack him." You could not put him down, it was impossible to talk him down, and it would not have been an easy matter to knock him down; so most persons decided that it was best to let him alone.

"You're a couple of lazy boys," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, when the two friends entered the drawing-room. "Here have we been for more than an hour burdened with a secret we were anxious to impart to you, and there you lay, smoking, smoking like two steam-engines, and never once turned your heads this way!"

"It's all Bolderson's fault," interrupted Wilkinson. "He will argue, and I can't make the least impression on him——"

"Never mind that," went on Mrs. Howard. "What I wanted to say was that George is going to take us for an excursion to Stoneness Point and the Mewstone Rocks. We are told that the latter are very interesting as a field of investigation by persons seized by the common object mania, of which our friend Miss Elmore is one—a shore-naturalist she calls herself——"

"Yes, my dear lady," said Bolderson, "and——"

"And the question is, will you gentlemen join us?" replied Mrs. Howard.

"I should think so, rather!" exclaimed Wilkinson.

"Certainly!" responded Bolderson. "It was very kind of Mr. Howard to think of us!"

"Well," said Mr. Howard, who at this moment came bustling into the room, "are we to have the pleasure of these gentlemen's company to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, it's all right," answered his wife.

"Then remember, boys, twelve o'clock sharp!"

"May I ask, sir," questioned Wilkinson, in his most insinuating manner, "if there will be any grub on board? You see, the sea air from the Atlantic is largely charged with ozone, and its energising properties are such that it creates in me an immoderate appetite. In such a case, you see, a large supply of grub is not only conducive to happiness, but an absolute necessity of life."

"You are quite right, my dear friend," replied Mr. Howard, "but my wife is a splendid cateress, and you may be sure that our craft will be well victualled."

"Thank you, sir," returned Wilkinson meekly, "that is a great relief to my mind. And now may I be allowed to ask what is the object of the expedition?"

"To view the scenery, and to search the rock-pools for zoophytes, sea anemones, and marine algae," put in Fanny Elmore. "They say the scene in Stoneness Bay is wilder and more imposing than in any other part of the coast."

"Rocks and precipices, and that sort of thing, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, and if I am rightly informed, a great deal of that sort of thing!" replied Fanny.

"Ah! Rocks and precipices are all very well in pictures," replied Wilkinson, "but when I go out sailing I like to keep clear of the rocks!"

"Don't mind what he says, Miss Elmore," said Stanley Bolderson, "there's not a man in the three kingdoms who admires grand scenery more than he does; he only affects to be cynical."

"I don't like affectation of any kind," replied Miss Elmore shortly.

"Come, girls," interposed Mrs. Howard, "I think we have had enough discord, let us have some harmony."

Maud assented, went to the piano, and after a short prelude, commenced a beautiful English ballad, in a voice so exquisitely sweet, with a taste so accurate, and a feeling so deep, that it sounded to at least one enchanted listener like the music of the gods.

Her example was followed by Fanny Elmore, who, though not Maud's equal as a singer, was a thorough musician, and played one of Mozart's sonatas with such brilliancy, feeling, and taste, as astonished and delighted Stanley Bolderson, and drew unqualified praise from the host and hostess.

Thus in harmony and kindly sympathy the time passed, and it was close on midnight before they parted.

When they got outside the two men paused, and Wilkinson exclaimed: "What a scene! How lovely! Look at the sea, Stanley, and the moonlight! What delicious air!"

"I once knew a man who hated people who went into fits about scenery," remarked his friend.

"Quite right, old fellow, you had me there! But," he went on, "this hush of nature is so intense and profound, its effect is magical!"

It was indeed an almost perfect night. The moon, which was at its full, was sailing slowly across the blue empyrean, its refulgence being reflected in the calm, still water before them.

"Roll on, roll on, queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!"

quoted Bolderson. And they turned and walked in silence towards their hotel.

Two bright eyes had been watching them, and continued to do so till they disappeared in the distance. They were those of Fanny Elmore. This was her first step on the devious path of love. In her childhood she had dreamt of it; in her youth she had read of it; but up to the present time, till the advent of Stanley Bolderson, she had no actual experience of it. He had enwrapped her in the influence, and filled her with the magnetism of his

own being. Her woman's weakness, the peculiar susceptibility, had never before been touched.

And Bolderson? He was interested and excited, for, apart from her extreme loveliness, there was a certain intellectual superiority and tenderness of sentiment, an exquisite tone of refinement in Fanny Elmore which raised her above the superficial and frivolous beauties with which he had hitherto been associated. Yes, he was charmed and interested, but he was not in love, or he thought so.

The following day, when Mr. Howard and his friends descended the beach to embark on their aquatic trip, the sky was bright without a cloud. The sun was shining with unwonted splendour, and the sea, with its dancing wavelets, was glittering in the sunlight. It was hot—marvellously hot, just one of those perspiring days which we occasionally have in September. Never did a more beautiful day dawn upon an English watering-place, and never did a party have a brighter prospect of an enjoyable excursion than did the little party who were now being rowed out to the lugger "Gazelle," which was lying with her fore-sheet to windward, in the beautiful bay of Fitworth.

There was a somewhat languid breeze from the southward which came in fitful gusts, and then died away almost into a calm.

Here and there a solitary gull sailed lazily on, gazing at his own shadow in the water; then suddenly bending down, dipped his wings in the sea, and then rising again, with a sharp, quick turn and a shrill scream flew off slowly into the distance.

"Phew!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkinson, as he wiped his brow with his handkerchief, "it's powerfully hot;" and then, turning to the skipper, said: "Now, Daniel, my friend, can't you give us a little more wind?"

"All right, sir, we shall have wind enough presently; the glass have gone down an inch since breakfast," was the skipper's reply.

"But you don't think we are going to have a storm, do you?" questioned Mrs. Howard.

"No, ma'am, not yet," replied Daniel, "but you see, when the glass do go down like that, it's bound to come sooner or later."

"Then hadn't we better turn back?" suggested Mrs. Howard.

"Naw, naw, lady, we'm all right," sniffed Daniel; "mebbe it 'ull not come till to-morrow."

"Long foretold, long last; short notice, soon past!" quoted Mr. Wilkinson.

"In that case, according to Daniel's prognostics, we shall have a stinger," croaked Bolderson.

"Can't you find some other topic for discussion, my friends?" interposed Mr. Howard. "If you go on at this rate you will frighten the wife and the girls into fits. And," he went on, "look at the sky and the sea! Why, to talk about gales and storms is ridiculous!"

"Don't say that, dear Mr. Howard," exclaimed Fanny Elmore. "In the first place I am not likely to go into fits even if we were caught in a storm, and secondly, I'm, like our friend Daniel, a believer in the barometer; and further, at this time of year, when we are close upon the equinox, I think there is nothing more probable than that we should have a gale of wind."

"There's a nice Job's comforter for you!" exclaimed Mr. Howard.

"Yes, indeed," responded his wife; "and if you take my advice you'll turn back at once."

There was a chorus of "No" from the young people, and the skipper shook his head. "Time enough, lady, here's a breeze coming," and in another minute the lugger was dashing on towards her destination. This continued for about half an hour, and then it fell to a dead calm.

The sky was clear, there was not a cloud to be seen. The air was unusually rarefied; the ships in the offing and distant objects were seen with uncommon distinctness, and there was a hazy burr round the sun. But though these two latter phenomena were indications of meteorological disturbance of some kind, they were not sufficiently pronounced to indicate danger.

For another half-hour or more the lugger lay motionless, except as she rose and fell on the great ground swell, and then came a second slashing breeze which brought them to Stoneness Point, and in sight of the great Mewstone Rocks.

As they rounded the point a strange, wild scene broke upon their view, and Fanny uttered a cry of astonishment and delight.

"How grand! What desolation!" she exclaimed.

Yes, Stoneness Bay, with the Mewstone Rocks in the distance, was indeed a scene of desolation. A chaos of rock, broken

and riven as if by some mighty convulsion of nature, extended some two miles seaward. The bay was open to the southwest, and surrounded by high cliffs, towering up grim and dark, and on every ledge and ridge clustered myriads of sea-birds, auks, puffins, gulls, divers, and other aquatic birds, while a shattered promontory which extended far into the sea was literally whitened by them; in addition to which the countless multitude which filled the air mocked the eye with their rapid and ceaseless evolutions, their strange, plaintive cries forming a shrill treble to the monotonous bass of the ground swell as it fell with a majestic roar among the rocks.

"There," said the skipper, as he rounded up under the lee of the reef, "them's the Mewstone Rocks, and now if any of you ladies and gentlemen like to land, Jim 'ull put you ashore in the dingy!"

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Howard. "In the first place I should not like to risk my life in such a cockle-shell, and in the second, climbing rocks covered with slippery seaweed which explodes when you tread in it, is not in my line!"

Fanny and Maud did not hesitate, and of course Wilkinson and Bolderson were quite willing to escort their respective ladies.

"Two at a time; there's nothing like precaution," said Daniel. "There's a little place as Jim knows of, where the ladies can land bootiful."

"I hope," said Bolderson, as he and Fanny were being rowed ashore, "that none of these rocks will take it into their heads to poke their nose through the bottom of this boat! That would be a damper to your enthusiasm, I fancy, would it not?"

"It's very hot," she replied, "I don't think a bath would be unpleasant."

"That is provided you can swim."

"Just so, or that you had a companion who could."

"Well, how do we stand in this case? I can swim; can you?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I can hardly tell; but something prompted me."

"You seem to anticipate danger. I can't see any."

"No, nor I; it wants two hours to low water, so that these rocks will be dry for four hours to come."

At this moment the boat grounded, and Jim unshipped his oars and leaped ashore, followed by Bolderson, and the two assisted Fanny to land.

While Jim was gone to fetch the other two, Bolderson and his companion climbed to the higher rocks and looked about them. Landward, there was a series of rugged rocks rising up in spires and crags of the most gigantic proportions, growing less rugged as they extended seaward. In a few minutes they were joined by Mr. Wilkinson and Maud, and the search for those marine curiosities for which the Mewstone Reef was famous was commenced. With this search we have nothing to do except that it was brought to a premature close by a loud clap of thunder, which reverberated from rock to rock and from cliff to cliff in an abrupt and startling manner.

The sky presented a strange and anomalous appearance. To windward it was black and ominous, while masses of low flying scud dashed forward in divided portions and with irregular motion, not borne by the wind, but driven before it, while to leeward the sky was clear and blue and the sun shone brilliantly.

They all stood for some minutes gazing at this strange phenomenon, when they were again startled by a vivid flash of lightning and a crashing peal of thunder, which broke over their heads like the crack of doom. Blank dismay rested on their faces as they turned hastily and attempted to retrace their steps. They had not proceeded far when the gale burst upon them in all its grandeur and force. It blew almost a hurricane, and the rain descended in torrents.

Spite of the wind and rain they still pushed on, but their progress was very slow. Poor Maud was ready to sink with terror; but Fanny, who was naturally courageous, never flinched or hesitated, and did all she could to encourage her companion.

At last, exhausted and drenched, they were obliged to halt and seek for shelter under a piece of overhanging rock. They stood there in silence, for when they had attempted to speak, the roaring and howling of the wind and the rattling of the thunder rendered their voices inaudible.

A wilder scene or a more appalling situation for two young girls cannot be conceived. The darkness was intense, while every minute blue gleaming flashes of lightning burst from the canopy of black clouds overhead, and the roll of the thunder was almost incessant, the wild shrieking of the sea-birds adding another item to the hoarse chorus of the storm.

They sat there for more than an hour

gazing into each other's faces in blank dismay; and then the storm, that had burst so suddenly upon them, as suddenly ceased. The wind sank almost to a calm, the sky overhead was cloudless; but in the distances there hung a huge bank of black clouds, out of which flashes of the most beautiful lightning played continuously. When the rain ceased and the air cleared they looked for the lugger, but she was nowhere to be seen. They scanned the sea in all directions, but there was not a sail to be seen, not a speck on the broad ocean.

"This is a pretty state of things, old man," whispered Wilkinson. "What's to be done now?"

"That's more than I can tell," replied Bolderson, in the same low tone. "But we must do something. The tide is rising fast, and if we stop here we shall be drowned. In another hour these rocks will be under water."

"Then we must not stop here," replied Wilkinson. "Those rocks inshore are higher than these. We must work our way along and see if we can reach them."

"Yes," broke in Fanny Elmore, whose quick ear had taken in most of the conversation, "and the sooner we set about it the better. Come along!" And she started up and shook herself.

Meantime, what had become of the "Gazelle"? The last that was seen of her was that, under a reefed mizen and a storm-jib, she was flying up Channel like a lapwing, leaving Fanny and Maud and their two lovers to their fate. What happened to her during the remainder of the storm has yet to be told.

The task which Wilkinson had suggested was by no means an easy one. The reef was covered with seaweed of the bladder-wrack species, very slimy and slippery, which makes rock-walking exceedingly dangerous. There was also another danger, for the masses of fuel were so heavy and thick that they veiled many a deep hollow, and only slightly covered sharp-pointed rocks. In the former a limb may be easily broken, and by the latter a serious wound inflicted. This sort of travelling requires good nerves and a steady foot, and these were two characteristics which Maud Howard did not possess, and a couple of serious falls on her part, after a time, brought the party to a standstill.

Proverbially, time and tide wait for no man, or woman either, and both were now

acting in accordance with their proverbial character, bringing slowly but very surely death in their train—a death the more terrible from its slow but relentless advance. Higher and higher rose the tide, and nearer came the hungry waves, which were now almost awash with the reef, and which seemed eager to engulf them.

Never had a more beautiful evening shed its soft effulgence on a calmer or more beautiful sky; never did a more gorgeous sunset illuminate that far-off western horizon.

The sun sank, the daylight faded; they had scanned the sea and the horizon for succour, but it came not, and still the implacable waters continued their steady but insidious advance.

The sight of the pale, horror-stricken faces of the two beautiful girls, faces which only a few hours since were full of joy, but which now were pale and haggard, would have moved the heart of a stone.

Fanny Elmore was no coward, but to face such a death as stared that group of four in the face required more than ordinary fortitude; moreover, they were all consumed with a burning thirst, and as they had eaten nothing since their breakfast, the pangs of hunger were added to their other miseries. She sat there gazing up into Stanley Bolderson's face with a despairing look, as if she were saying, "Must we die, then?" when suddenly they were startled by a distant but very distinct sound.

"Ahoy! Reef ahoy!" came floating over the water.

They all responded simultaneously with a cry of joy. Springing up, they gazed in the direction from whence the sound came, and saw a green light twinkling in the distance, then a white light came in sight and was followed by the appearance of a red one, and Bolderson was sailor enough to know that the vessel was bearing down towards them.

"See! see!" he exclaimed; "it is the 'Gazelle'—the lugger! We are saved; she is close upon us!"

Yes, it was indeed the "Gazelle," and she was not more than half a mile distant, and was bearing down upon them with a press of canvas.

What these two poor girls did in the exuberance of their joy, they hardly knew, but if the truth must be told, they embraced each other with the wildest transports, and shed tears of joy, and Jack and Stanley came in for a satisfactory share of their ardour.

In less than a quarter of an hour they were all safely on board the lugger, and she, with a fair wind, was speeding back to Bickleston-on-Sea.

"You poor dears, how hungry you must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, when they were fairly on their homeward voyage. "Now, Fanny, what shall it be?" she asked.

"A glass of water, if you please," she answered.

"Water! Well, there now! I never thought of water! There's pale ale, and soda, and brandy."

"We never go to sea without water, ma'am," put in the skipper. "Here, Jim, bring the young lady a glass of water."

"A glass!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkinson. "Bring a bucket; we are all consumedly thirsty, and there's nothing like water in that case!"

My story is done, the danger is over, and Daniel, having landed his passengers, who were met by a concourse of both residents and visitors, and received quite an ovation as they passed up the beach, is now quietly smoking his pipe, with a crowd of eager listeners around him.

"Well, you see, this is how it was," he was saying. "When the gale struck us, it was no use trying to face it. So I up helm and ran before it. Poor Mrs. Howard, she did get into a taking about them poor dears on the reef. We was cowards, and all sort of things, but I knowed better; you see 'discretion's the better part of valour,' and I knowed the gale wouldn't last, neither did it. The worst of it was that when we was able to turn back, we had a strong westerly tide against us, and it was nigh upon twelve o'clock before we hove in sight o' the reef. As it gradually came in sight, and I saw that the most of it was under water, I can't tell exactly how I felt. At last we got within hail, and I shouted 'Ahoy! Reef ahoy!' You should have seen Mrs. Howard's face when a great shout came back."

"I told you how it would be, Stanley," said Jack Wilkinson as they strolled back to their hotel. "I knew you'd be booked. I saw you kiss her on the reef."

"Well, what if you did?" answered Stanley. "We are engaged!"

"All right, so are we!" replied Wilkinson.

About the same time Maud and Fanny were exchanging confidences, and Fanny averred that she would not mind going through another such a "Night of Peril," if it brought with it such a blissful ending.

THE MISER'S BARN.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is the story, as Giles Mildmay told it to me. It may have, and probably has, a perfectly natural explanation. The doctor gave it a scientific solution. Men's brains and senses, when overworked and overstrained, play them strange tricks of fancy and feeling. And Giles Mildmay had undoubtedly been burning the candle at both ends for many a long day, and brain and nerves were beginning to revolt against the burden laid on them.

Giles Mildmay never attempted to give any explanation at all. Neither do I.

The mystery, gruesome as it was, brought in its train a blessing unspeakable for him. For he has the sweetest and truest hearted wife in the world, and as he says, but for that terrible and mysterious tragedy, their lives, after crossing each other in that Jersey hotel, would probably have drifted wide apart, never to come within sight or speech again.

It was a wet day.

Giles Mildmay, as he tramped through the Jersey lanes, trying to find his way back to St. Helier's, came to the conclusion that he had never experienced till this particular autumn afternoon a really wet day before.

The water seemed to fall in a steady sheet from the leaden sky overhead, and bubble up in springs at his feet, and rush in tumultuous miniature torrents down the ditches on either side of the lane. It was one of the last days of autumn. The golden reds and russet tints had almost faded from the land.

The tourist had departed. Giles Mildmay, who had only landed on the island that morning, or rather that afternoon—for the crossing had been stormy, and the boat late—had scarcely met a single creature since he had left St. Helier's.

To make matters worse, he had disregarded the warning of his guide-book, and had tried a short cut back to St. Helier's, only to prove the truth of the Jersey lanes being a forcible example of the proverb about the shortest ways and longest roads.

He wished devoutly that he had not come to Jersey at all. He should have followed the doctor's advice, and made for Italy or Spain.

As he tramped on the rain began to fall less heavily. By-and-by it ceased,

though at first, in the misty air and sense of general dampness, he hardly noticed the fact.

A sudden lightening of the gloom about him roused him to the cheering possibility that he might after all reach St. Helier's before nightfall. The short afternoon had been rapidly drawing in; but now, in the west, a sudden gleam of stormy orange light pierced the leaden bank of rain clouds.

This wave of lurid radiance, breaking upon the gloomy rain-swept world about him, had a strange effect.

Mildmay stopped for a moment to look west. He stood where two lanes crossed each other. Close by him, in a tall, neglected-looking hedge, he saw a gate. It was old and broken, swinging on one hinge, and creaking mournfully as the fitful gusts of wind caught it.

He went up to the gate, and found that it led into a small field. In it, a little way back from the gate, stood a half brick, half wooden building. The building was deserted and empty. Its rotting timber, its broken roof and general air of decay, showed that it must have been many years since it had been used as a human habitation. The grass of the field, coarse and untrodden, grew up to its walls, obliterating any path which might once have led from the gate to the doorway.

The deserted building, with its dreariness of tangled briar and rank, unmown grass, stood out clearly defined against the unearthly splendour of the western sky.

Here and there, sharp and distinct, rose out of the hedgerow behind the house a pollarded tree, whose maimed branches suggested contorted limbs, bringing an ugly recollection to Mildmay of the lepers he had seen in the East. They seemed to give the last touch of weird desolation to the scene.

But as the young man looked, the spell of silence and loneliness was broken. The building was not entirely deserted; some human being was still left in it.

Sharp, distinct, in a lull of the blustering wind, he heard the sound of footsteps coming from the building, as some one ran down a wooden staircase inside. The steps fell quickly and clearly on the wooden stairs, one foot striking the step more heavily than the other, as if the person descending were slightly lame. It was a peculiar footstep, and Mildmay found himself speculating as to what manner of individual was coming tumbling down the

staircase at so reckless a pace, and what any one would be doing there at all. They ceased suddenly, as suddenly as they had begun, stopping apparently close inside the door which stood ajar.

"Hullo there!" Mildmay called from the gate, pushing it open and stepping inside the field. "Can you tell me the shortest cut back to St. Helier's?"

The door fell to with a slight bang as the wind, rising, struck it, and then swayed ajar again. The young man felt that there was some one peering at him through the chink. But there was no reply to his call.

He repeated his question a little impatiently. But still the person inside the old building kept silence.

Muttering an unorthodox exclamation on his stupidity or rudeness, Mildmay stalked through the wet grass up to the house, and repeating his question, this time in French, he pushed at the door. For a second it did not yield. He imagined that the discourteous person inside was holding it, and he gave it an angry thrust. The old door, hanging on one rusty hinge, gave way before the force he used, and swung inwards, snapping its hinge, and then fell with a heavy crash on to the floor, sending up a cloud of musty, decaying dust, and tainting the air with an indescribable odour of mildew and rottenness. He ran inside, looking about him for the unsociable inmate—alarmed at the idea that he might have been hurt by his own roughness. There was no one there. The building stood bare, from one end to the other, in the yellow evening light that fell through the doorway.

He stared about him, calling again. No one answered nor stirred. As the suffocating dust cleared he saw that the plank flooring was rotten, great gaps here and there, leaving bare the earth beneath, from which came up that damp, mildewed odour. The building was but a shell; everything had gone but the floor, and walls, and roof, while through wide rents in the latter the rain had fallen on to the sodden planks below. Instinctively he looked round for the staircase down which he had heard the halting, hurrying footsteps run.

Against one of the walls, near the doorway, he saw some projecting pieces of wood with the remains of what might once have been a handrail. They had apparently formed a staircase leading up to a floor above. But this upper floor, save for a few rafters, had entirely disappeared. He crossed over to the remains of the stair-

case, to inspect it more closely. Here and there the stairs had vanished altogether, leaving wide gaps, while those that hung still to the fungus-stained wall were so rotten, that they would have given way under a touch. No human feet had passed up nor down for many a long day.

Yet what was the sound that he had heard? He called again though he knew that he would get no answer, and then suddenly the strangest, most unaccountable paroxysm of cowardice seized him, a dread unspeakable, as if the loneliness and decay, the mildewed air, and the rotting staircase of the deserted building were inexplicably mingled with the mystery of those hastening, halting footsteps, and he turned and fled from the place.

CHAPTER II.

THERE were only one or two visitors beside himself staying at Brie's. With two of them he had travelled from London the previous day, and owing to a slight former acquaintance with the husband—whom, however, until he met him in the train from London the evening before, he had not seen for some years—they had fraternised after the fashion of sociable travellers. Taylor had recently married, and he introduced Mildmay to his wife. Taylor, who was a good many years older than she was, was plainly devoted to her, while she, in her turn, was charming in her manner to him. She looked about twenty-five, and at first sight seemed almost plain; at least, so it struck Mildmay when first introduced to her.

They had been married about a year, and had only just returned to England after a prolonged honeymoon in America. This was her first visit to Jersey, and from some remark she let slip, Mildmay fancied that she would rather have spent a month or two quietly near her own people after her long absence from England. Perhaps he would hardly have noticed the speech but for something that occurred afterwards.

He and the Taylors were standing on the deck watching the approach to Jersey. Taylor, who was one of the most entertaining of companions with an even remarkable individuality, was talking of the probable changes he would find in the island, which he had not visited for ten years, though he had once been a frequent visitor to it.

Mrs. Taylor became rather silent, and

by-and-by she moved a little apart from the two men, and stood looking across the stormy sea to where it broke in thundering roar of white foam against the rocks of the island.

Mildmay, turning to ask if she would go under shelter as the rain was beginning to fall heavily, surprised a strange expression of mingled fascination and dread on her face.

"I shall never forget my first impression of Jersey!" she said. "To the end of my days I shall be haunted by the memory of a rain-swept sea breaking in foam against those terrible rocks!"

"And after all, it is nothing better than a gigantic potato field!" said her husband prosaically, as he turned away to look after the luggage.

"You and my husband are old friends?" she asked with abrupt irrelevance.

Mildmay hesitated for an almost imperceptible instant. He could hardly say so much for their acquaintance. It certainly dated back for some years, but they had really seen very little of each other. Taylor was rarely in England; and, indeed, they had met first in the East. And now, at her question, it suddenly struck him that in spite of Taylor's good comradeship and his attractive personality, there had been always a certain want of sympathy between them.

As he paused she turned away. And Mildmay felt vexed, feeling vaguely conscious that his momentary hesitation had in some way offended or disappointed her.

They were going to the same hotel, and after landing and lunching together at Brie's, Mildmay started out for a walk. Mildmay met them again at dinner. He gave them an account of his wanderings in the Jersey lanes. But he did not mention his adventure, restrained by a queer feeling of reluctance of which his common sense was thoroughly ashamed. On his return, in a talk with the manager, he had heard the story that was connected with the old building by the cross lanes. But in spite of the arguments of reason, the recollection of it would return at moments to him, arousing an uncomfortable annoyance at his own folly, and at the inexplicable cowardice that had seized him.

"I hope you don't object to ghosts?" he said to Mrs. Taylor, prompted possibly by one of these recollections. "I believe when they were banished from England

that they took refuge here. There are dozens of lanes and houses round about St. Helier's quite respectably haunted by the ghosts of the departed victims of sensational tragedies. The country folk will not pass them after dark."

To his surprise, she suddenly went white to the lips, and cast a strange, terrified look at her husband. He did not notice it.

"They are a frightfully superstitious lot here," he said carelessly, as he rose from the table. "It is not raining now, and the stars are shining. Shall we go for a turn, Clemence?"

The queer look of terror in her eyes vanished, as if his prosaic tone and speech had reassured her.

They went upstairs for the necessary wraps. Mildmay was in the hall when they came down again. Mrs. Taylor appeared first, and she waited at the foot of the staircase for her husband. Mildmay joined her as she stood drawing on her gloves.

"I don't think you ought to go out," he said, thinking as he glanced at her face, which looked pale and tired, that her husband was selfishly inconsiderate of her. "It has begun to rain again."

"Oh! I don't mind it," she said, with a bright laugh. "And Harry is such a confirmed wanderer that he never seems happy inside anything in the shape of a dwelling. I believe we shall be like the Wandering Jew, and travel to the end of our days."

Was there a faint shadow of regretful longing for the shelter and rest of a home of her own in the grey eyes?—which, Mildmay had discovered by this, had a rare beauty of their own. Indeed, he wondered now, after the few hours he had spent in her society, how it was that he had first thought her plain. The mobile features, the wonderful changes of expression in her eyes, now sparkling with laughter, now dark with thought, the proud sweet mouth, gave her a charm beyond mere physical prettiness. And he was beginning to feel a little sorry that she was the wife of Taylor.

Then suddenly he forgot her.

The hall of the hotel, with its lamplight and every-day commonplace of surroundings, seemed to fade from about him, and once more he stood amid the decay and desolation of that old rotting building, set in its wilderness of grasses and brambles and overshadowed by that spell of nameless

terror. He stood staring up the staircase; down them, clear, distinct, with their peculiar limping tread, came running those mysterious footsteps, the very echo of those which he had heard, a short while before, in the old building by the cross-lanes.

"Mr. Mildmay! What is it!" Then Mrs. Taylor, following his gaze, looked up too at her husband, who came hurrying down the staircase with the active lightness of a younger man. "Oh! Henry! Do be careful! You shouldn't run down the stairs like that. He has a weak ankle, and he strained it yesterday morning," turning again to Mildmay, but still looking a little puzzled at the alarming effect her husband's headlong run had apparently had on him. Mildmay passed his hand quickly across his eyes, the blood rushing warm through his veins as that uncanny and second inexplicable fit of cowardice left him again. For an instant he had felt genuinely afraid he was bewitched. Any man might limp as he ran downstairs—and his wife had explained it. Taylor had hurt his foot the previous day. It was an odd coincidence, certainly—

He found Taylor looking curiously at him, too.

"What the devil is the matter?" Taylor asked, with a sudden roughness of speech. "You look scared out of your wits."

"You are ill," exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, with womanly sympathy, divining a possible reason for his paleness, and perhaps wishing to soften her husband's discourtesy.

Mildmay was utterly ashamed of himself, and was equally unable to account for his folly.

"I had a most absurd adventure this afternoon, and Taylor's footsteps, as he ran down the staircase, recalled it to me. I was standing by an old tumbledown building near some cross-lanes, and I could have sworn I heard some one inside. But when I went to look to try and find some one to direct me back to St. Helier's, it was empty. The wind probably had a voice in the matter. But it was really a thrilling adventure!" with mock earnestness; "for when I got back here I heard that the place is called the Miser's Barn, and that it is supposed to be haunted by a girl who is always looking for something or somebody."

"What an exciting tale! You might make good copy out of it—but perhaps you believe in the ghosts of departed victims?"

Taylor, leaning against the staircase

wall a few steps above them, looked down at Mildmay from under his half-shut lids—a trick of his at times, and a trick that had always awakened a vague distrust in Mildmay. It gave a curious glittering look to the half-concealed eyes. But it was the sneer in his tone that irritated Mildmay now. He coloured angrily, but Mrs. Taylor, with the prettiest tact, broke in with a light speech and smoothed away the momentary friction between them. She and her husband moved away together. But half-way across the hall Taylor glanced back at Mildmay. Was it only fancy again? If so, Mildmay's imagination was beginning to play him fantastic and unpleasant tricks. His doctor's warnings had been true enough. But surely there had flashed across Taylor's face the most baleful look of hate and fury that Mildmay had ever seen yet on a human face.

Before going to bed that night he found out that Taylor had not left the hotel all the afternoon.

CHAPTER III.

EXPLAIN it to himself as he would, that coincidence, or whatever he chose to call it, was curious; probably the gruesome nature of the story attached to the old building related to him on his return that afternoon gave the incident a deeper significance. At least, so he allowed to himself as he thought it over. But it was strange all the same, and that look in Taylor's eyes added to the disagreeable perplexity. Ten years ago the building had been inhabited by an elderly man and his orphan niece. The man led a strange, secluded life, and was of a morose disposition. He had come from abroad a few years previously and settled in the place. No one knew anything of his past; he had from an early age separated himself entirely from his family, who lived in Jersey, and was believed to have spent his life wandering from one country to another. When he came back to Jersey, his last remaining relation, a brother, had just died, leaving his daughter penniless. Leriche took her to live with him in the house he had built himself in the field near the cross-lanes. He was supposed to be very poor. He and the girl lived miserably, and she was very unhappy. She always declared that he was a miser. She was of a passionate, wilful disposition, and there were frequent and fierce quarrels between them. Then one morning, after an angrier

quarrel than usual, Pierre Leriche was found dead in his bed—poisoned. The girl, who was then about nineteen, was accused of his murder, and all the evidence tended to incriminate her. She was found guilty; her sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life. But a year later she died in prison, broken down in mind and body by her terrible fate.

She persisted in her innocence to the last, also in the statement she had made that she had heard some one on the night of the murder leave her uncle's room and run downstairs. She had thought it was her uncle, especially as the footfalls sounded slightly lame. He had been suffering from rheumatism and halted a little in his gait. She declared, too, again on her death-bed that her uncle was a miser, and had a large sum of money secreted in the house. The house, at the time of the trial, had been searched, but no money was found, and it was believed that she had only invented the tale to screen herself by casting the guilt of the murder on an imaginary thief.

But ugly doubts or morbid fancies fled when he rose next morning. The weather had changed, and the sun was shining. He met the Taylors at breakfast, and there was something so frank and genial in Taylor's manner and cheery spirits that he felt still more keenly the absurdity of the unpleasant suspicions that had troubled him.

Mrs. Taylor looked ill, and her husband, who was much disturbed by the fact, made her promise to take a quiet day.

Afterwards, when Mildmay met her in the hall for a few moments, she asked him what he was going to do with himself that day. He mentioned some expedition he intended making to the other side of the island, and a light flashed into her eyes as of intense relief. As the expedition would keep him away all day, it was hardly complimentary. But he scarcely thought of that in his pity at seeing her look so ill.

"I had a bad night," she said, in answer to his remark to that effect. "I wish we were out of Jersey!" with a sudden strange passion, of which the next instant she seemed ashamed, for she laughed nervously and moved away.

But he did not go to the other side of the island after all. Taylor met him a few moments later, and suggested that he should put it off till the morrow, when he and his wife would join him. She would be rested by that time.

Mildmay consented. Mrs. Taylor did not appear at luncheon. Her husband proposed that he and Mildmay should go for a walk afterwards. It was a fine afternoon, and they went some distance into the country, returning by the Miser's Barn. It was past four when they reached it. The daylight lingered in a flame of red in the west; but the chill October mists were rising from the land, shrouding the deserted house, giving it a touch of unreality, as if it were the ghost of a dead human habitation.

A sudden laugh, full of malignity, made Mildmay turn sharply to look at his companion.

The change in the man's face was as horrible as it was indescribable; his eyes were aflame with a wicked, triumphant cunning.

"Hush! do you hear the dead girl calling me!" he exclaimed. "I've had to come back here at last."

He thrust open the gate and went up to the house. In an instant the whole truth flashed on Mildmay. Taylor was the murderer, and he was mad. He ran after him. The scene that followed was over in a moment.

The doorway stood wide open, the door lying on the floor as it had fallen the day before.

Taylor had disappeared into the semi-obscurity of the building when Mildmay reached its threshold. As he reached it he found himself facing Taylor, who a few feet away stood awaiting him, a revolver in hand. In one instant's vivid consciousness Mildmay remembered that Taylor was a deadly shot, and that as he stood in the doorway, his own figure was distinctly outlined against the red evening light outside.

Then a woman's scream, a tongue of flame, and the ping of a bullet confused themselves in his brain with a sharp pang of pain, and he fell senseless to the ground.

It was many weeks before he heard the end of the story, and then it was Taylor's wife who told it to him. For he lay at the point of death. Taylor's bullet had only just missed its fatal aim by the intervention of his wife, who, driven by a presentiment of evil, had made her way to the old building. She had only arrived a few moments before the men came up. Taylor had not seen her on entering. Her sudden scream as he levelled the revolver disturbed its aim by a hair's breadth.

Her apparition so sudden and unexpected by his side, on the scene of his crime, was the last stroke that his remorse-tortured brain could bear. He thought it was the spirit of the dead girl, who had died for his crime, and with a scream of terror he had shot himself dead at her feet. Among his papers was found a full confession, written some years before, of his crime. He had known Pierre Leriche abroad during one period of his wandering life. By a strange adventure in which they had both been engaged Pierre Leriche had become the possessor of some almost priceless rubies. Taylor, justly or unjustly, had claimed a share of them, but Leriche would not part with any. Taylor, partly from greed, partly from a desire of revenge, had, when he discovered Leriche in Jersey, murdered him and stolen the rubies, the proceeds of which had given him a handsome fortune.

Mrs. Taylor, who, in spite of her own trouble, and it was dreadful enough, helped to nurse Mildmay back to life, told him how, soon after their marriage, she began to fear that all was not right with her husband. As time went on, she began to be almost convinced that he was mad. Some words, muttered at times in his sleep, suggested that remorse for some crime had helped to unhinge his brain. He had mentioned Jersey in these unguarded words, and she had been much disturbed when he insisted on going there on his return to England, though he had more than once expressed to her a dislike for the place. The night before his attempt on Mildmay's life he had been very restless; his sleep evidently haunted by ugly dreams, in which he was always being tracked down by an enemy whose name was Mildmay, and on whom he swore a deadly revenge, to be carried out in the old house of which Mildmay had spoken. She had roused him several times, but his manner had been so strange that it had terrified her. In the morning, however, he had seemed all right again, and had even laughed at her account of his dreams. But the dread suspicions that haunted her would not be entirely driven out, and on hearing that he and Mildmay had, after all, gone out together, she had, guided by that presentiment of evil, made her way to the Miser's Barn.

Attended by such a dear nurse, convalescence was a delight. But when Mildmay was able to leave his room, she came to him, looking sweetly in her widow's

weeds. "You want me no longer; I am going home."

"Dear Clemence," he whispered, "I want you for all my life."

And so, after her year of widowhood, they were married.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"DONALD, you'll have to go to Cancuspie yourself," said my father, looking at me over his gold-rimmed spectacles. The time, an afternoon in blustering autumn; the place, my father's office—Ernest Macfie, writer to the signet, if you please—in Auld Reekie. Analogy may perhaps suggest that in his son you have a budding Walter Scott. But no! I can draft an information for the Court of Session in different well, and have a fairish hand for a golf club, and what I see I can describe, but nothing beyond; and I can't even do the vernacular properly, whereas my father has got the "auld Scotch" at his fingertips.

I must say the auld man has a vicious habit of giving his son all the nasty disagreeable pieces of business that come into the office, and this affair of Cancuspie was just one of the nastiest, for it was to carry out a process of ejectment against some poor creatures from the home of their fathers. And naturally, I objected fiercely. It was not a business for me. Let some of the lads in the outer office see to it.

"Donald," said my father, taking a huge pinch of snuff from what he calls the "sneeshin" over the fireplace, "I'm full sorry for the poor things at Cancuspie, for they're of a good stock, and never had a thought to come to this. And that's why I say go yourself, for I should like to be sure that all was done with kindness and discretion."

"In fact, I'm to drive the hook into them tenderly, as Isaak Walton might say."

"Well, you'll have to go, anyhow," said my father in a tone that admitted of no dispute, "and go at once, for here's this mon," shaking some papers fiercely as if he held the "mon" himself in his grip, "is worrying me for being unco' slow."

And thus it was that at half-past five next morning, and such a morning!—blowing and snowing and raining all at once—I found myself a passenger, by a hair's

breadth, in the early train, and "for the Heelans boun'." My hasty entrance into the carriage just as the train was moving off seemed to irritate a fellow-passenger, a red-haired, heavy-jowled person, with a cruel mouth like a spring-trap. But after eyeing me for a few moments as the ogre-eyed Jack, the springs of his mouth worked it into an upward curve—you could not say he smiled.

"Young Macfie, I think!"

Then also I recognised my mon. It was the very mon, indeed, whose animadversions had roused my father's ire—Mr. Spilster, the recent purchaser of Rossmore Castle and all its domains.

"About that Cancuspie business, eh?" pursued Mr. Spilster, with a scintillation of satisfaction in his eyes for which I longed to kick him; but I bore my father's adage in mind—"Always respect the dirty lucre."

"Mind!" continued Spilster; "no delay! After their impudent attempt to keep me out of my property they deserve no consideration."

I only grunted in reply, and lit a cigar as an excuse for keeping silence, but the mon went maundering on with an air of serene self-importance that was indeed irritating.

"I shall pull down the house," he said. "I can see it from my drawing-room windows, and it annoys me; and the pasture-land and the arable I shall plant with larches and turn into the forest."

"You'll never do that," said I warmly. "Why, there's many a man's bread in those fields."

"I can afford it!" he said loftily.

The rights about Cancuspie were these: I may as well make them plain as we are worrying along towards the Highlands. It belonged to the domain of Rossmore, that had been the seat of the MacEwens ever since the time of MacEwen Mohr, about whom my father has tales to tell that would make your hair stand on end; at least, it did mine when I was a boy. Well, all the cadets of the house were sent into the army, and one of the "Peninsular heroes" was Major Eric MacEwen, who came home to end his days among his kinsfolk, and to whom the reigning chief granted a lease of Cancuspie, renewable perpetually, at a low rent—at least, that was what the family said, but my father did not believe that there had ever been a lease at all; it was just held on the MacEwens' word—and a good enough title,

too, if the MacEwens had been able to hold on to Rossmore; but they came to utter ruin in the end, and Spilster bought them out. Now the Cancuspie line, founded by the Peninsular hero, had ended in a grand-daughter, who married a Captain Douglas Grant, who spent all her money, and would have sold Cancuspie, too; but when he tried to sell, behold, there were no title-deeds, and not a penny could he raise. His wife, poor thing, died of the trouble, and yet thankfully, too, so they say, that Cancuspie was saved for her child's sake that by this time would be a well-grown young woman.

And you must remember that Major Eric had built a handsome house on the land, and had spent much of his money in improving the farm, so that it seemed hard that his descendants should have to go; and to do Spilster justice, he had offered terms. But the Cancuspie people would not go, and fought the matter in the law courts, but lost at all ends, and it was with an order of ejectment from the Court of Session that I was now on my way northwards.

It was a wearisome journey with such a companion, you may guess, and when I landed at a little Highland station I was quite ready to take my ease at mine inn. But no inn was there. Out of the clatter of the Highland patois I elicited that there was no inn nearer than Cancuspie, and that was not an inn, but the leddies there let rooms to traveller folk in the season. But carriages whatever—yes, there were plenty of carriages, and presently a battered chaise with a rough sheltie and shock-headed driver was at my disposal.

And a dreary drive it was over the waste in the twilight, huge hills glowering upon one in the distance, and now and then a morass to cross, or a stream to ford, by way of variety. It was black night, and I would have been glad of shelter anywhere, when we saw the dim glow of lighted windows at Cancuspie. Would I meet a welcome there? Hardly, if I revealed my real errand. I should be rightly served if I were left to camp out on the cold hillside. And the rain, which had held up for awhile, began to drizzle again with steady persistency, and such a wind came howling down the straeth!

But I was a traveller and wanted a lodging, and there was no lie in saying so. As we drove up to the door, I thought the place looked too dignified and imposing for my purpose, but the Highland lad had

no scruples of the kind, and knocked and rang with saucy importunity. No white-headed butler came to the door, but a wild-looking lassie, who as soon as she saw us ran off screaming: "Mistress, mistress, here's a stranger gentlemen!" A middle-aged, pleasant-looking lady came forward, to whom I apologetically explained my needs. Perhaps I had made a mistake.

"Oh, there was no mistake," said the other calmly. They did take in people during the season, and though for certain reasons they had now shut up the rooms they usually let, yet as I had come so far I might stay. And the pony might be put in the stable, and the lad might sleep in the loft, and then in the morning I might go my way rejoicing.

I suppose that the Greeks, when they were being wheeled into Troy in the wooden horse, thought themselves very fine fellows, and enjoyed the joke amazingly. But for me, as I crept into the house of Canaspie under false pretences, I felt very small indeed.

The rooms into which I was shown felt rather chill and cold, but a fire had been lighted in the hearth; everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and the old-fashioned furniture shone with reflected radiance on the scene.

"We will do what we can for you," said the lady who had first appeared, and who proved to be Miss MacEwen.

She introduced me to her niece, a plain but intelligent girl, who, while my rooms were being prepared, gave me an account of the places of interest in the neighbourhood, touched upon the sporting capacities of the neighbouring lands, and upon the change of dynasty at Rossmore, all with the laudable object of satisfying feminine curiosity as to who or what I was. If this was the heroine of the romance I had pledged together about the Canaspie people, I was a little disappointed in her; and yet a little relieved in my mind, for here was evidently a young lady who was not without capacity for taking her own part in the struggle for existence.

But once within my own rooms I felt that I was cut off from further society. "You will ring, if you please, if you want anything," said Miss MacEwen, as she went out. If I wanted anything! I was starving, but too shy to suggest supper to such a dignified person and at this time of night. But I might come to terms with the shock-headed lassie, and persuade her to bring

me some bannocks and cheese. And rather timidly I rang the bell.

"What's your pleasure, sir?"

At the words I looked up, and felt hunger no more, nor any other sensation but wonder and delight. I had never seen such a beautiful girl in all my life. The lovely complexion, the eyes of a deep violet-blue, the rich tresses of dark gold modestly gathered under a snood, the charming figure in bodices and short skirt, the whole inventory of charms coming upon me at one coup-d'œil, fairly took away my breath. My pleasure, indeed! My pleasure would have been to feast my eyes upon her continually, but her eyes drooped under my gaze of honest, dazzled admiration.

"Was you wanting your supper, sir? It will soon be ready."

The voice, too, so sweet and tender!

"Please go on," I cried; "tell me something more about my supper."

The girl smiled and blushed; perhaps she sympathised in the confusion of faculties that had fallen upon me.

"Indeed, sir, I can tell you nothing more except that it will soon be ready."

And then a voice in the passage said: "Mary!" softly, as if in gentle reminder that the colloquy had lasted long enough, and Mary vanished with one quick glance at me from under her curved eyelashes that filled me with delight.

I had forgotten all about my wretched errand. But soon I was reminded of it, however. A carriage had stopped at the gate, and presently Mary appeared with a face rather pale and scared.

"If you please, a gentleman from the Castle wants to know if there is one Macfie staying here with process from the Court of Session."

"I don't know him," I replied, with hauteur.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Mary joyfully, and I heard her say indignantly to some one outside, "I was quite sure it was not he."

But ah, what would she say when she knew the truth on the morrow?

The rest of the evening was all taken up with thoughts of Mary. When she was in the room, all was bright and joyous; when she left it, darkness set in. And when she came for the last time, and asked:

"Is there anything more you might want the night?" it was felt to be a sorrowful parting.

"Mary," I said timidly, "you have many sweethearts, doubtless."

"No, indeed, not one," she replied indignantly.

"Then would you be mine?"

Her eyes laughed, but she held up a finger in admonition, and I heard the same voice as before say softly, "Mary!"

When I was shut in for the night I was not long in getting to bed, but not to sleep for some time. My thoughts rested first upon lovely Mary, and then upon the disagreeable wakening I should have in the morn, with the business upon me of turning these kind, estimable people out upon the cold hillside. And Mr. Spilster would doubtless take care that the local officers of the law should be in attendance in good time, and I saw no possible way of escape from the horrid business.

The rain had broken off a little, and now and then the moon shone out from behind a dark cloud with sudden brightness. There was less wind, too, though it still soughed among the trees outside, and whistled and howled along the passages. Feeling so restless, I got up and looked out of window. My rooms were in a wing to themselves, and looked out upon a pretty flower garden, with lawns and shrubs beyond, and beyond were pastures that enclosed a small loch, now dark as ink, and again catching a mournful light from the moon. The hillsides were open fields, and dark plantations crowned their summits. It was a pleasant oasis redeemed from the waste and gloom of the surrounding country. It had been the work of long years, and of successive generations whose children it had supported in comfort and plenty, and now it was all to be made desolate to gratify the pride of a Spilster.

I went to sleep after this, and woke feeling tranquillised and refreshed. It was still very early, half-past two by my watch, and I was going to try for another nap, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs come pounding along the road. Whoever it was rode at a great pace, and pulled up suddenly at Cancuspie. Then doors were opened, and voices spoke in agitated tones. "No, no, they are not here," in a feminine accent; and a rougher voice, "I will have them." And the voices sounded as if close at hand in the very next room, for there was a room beyond mine, perhaps more than one; anyhow, I had noticed a heavy door bolted and locked. The sounds continued, as if things were flung about in some mad search. Then there was a respite, and footsteps sounded on the stairs, and the noises began again overhead.

Somebody packing up, perhaps, I surmised. But next moment, either the door opened or a figure glided through it, but a figure there was, a woman's, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, with hair in rich tresses hanging to her waist, and listening intently while she moved with quick, furtive footsteps across the room. She had something clutched to her bosom, which to me looked like a bundle of papers; and seeming to come to some sudden decision, she ran to the window, opened it, or seemed to open it, and passed out.

Then I jumped up, threw on an overcoat, and followed. The windows opened upon a flower garden, and at the bottom of the garden was a terrace wall, adorned at intervals with stone vases of a handsome classic pattern. An iron wicket was the only means of exit, and that was locked. For a moment I thought I saw a figure hovering over one of the vases—but there was no one there.

The freshness and coolness of the air acted like a charm in cooling my fevered nerves. I felt that I had been the subject of an hallucination, due, no doubt, to prosaic physical causes. The salmon steak of supper was responsible for the galloping horse, the collops represented the subsequent turmoil, while the cream cheese represented the charming but dishevelled young woman, and a certain resemblance to Mary which I had noted in the visionary form might be ascribed to the way in which my thoughts ran upon that young creature. And soothing myself with these reflections, I fell into a sound sleep.

To wake in the morning with the sun shining brightly, and the music of some Scotch ballad in my ears. I dressed hastily and went out by the window. The garden gate was open, and the singer was there; it was Mary herself, with her hands full of dewy flowers. But she was dressed in a very pretty morning costume, and greeted me with a quiet dignity that set me back into my proper insignificance.

"It is Cousin Elsie's turn to-day," she said, smiling, "and I doubt if you will be so well served. Yes, I am Mary Grant of Cancuspie; but for how long I don't know," and she sighed.

Yes, and at nine o'clock, with horse, foot, and artillery, I was to drive Mary out of the pleasant home of which she was the delightful mistress. I turned away with a responsive sigh, which resembled a groan, to meet with Miss

MacEwen, Mary's aunt, it seems, who greeted me civilly, but coldly.

"Have ye slept well, sir, and no been disturbed in the night?"

"Did you hear the horseman on the road?" I asked quickly.

"Indeed, no," cried Miss MacEwen, turning pale. "Step this way, sir, and let me ask you what you mean."

And I told her what I had seen and heard; for somehow, though in my full waking senses, I felt more and more impressed with a feeling that I had been privileged beyond the lot of ordinary mortals in the vision of things beyond human ken.

"And that is strange," said Miss MacEwen, trembling. "I'll tell you the story, now you've seen so much. It was twenty years ago, and Mary was a babe, and her mother but sadly, and Captain Grant was away at his races and gambling devices, when in the night he comes galloping up, having just lost five thousand pounds on some great race. Now, if he could get the title-deeds of Cancuspie, there was a man who would lend him the money on them, and his honour would be saved. Honour, forsooth, and he to leave his wife and bairn to get starving! But she denied him that she knew aught about the deeds, and he went ranting and raving all over the place, but he could not find them. They sent to me next day to say my poor cousin was dying, and I only reached her bedside to receive her last words. 'I have saved Cancuspie for my bairn,' she said, but she could say no more. And I have thought, how can she rest in her grave and know that she died for naught, and that Cancuspie is lost after all?"

"Come along," I cried, breathless with excitement. "She did not come to me for nothing. She came into the garden; she hid the parchments there; I saw her standing by one of those vases. Could she have put them there?"

"Man, they're solid," groaned out poor Miss MacEwen.

"But are they all solid? Let us try."

And I ran along the terrace, sounding the vases one by one. The last one sounded hollow. I jumped upon the wall and, with an effort, raised the lid of the vase fastened by the lichens and mosses of twenty years'

growth. Yes, there was the packet; I was sure of it. I read the endorsement, and could see old Rossmore's big seal; and then I leapt down and put the deeds into Mary's hands.

"Heaven bless you, my dear," I said.

"You shall still be Mary Grant of Cancuspie."

"And what shall we do now?" said Mary Grant, when the first burst of emotion was over.

"First and foremost, you must bar me out," I cried. "Women, I'm a traitor to you; I've the Court of Session order in my pocket to turn you out, and if you once let that deil o' Spilster get his foot inside ye'll have hard work to get him out. So bar and steek your doors, and send off to Inverness for your man of business."

That was good, sound advice though it came from an enemy, and the women worked for a will and soon had the place in a state of defence. And Spilster and his men came up presently, and a wild rage he was in when he found I had been put outside! They were outside there in the wet and the cold for four-and-twenty hours, and then there came some kind of a writ from the Court of Session that made the Sheriff's men clear off. And the doors of Cancuspie were thrown wide open, and friends came pouring in from all round to wish the people joy. And I sneaked in with the rest, feeling that I had been a kind of double traitor. But Mary received me quite kindly, and when I went away she said to me:

"Was that in earnest you spoke the other night, Macfie?"

"When I asked you to be my sweetheart—oh, would you, Mary dear?" Mary nodded assent. "But," I said, "my dear, you have known so little of me"—for I did not want the dear creature to throw herself away.

Said Mary gently:

"I think my mother would not have come to you unless she had known you would be good to her bairn."

"Ay, ay," said my father, resorting to the sneeshin as usual in moments of emotion. "And so you're going to marry Mary Grant! Well, you may be lucky in love, for you're but a laggart in law."

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT.

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TABLE OF EVENTS, 1892-1893.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

- 1.—Torquay celebrated its inauguration as a Corporation.
Metropolitan Railway Extension to Aylesbury opened.
- 3.—News received of annexation of the Gilbert Islands, Oceania, by British cruiser "Royalist."
- 5.—Opening of Ninth International Congress of Orientalists in London University.
Annual Meeting of the Trades Union Congress at Glasgow.
- 6.—The excursion steamer "Mona's Isle," from Dublin to Douglas, with 500 passengers, went ashore near Castletown, but all on board safely landed.
- 7.—The race for the St. Leger, for which eleven started, resulted in Baron de Hirsch running first and third with La Flèche and Watercress; Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo being second. Orme started a great favourite, but came in fifth only.
- 10.—Opening of Trafalgar Square Theatre.
- 17.—At Herne Hill, J. Wass and E. L. Newland covered 25 miles on a tandem safely in 1 hour 2 min. 9½ sec.; best on record.
- 19.—Southend-on-Sea, the latest created borough, celebrated reception of its charter with great public rejoicing.
- 21.—At Leicester, the Royal Handicap won by Rusticus, beating twenty-one others.
- 22.—Celebration in Paris of Centenary of French Republic.
- 24.—Lancashire Plate, value £10,000, won by La Flèche, twelve starting.
- 29.—Alderman Knill, a Roman Catholic, elected Lord Mayor for ensuing civic year.

OCTOBER, 1892.

- 3.—Lord Houghton, the new Irish Viceroy, made his state entry into Dublin.
- 6.—Death of Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, at Aldworth, his Surrey residence, aged 83.
The two mile race on the Seine, near Paris, between a London Rowing Club eight and a French amateur crew, won by latter in 9 min. 21 sec.
- 8.—At Kempton Park, the new Duke of York Stakes of £5,000 won by Miss Dollar, who beat twenty-one others.
- 11.—In presence of a large, distinguished, and representative assemblage, the remains of Lord Tennyson interred in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.
- 12, 13.—At Newmarket, the Cesarewitch, in a field of twenty-eight, won by Barnaby, with Insurance and Brandy second and third; and the Middle Park Plate by Isinglass, beating Ravensbury, Le Nicham, and twelve others.
- 13.—Cirencester election resulted in Conservative

candidate being returned by majority of only three in a poll of 8,551.

- 16.—News received that the P. and O. steamship "Bokhara" had been wrecked on her voyage from Shanghai to Hong Kong, and 125 of her passengers and crew drowned.
- 19.—The "City of Paris" steamer made the voyage from Liverpool to New York in the unprecedented time of 6 days 2 hours 24 min., and from Queenstown in 5 days 14 hours 24 min., her average steaming being upwards of 20½ knots.
Announcement by Home Secretary that public meetings would be allowed in Trafalgar Square on Saturdays, Sundays, and Bank Holidays, under regulations prepared by Commissioner of Works.
- 25.—Death at Washington of Mrs. Harrison, wife of President of United States.
- 26.—The Cambridgeshire won by La Flèche, with Pensioner and Jodel second and third. Thirty ran.
- 28.—British steamer "Roumania," from Liverpool to Bombay, totally lost on Portuguese coast, only nine of the 123 persons on board reaching the shore alive.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

- 2.—By a collision between the Scotch express and a goods train, near Thirsk, ten persons were killed and many others seriously injured.
In entering the Spanish port of Ferrol, with the rest of the Channel fleet, the ironclad "Howe" grounded on a reef, and sustained serious damage.
- 5.—The Military March Competition for Volunteers, Militia, and Regulars won by the team of 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regiment, who covered the fifty-four miles, in heavy marching order, in 17 hours 36 min.
- 8.—By explosion of a dynamite bomb, found in a Paris street, at the police-office where it had been taken, the building was wrecked and five officers killed.
- 9.—Fifty-first birthday of the Prince of Wales.
Lord Mayor's Day. At the Guildhall banquet, in absence of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Kimberley made the political speech usual on the occasion.
- 10.—Mr. Cleveland elected President of the United States.
- 11.—Liverpool Cup won by Windgall.
- 23.—Inaugural ceremony of opening the London Chamber of Arbitration at the Guildhall performed by the Lord Mayor, in presence of a large and influential assemblage.
Union Company's steamer "Scot" arrived at Plymouth from the Cape in 13 days 23 hours, beating her own record by 12 hours.
- 26.—Manchester November Handicap won by Paddy.

DECEMBER, 1892.

- 1.—Official announcements that Major-General Sir George Stewart White had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to Lord Roberts; and that Sir Gerald Porter had been nominated Commissioner to Uganda.
- 3.—The Royal Italian Opera Company gave a performance of "Carmen" at Windsor Castle, before the Queen and Court.
Mr. Gladstone presented with the freedom of City of Liverpool.
- 9.—Prince of Wales nominated Grand Master of English Freemasons for nineteenth time.
- 14.—By a fire which broke out in the Bamfurlong Colliery, near Wigan, fifteen miners perished.
- 24.—Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers defeated at Bombay by eleven Parsee gentlemen, who won by 109 runs.
Dynamite explosion at detective offices, Dublin, by which a police officer was killed and great destruction of property occasioned.
- 26.—Bank Holiday, fine bright weather prevailing.
- 29.—Mr. Gladstone's eighty-third birthday.
- 31.—Return match at Bombay between the English and Parsee cricketers, won by former, but by seven runs only.

JANUARY, 1893.

- 1.—The Lord Mayor of London visited Dublin in state, and received the freedom of the Irish metropolis.
- 2.—Very severe fighting at Ambigol between Egyptian troops and a largely superior Dervish force, who were defeated with great loss. Our casualties were fifty killed and wounded; Captain Pyne, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, being among the slain.
- 5.—At Lingley Fen, the National Skating Association's gold medal for skating a mile in three and a half minutes won, for the first time, by Mr. C. J. Aveling, who covered the distance in 3 min. 22½ sec.
- 7.—The court-martial at Devonport on Vice-Admiral Fairfax, commanding the Channel fleet, on the charge of hazarding Her Majesty's ships under his command by taking them into Ferrol harbour when the "Howe" struck on a reef, resulted, after a trial of over a week, in the Admiral being acquitted of blame.
At Cardiff, in presence of 20,000 spectators, the International Rugby football match between England and Wales resulted, after a splendid struggle, in the Welshmen winning by twelve points to eleven.
- 10.—Marriage of Princess Marie, eldest daughter of Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Prince Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania, solemnised at Signaringen with Royal pomp.
By the sudden flooding of the Wheal Owless Mine, St. Just, Cornwall, nineteen men lost their lives.
- 16.—At Rome, Dr. Vaughan, Archbishop of

- Westminster, and Dr. Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, created Cardinals by the Pope.
- 30.—The race for the Sculling Championship of England from Putney to Mortlake, between George Bubear, of Hammersmith, and George Hosmer, of Boston, U.S.A., easily won by the Thames oarsman in 27 min. 25 sec.
 - 31.—Meeting of both Houses of Parliament.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

- 1.—Terrible earthquake in Island of Zante, attended with great loss of life and immense destruction of property, 10,000 persons being rendered destitute and homeless.
- 4.—Of the two International Rugby football matches played to-day, England defeated Ireland at Dublin by two tries to nil; while at Edinburgh, Wales followed up its recent success over England by decisively beating Scotland by a goal and three tries to nothing.
- 6.—Announcement that the great towns of Leeds and Sheffield had been raised to the rank of cities.
The Cirencester Election Petition resulted in election being declared void, the number of valid votes given to each candidate having been found equal.
Lord Tennyson's "Becket" produced at the Lyceum with very great success.
- 8.—Total loss of Anchor Line steamer "Trinacria" from Glasgow to Gibraltar, at Cape Villano, near Corunna, with four lady passengers and crew of thirty-seven on board, only seven of the latter reaching the shore alive.
- 9.—In House of Commons, Mr. Redmond's motion that fourteen prisoners undergoing penal servitude under the Treason Felony Act should have their sentences reconsidered, rejected by 397 to 81.
M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, his son Charles, and three other Directors of the Panama Canal Company, convicted in Paris of misappropriation of funds in connection with that Company, and sentenced, the two former to five years' and the others to two years' imprisonment, in addition to considerable fines. M. de Lesseps is 90 years of age, a high officer of the Legion of Honour, and of world-wide renown as the projector of the Suez Canal. All the defendants appealed.
- 10.—By a conflagration which destroyed a County Lunatic Asylum in New Hampshire, U.S.A., fifty unfortunate lunatics perished, only three being saved.
- 13.—In a densely crowded House, Mr. Gladstone introduced the new Irish Home Rule Bill of the Government.
- 21.—Mr. Mellor, Q.C., elected Chairman of Committee of House of Commons.
- 24.—Waterloo Cup won by Mr. Cole's Character, Mr. Baxter's Button Park being the runner up. Colonel North's famous old dog Fullerton, winner of last four years, made a fifth attempt to carry off the trophy and started a strong favourite, but was beaten in second round.

MARCH, 1893.

- 4.—Inauguration of President Cleveland at Washington.
At Leeds, under Rugby rules, Scotland defeated England by two goals to nothing.
- 4, 5.—By two subsidences at Sandgate, 200 houses were seriously injured, but, happily, no lives lost.
- 11.—Playing at Llanelly, the last of the Rugby International football matches—that between Wales and Ireland—won by the Welsh by a try to nothing, who thus secured the Rugby championship for the year.
- At Birmingham, the Ten Miles Amateur Pedestrian Championship easily won by Mr. Sid. Thomas, who defeated thirteen competitors by 600 yards, in 52 min. 4½ sec.
- 13.—London County Council elected Mr. John Hutton their Chairman, and Messrs. Harrison and Dickinson Vice-Chairman and Deputy-Chairman respectively.
- 18.—By "command," Mr. Irving's Lyceum Company gave a highly successful performance of "Becket" before the Queen and Court at Windsor.
- 20.—Departure of the Queen for Florence.
- 21.—Lincolnshire Handicap, for which twenty ran, won by Wolf's Crag, with Gangway and Marcion second and third.
- 22.—University Boat Race won by Oxford for fourth year in succession, in the unprecedented time of 18 min. 47 sec.
- 23.—The Inter-University Athletic Sports at West Kensington resulted in Oxford winning seven events out of nine.
- 24.—Liverpool Grand National won by Cloister, who defeated fourteen other starters, in 9 min. 42½ sec.; fastest time ever made.
- 27.—The "Howe," which grounded in entering Ferrol harbour in November, successfully floated.

APRIL, 1893.

- 3.—Easter Monday. Magnificent weather attended the first Bank holiday of the year, all places of public resort in and about London being filled with enormous crowds of holiday folks, upwards of 76,000 visiting the Crystal Palace alone. Railway and steamboat passenger traffic was also unprecedentedly great.
- Immense Unionist demonstration in Belfast on the occasion of Mr. Balfour's visit, a procession of nearly a hundred thousand persons marching through the streets. In the evening Mr. Balfour addressed a great and enthusiastic meeting in the Ulster Hall.
- 8.—Celebration of eight-hundredth anniversary of consecration of Winchester Cathedral. Mr. Balfour concluded his visit to Ireland by addressing a vast anti-Home Rule gathering in Dublin.
- 11.—By a terrible outburst of fire in the Great Western Colliery, near Pontypridd, sixty-three miners perished.
- 12.—At Epsom, after a splendid race, in which fourteen took part, the City and Suburban won by King Charles, an outsider; the favourite, Windgall, being second, and Lady Hermit third.
- 13.—Serious rioting at Brussels, Mons, and other towns in Belgium, owing to rejection of Universal Suffrage by Constituent Assembly.
- 17.—Another severe earthquake in Zante, most of the buildings left standing after the recent catastrophe being destroyed, and more lives lost.
- 18.—In the Probate Court, Sir Francis Jenne, the President, sentenced the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland to pay a fine of £250, and to be imprisoned for six weeks, for serious contempt of Court, in destroying a letter which was among the documents to which she had been allowed access, "pendente lite," by direction of the Court.
- The great spot-barred billiard match for £2,000 played at the Egyptian Hall, in which John Roberts endeavoured to concede 9,000 out of 24,000 to C. Dawson, the second best player in England, ended by the champion being defeated by 1,993 points.
- 19.—Immense Primrose League meeting in Covent Garden Theatre, under presidency of Marquis of Salisbury, who delivered a powerful address against Irish Home Rule.
- 20.—Arrival in Rome of German Emperor and Empress on a visit to King and Queen of Italy.
- Marriage in Florence of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to Princess Marie Louise, daughter of the Duke of Parma.
- 21.—In House of Commons, the second reading of the Irish Home Rule Bill carried by majority of 43, the numbers being 347 to 304. Fourteen members paired, these, the Speaker and four tellers, making up the full complement of the House.
- 22.—Silver wedding of King and Queen of Italy, celebrated in Rome and throughout the kingdom with great public rejoicings.
- Immense and enthusiastic meeting at the Albert Hall, under presidency of Duke of Abercorn, attended by 1,200 delegates from Ulster, to protest against Irish Home Rule. The number of persons present officially stated at 11,300.
- Serious rioting at Hull by the dockers on strike and large mobs of roughs, the streets being only at last cleared by repeated charges of police. In the afternoon a terrible fire broke out in the town, property to a very large amount being destroyed, and there was reason for grave suspicion that the conflagration was the work of incendiaries.
- 24.—In House of Commons the Chancellor of Exchequer made his budget statement, which showed that the estimated revenue for 1893-4 would fall short of expenditure by upwards of a million and a half, which he proposed to make up by imposing an additional penny on the Income Tax.
- By the sudden fall of the heavy stone coping of a public-house and four adjacent houses in Peel Road, Kilburn, two women and a child were killed, and many other persons seriously injured.

At the great garden party at Hatfield, in honour of the Ulster delegates to London, the Marquis of Salisbury and other Unionist leaders delivered stirring speeches against the Home Rule Bill, which were rapturously received by the enthusiastic Irish visitors.

28.—Return of the Queen from Italy.

29.—Royal Academy Banquet, at which the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge were present.

MAY, 1893.

1.—Opening of the "World's Fair" at Chicago by President Cleveland, nearly half a million of spectators being present.

Official announcement of betrothal of Duke of York to Princess Mary of Teck.

In House of Commons, the Eight Hours (Miners') Bill read a second time.

3.—At Newmarket, the race for the Two Thousand Guineas had ten starters, and was won by the favourite, Mr. McCalmont's Isinglass, with Mr. Rose's Ravensbury and Duke of Portland's Raeburn second and third.

The Lord Mayor presided over a large and representative meeting of business men in the Guildhall to protest against Irish Home Rule.

Death of Sir J. Dormer, Commander-in-Chief at Madras, from injuries received from a tiger.

5.—The One Thousand Guineas race won by Sir J. Blundell Maple's Siffleuse, same owner's Dame President (the favourite) coming in second, and Lord Rosebery's Tressure third. Eleven started.

Arrival at Dover of Lord Roberts, late Commander-in-Chief in India, accompanied by Lady Roberts and their two daughters, who were presented with an address of welcome, and met with a most cordial reception.

Bomb explosion in one of the quadrangles of the Four Courts, Dublin, but beyond the smashing of a great number of windows, no damage was done. The day was the anniversary of the Phoenix Park assassinations in 1882.

The St. John's Ambulance Brigade of men working in Colonel Seely's collieries in Derbyshire and Notts, inspected by the Queen in Windsor Great Park.

Dissolution of German Reichstag by the Emperor, owing to rejection of Army Bill.

10.—In brilliant and true "Queen's weather" the Imperial Institute opened by Her Majesty in State, vast crowds thronging the line of procession.

The newly arrived Australian cricketers fared badly in their opening match at Lord Sheffield's park, against a fairly representative All England eleven, being defeated by eight wickets.

Chester Cup won by Dare Devil.

13.—By a fire which broke out at noon in Wych Street, Strand, two young children perished, four others being rescued with much difficulty.

Gardening and Forestry Exhibition, Earl's Court, opened by Duke of York.

Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes won by Orviato, with May Duke and Simonian second and third. Eight others ran.

By a collision in a dense fog off Lundy Island between the steamers "City of Hamburg" and "Countess Evelyn," the latter was sunk and sixteen of her crew and eight passengers drowned.

16.—Great demonstration of influential and distinguished Churchmen, presided over by Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Albert Hall, to protest against the Dis-establishment of the Church in Wales.

17.—At the magnificent reception given by the Prince of Wales at the Imperial Institute, 25,000 ladies and gentlemen, representative of all parts of the Empire, were present.

Newmarket Stakes, for which seven started, easily won by Isinglass, Phocion and Ravensbury being second and third.

18.—Launch at Chiswick of H.M. first-class gunboat "Speedy," 810 tons, the first man-of-war and largest vessel ever built above London Bridge.

20.—End of great dock strike at Hull.

22.—Whit Monday. In the metropolis all pleasure resorts thronged with the usual thousands of holiday-makers, great crowds also taking advantage of the fine weather to visit the many places of interest easily reached by river, road, or rail.

Opening of International Miners' Congress at Brussels; of sixty-three delegates present, thirty-eight were from the United Kingdom.

Eighth annual parade of the London Cart-Horse Society in Regent's Park, witnessed by Prince and Princess of Wales and a great concourse of spectators.

24.—Seventy-fourth birthday of the Queen.

Lord Salisbury arrived at Belfast, where he received a right hearty welcome, and addressed a great gathering against the Irish Home Rule Bill.

The British Nurses' Association granted a Royal Charter of Incorporation by the Queen.

26.—The sailing match from Gravesend round the Mouse lightship and back won by Prince of Wales's new cutter yacht "Britannia," after a close race with Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie," which came in second.

27.—Manchester Cup won by Shancrotha, beating thirteen others.

Lord Salisbury visited Londonderry, and was most enthusiastically received.

31.—In brilliant weather and in presence of an immense gathering, the Derby won by Mr. McCalmont's Isinglass, who defeated Mr. Rose's Ravensbury, Duke of Portland's Raeburn, and eight others, in 2 min. 43 sec.; equal to best previous record time.

JUNE, 1893.

2.—The race for the Oaks, for which seventeen ran, resulted in the victory of Duke of Portland's Mrs. Butterwick, with Tressure and Cyprion second and third.

3.—The International Spot-barred Billiard Match for £1,000, between J. Roberts and Frank Ives, Champion of America, 6,000

- up, won by the American by dint of two extraordinary runs of cannons on balls jammed against the corner pockets; Roberts's total only reaching 3,821.
- 4.—Paris Grand Steeplechase won by the English horse Skedaddle, seven starting.
- 8.—Parliamentary Golf Handicap won by Hon. T. W. Legh, M.P.
- 9.—By the sudden collapse of an old theatre in Washington, which had been converted into Government offices, thirty employés were killed and numerous others badly injured. It was in this theatre that President Lincoln was assassinated.
- Mr. Reckitt, M.P. for Pontefract, unseated on petition, bribery by an agent having been proved.
- Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hudson, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, thrown from his horse at Poona and killed on the spot.
- Mr. G. Mills accomplished the remarkable feat of tricycling from Land's End to John o' Groat's in 3 days 16 hours 47 min., beating bicycling record by 7 hours.
- 10.—Fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace by the Queen.
- 11.—Grand Prix de Paris won by Ragotski; Ravensbury, the only English horse who competed, being a close second.
- 12.—International Firemen's Exhibition at Agricultural Hall; nearly 300 fire brigades, English, Foreign, and Colonial, represented.
- 13-16.—At Ascot, the Prince of Wales's Stakes won by Red Ensign; Ascot Stakes by Eniskillen; Royal Hunt Cup by Amandier; Gold Cup by Marcion; and the rich Hardwicke Stakes by Watercress.
- 15.—The Mayors of Manchester and Liverpool received official notification that from henceforth the title of Lord Mayor had been granted to the holders of the office.
- The P. and O. steamer "Himalaya" arrived at Adelaide in 26 days 6 hours; fastest passage ever made.
- In Paris, the Court of Cassation quashed the convictions of M. Ch. de Lesseps and other Directors of the Panama Canal Company of February last. The verdict against the elder M. de Lesseps had never been put in force.
- 17.—At Herne Hill, Sanger, the American champion bicyclist, beat world's record by covering a mile in 2 min. 10½ sec.
- 22.—Safe arrival of the ironclad "Howe" at Sheerness from Ferrol.
- Terrible naval disaster in the Mediterranean, the splendid flagship "Victoria," one of our grandest and most powerful battle-ships, having been sunk in deep water off the coast of Syria by collision with the "Camperdown," another great ironclad, which also sustained considerable damage. Of a total of 650 persons on board the sunken war-vessel, as many as 353 perished, the loss including the gallant and distinguished Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, Commander-in-Chief on the station. The greatest grief was everywhere manifested for what was felt to be nothing less than a national calamity.
- 28.—The Queen unveiled in Kensington Gardens a marble statue of herself, depicting her as she was at the time of her accession, admirably executed by her daughter, Princess Louise of Lorne.
- 29.—The Rev. Isaac Olumoli and the Rev. C. Phillips, African negroes, consecrated as Assistant Bishops for Western Equatorial Africa, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by Archbishop of Canterbury.

JULY, 1893.

- 3.—Calamitous colliery explosion at Thornhill, near Dewsbury; 139 miners perishing, and numerous wives and children left destitute.
- University cricket match won by Cambridge by 266 runs.
- Mr. Meintjes, the South African cyclist, covered 24 miles 380 yards at Herne Hill in an hour, a record bicycle performance.
- 6.—Marriage of Duke of York, only son of Prince and Princess of Wales, to Princess Mary of Teck, in Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Queen, King and Queen of Denmark, the parents of bride and bridegroom, all the members of the Royal Family, as well as numerous representatives of foreign Sovereigns, were present, the ceremony being conducted with all the pomp and splendour attached to a State function of the highest order. Vast and enthusiastic multitudes witnessed the bridal processions, and at night the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated.
- 8.—The King and Queen of Denmark, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarewitch, and many other Royal persons, visited the Guildhall, where they received an address of welcome and were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor, 700 guests being present.
- At the Oval, Gentlemen defeated by Players by eight runs.
- By the capsizing of a pleasure-boat in a sudden squall off Skegness, Lincolnshire, twenty-nine men, out of the thirty-two on board, were drowned. Most of the victims were employés of the North London Railway Company, on their annual seaside excursion, many leaving wives and families.
- 10.—Great fire at the World's Fair, Chicago, and many lives lost.
- 12.—Gentlemen v. Players' return match at Lord's drawn, owing to rain.
- Official announcement that a baronetcy had been conferred on the Lord Mayor, and knighthoods on the Sheriffs.
- 14.—Both Houses of Parliament voted addresses of congratulation to the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, and Duke and Duchess of York, on the Royal marriage; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attending at Windsor and presenting to Her Majesty a similar address from the City.
- Eclipse Stakes won by Orme, six running.
- 15.—At Lord's, Eton beat Harrow by nine wickets.
- 16.—German Army Bill carried in new Reichstag by majority of sixteen.
- By "command," the Royal Italian Opera Company gave a performance at Windsor Castle of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and second act of "L'Amico Fritz."
- 18.—Extensive fire in City, thirty warehouses being destroyed in St. Mary Axe.

- 19.—The first representative match between All England and Australians, played at Lord's, abandoned, owing to rain on last day.
Wingfield Sculls won by G. Kennedy, beating V. Nickalls, the holder.
- 20.—Gatwick Golden Handicap won by Cabin Boy.
Foundation stone of new Deep Harbour, Dover, laid by Prince of Wales.
- 21.—Liverpool Cup won by Simonian.
- 22.—The annual twenty-four hours' cycling race at Herne Hill, for which eighteen started, won by F. W. Shorland, the holder, who covered 426½ miles—a world's record.
At Bisleigh, the Queen's Prize of £250, with gold badge and medal, won by Sergeant Davies, 1st Welsh.
International lawn tennis match between England and Ireland, played at Wimbledon, won by former by nine to six.
- 25.—Celebration of five-hundredth anniversary of Winchester College, at which Prince of Wales and Duke of Connaught took part.
- 25-28.—At Goodwood, the Stewards' Cup won by Medora; the Goodwood Stakes by Red Eyes; Sussex Stakes by Harbinger; Cup by Barmecide; and Gordon Stakes by Orme.
- 27.—French blockade of Siamese coast declared. The court-martial assembled at Malta to enquire into the circumstances attending the sinking of the "Victoria," found that the catastrophe was solely due to an order from the Commander-in-Chief, and acquitted Captain Bourke and the other survivors of any blame.
- G. E. Osmond bicycled 25 miles at Herne Hill in record time of 60 min. 4 sec.
Unprecedented scene in House of Commons at conclusion of Committee Stage of Home Rule Bill, when an actual free fight took place, blows being freely exchanged by several hon. members to an accompaniment of loud and persistent hissing from the Strangers' Gallery!
- 28.—Solomon Islands placed under British Protectorate.
Beginning of an extensive coal strike, very many thousand men having ceased work in England and Wales.
- 29.—Arrival of German Emperor at Cowes.
Siamese Government's acceptance of French ultimatum announced from Bangkok.
State visits of Lord Mayors of London and Dublin to Edinburgh.

AUGUST, 1893.

- 1.—Royal Yacht Squadron Queen's Cup won by German Emperor's "Meteor," the "Valkyrie"—which came in first—having been disqualified by passing wrong side of the Nab Light.
R. and J. Isley beat the 25 miles' tandem safety record by riding the distance at Herne Hill in 60 min. 31½ sec.
In the match at Portsmouth between the Australians and Oxford and Cambridge (Past and Present), the former ran up the extraordinary total of 843 in their first innings, which extended into the third day;
- an unprecedented performance in first-class cricket.
At Cowes, Prince of Wales's "Britannia" won the Challenge Shield presented by German Emperor.
- 4.—Mansion House "Victoria" Relief Fund closed, the amount received exceeding £62,000.
Annual meeting of the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness.
- 5.—Corinth Canal opened by King of Greece.
- 7.—Brilliant weather again favoured Bank holiday folks, and all places of amusement thronged.
German Emperor left Cowes for Heligoland. By the capsize of a pleasure-boat at Port Talbot, South Wales, twenty-two persons, mostly women and children, were drowned.
- 10.—Pezon's menagerie destroyed by fire at Royan, in France; all the lions, tigers, and other large animals, fifty in number, perishing in the flames.
- 12.—Calamitous accident on Taff Vale Railway, near Pontypridd, twelve passengers being killed and many others badly injured.
- 12-15.—Serious religious riots between Mohammedans and Hindoos at Bombay, which a large military force was required to suppress, many lives being lost.
- 15.—Arbitration award in the Behring Sea seal fisheries dispute with the United States delivered in Paris, in all essential points favourable to Great Britain.
- 16.—The second of the three matches between the Australians and a representative eleven of All England, played at the Oval, ended in the Colonists being defeated by an innings and 43 runs.
- 17.—At Herne Hill, G. E. Osmond bicycled two miles in 4 min. 25½ sec., a best on record.
- 18.—Ninety-five degrees shade temperature registered at Greenwich.
- 19.—The mile swimming race for £500 and Championship of the World, between J. Nuttall, champion of England, and J. McCusker, an American, in Hollingworth Lake, easily won by Nuttall, in the record time of 26 min. 8 sec.
- 22.—Death of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother-in-law of the Queen; his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, succeeding to the Ducal throne.
- 23.—Ebor Handicap won by Senaputty.
- 25.—G. E. Osmond and R. G. Merry rode a mile on a tandem bicycle at Herne Hill in the splendid time of 2 min. 7½ sec.; a record.
- 26.—The last of the three matches between the Australians and a representative All England Eleven, played at Manchester, ended in a very even draw.
- 28.—At Herne Hill, J. W. Stocks, Hull B.C., accomplished the marvellous performance of bicycling 25 miles in 59 min. 31½ sec.; and, going on, covered another 360 yards within the hour, beating world's record.
Terrible cyclone in Georgia and other Southern States, many hundred persons being killed, and property of enormous value destroyed.
- 31.—The close of the first-class cricket season left Yorkshire champion county with nine points, five ahead of Lancashire, which ranked next.

OBITUARY FOR 1892-1893.

On the 7th September died JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the American Quaker poet, whose "Songs of Freedom" helped on the Abolitionist cause, and whose stirring battle poems during the War of Secession sustained the enthusiasm of the winning side. On the 16th of the same month died CARDINAL HOWARD, one of the old historic family, in his sixty-fifth year.

On the 2nd October died the distinguished French littérateur, ERNEST RENAN, whose "Origins of Christianity" was, perhaps, more widely read in its English translation even than in the original. And the 6th of the same month was notable for the death of ALFRED TENNYSON, chief of the English poets of his period, who was born on the 5th August, 1809. On the following day died THOMAS WOOLNER, sculptor and poet, early allied with the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, born on the 17th December, 1825. On the 24th October died MRS. W. H. (JANET) WILLES, sister of William and Robert Chambers, aged eighty-one years.

The 11th November witnessed the death at Budleigh Salterton of T. A. TROLLOPE, novelist and littérateur, brother of the more famous Anthony, in his eighty-second year. On the 9th November died the eighth DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, in his forty-ninth year, who, with considerable capacities, rendered himself rather notorious than famous. On the 23rd of the same month died WILLIAM O'CONNOR, the famous Canadian oarsman. November, too, witnessed the death of MISS SOPHIE EYRE, an actress of some repute.

The dramatic world also had to regret the loss, on the 7th December, of FRED LESLIE, an excellent burlesque actor, in his thirty-sixth year. On the 18th occurred the death of SIR RICHARD OWEN, the eminent anatomist and man of science, aged eighty-eight years. And the 23rd of the same month was marked by the death of MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., in his fifty-eighth year, eminent as an advocate, and in latter years a popular police magistrate, and a genial occasional essayist. The name of SIR J. BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King-at-Arms, who died on the 13th December, aged seventy-seven, recalls achievements in the field of literature, with the congenial subject of the "Romance of the Peerage." The month of December also witnessed the death, on the 2nd, of JAY GOULD, the "Giant Jobber" of America; on the 5th, of CHARLES WORDSWORTH, Bishop of St. Andrew's, one of the poet's family; on the 13th, of WILLIE BECKWITH, the famous swimmer, and on the 23rd, of MISS WADMAN, a favourite burlesque actress.

The year 1893 opened with the death, on the 8th January, of the popular novelist, HAWLEY SMART, at Budleigh Salterton, in his sixtieth year. And the 13th saw the death of the veteran actress and public reader, MRS. FANNY KEMBLE, whose name recalls the triumphs of an earlier age, and who was born eighty-five years ago. Less known, but in his way a remarkable man, was DR. PRICE, of Llantrissant, who was "out"

with the Chartists in his earlier years, and latterly assumed the character of an Arch-Druid, and who died on the 23rd, in his ninety-third year. In January also, on the 4th, passed away WILLIAM J. PALMER, of biscuit fame, and the benefactor in many other ways of Reading. And on the 11th died GENERAL BUTLER, one of the most unpopular of the Northern commanders in the American War of Secession.

A warrior of a different stamp was the chivalrous GENERAL BEAUREGARD, of the Southern army, who died in the following month of February, in his seventy-fifth year. On the 6th February died LORD BRABOURNE, not of much note as a politician, but who, as Knatchbull-Hugessen, acquired some reputation as a story-teller in the land of faëry. The 21st was marked by the death of JOHN PETTIE, R.A., in his fifty-fourth year, and on the following day died WILLIAM HAZLITT, at the ripe age of eighty-three, son of the noted critic of the same name, and himself an occasional annotator in literary chronicles. And we may also record the death on the 2nd February of TIM CARTER, probably the last of the old school of stage-coachmen, who had attained the eighty-eighth year of his age.

In March died WILLIAM MINRO, journalist and professor, aged forty-nine; and on the 5th, HIPPOLITE ADOLPHE TAINE, in his fifty-fifth year, the eminent French critic and literary historian. And on the 27th died the former champion of the cue, JOHN ROBERTS the elder, once facile princeps at the billiard-table, in his seventieth year.

On the 6th April died VICAT COLE, R.A., aged sixty, the admired artist of so many charming scenes in Surrey lanes, or along Thames side. And the 19th witnessed the death of J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, an eminent essayist, in his fifty-third year. On the 21st died at Knowsley, in his sixty-seventh year, the EARL OF DERBY, son of the famous Prime Minister, the Rupert of debate, and who himself held the seals of a Secretary of State, both in his father's and Lord Beaconsfield's administrations.

The 9th May witnessed the death of SIR JAMES ANDERSON, aged sixty-nine, the commander of the "Great Eastern," who successfully laid the earliest Atlantic cable, and who was connected with many of the great marine Telegraph Companies.

In July died DR. RAE, the eminent Arctic explorer.

And on the 8th August died MRS. JOHN NELSON, once famous as Carlotta Leclercq, who sustained leading rôles with Charles Kean and Charles Fechter. On the 22nd August passed away ERNEST II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and brother of the late Prince Consort, whose death will be noticeable in our annals, as it involves the transference of the Duke of Edinburgh, recently a popular naval commander, to the chieftainship of a foreign State.

CALENDAR FOR 1894.

JANUARY.

1	M	Edward Burke born, 1730; died, 1797.
2	T	General Wolfe born, 1727; killed, 1759.
3	W	Josiah Wedgwood died, 1795; born, 1730.
4	Th	Roger Ascham died, 1568.
5	F	General Chanzy died, 1883.
6	S	Epiphany.
7	S	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
8	M	Duke of Clarence born, 1864; died, 1892.
9	T	W. P. Frith born, 1819.
10	W	Archbishop Laud beheaded, 1645.
11	Th	Sir Hans Sloane died, 1753.
12	F	Auguste Comte born, 1798.
13	S	St. Hilary.
14	S	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
15	M	Molière born, 1622; died, 1673.
16	T	Edmund Spenser died, 1599; born, 1553.
17	W	Benjamin Franklin born, 1706; died, 1790.
18	Th	Lord Lytton, novelist, died, 1873.
19	F	James Watt born, 1736; died, 1819.
20	S	David Garrick died, 1779.
21	S	Septuagesima.
22	M	Lord Byron, poet, born, 1788; died, 1824.
23	T	Coquelin sinc born, 1841.
24	W	Frederick the Great born, 1712.
25	Th	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	F	C. J. Bernadotte born, 1763.
27	S	William II. Emperor of Germany born, 1859.
28	S	Sexagesima.
29	M	John C. Horsley, R.A., born, 1817.
30	T	Walter Savage Landor born, 1775.
31	W	Ben Jonson born, 1574; died, 1637.

MOON'S PHASES.

7th.	New Moon	..	3A.	7m.	Morning.
15th.	First Quarter	..	0	9	Morning.
21st.	Full Moon	..	3	11	Afternoon.
28th.	Last Quarter	..	4	51	Afternoon.

FEBRUARY.

1	Th	George Cruikshank died, 1878.
2	F	Purification.
3	S	Marquis of Salisbury born, 1830.
4	S	Quinquagesima.
5	M	Thomas Carlyle died, 1881.
6	T	Henry Irving born, 1838.
7	W	Ash Wednesday. Charles Dickens b. 1812.
8	Th	Samuel Butler, poet, born, 1612.
9	F	Sir Evelyn Wood born, 1848.
10	S	Queen Victoria married, 1840.
11	S	1st Sunday in Lent.
12	M	Charles Darwin born, 1809.
13	T	Cardinal Howard born, 1829; died, 1892.
14	W	St. Valentine.
15	Th	Mrs. Cashel Hoey born, 1830.
16	F	Edwd. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, born, 1608; died, 1674.
17	S	Battle of Meeanee, 1843.
18	S	2nd Sunday in Lent.
19	M	Richard Cumberland born, 1732; died, 1811.
20	T	Voltaire born, 1694; died, 1778.
21	W	Meissonier born, 1815.
22	Th	Jas. Russell Lowell born, 1819; died, 1891.
23	F	Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792.
24	S	St. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr.
25	S	3rd Sunday in Lent.
26	M	Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria born, 1861.
27	T	Joseph Ernest Renan born, 1823; died, 1892.
28	W	Michel de Montaigne born, 1533.

MOON'S PHASES.

5th.	New Moon	..	9A.	45m.	Afternoon.
13th.	First Quarter	..	10	43	Morning.
20th.	Full Moon	..	2	18	Morning.
27th.	Last Quarter	..	0	28	Afternoon.

MARCH.

1	Th	St. David's Day.
2	F	Pope Leo XIII. born, 1810.
3	S	Edmund Waller born, 1666.
4	S	4th Sunday in Lent.
5	M	Sir H. A. Layard born, 1817.
6	T	Michael Angelo born, 1474; died, 1563.
7	W	Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., born, 1802; died, 1873.
8	Th	Battle of Aboukir, 1801.
9	F	Hamo Thorneycroft, sculptor, born, 1850.
10	S	Edwd. O'Connor Terry born, 1844.
11	S	5th Sunday in Lent.
12	M	John Lawrence Toole born, 1830.
13	T	Battle of Tamai, 1884.
14	W	King Humbert of Ita'y born, 1844.
15	Th	Lord Melbourne born, 1779; died, 1848.
16	F	Duchess of Kent died, 1861.
17	S	St. Patrick's Day.
18	S	Palm Sunday.
19	M	Sir Richard Burton born, 1821; died, 1890.
20	T	Edwd. Jno. Poynter, R.A., born, 1836.
21	W	Henry Kirke White, poet, born, 1785; died, 1806.
22	Th	Battle of Totrek, Suakim, 1885.
23	F	Good Friday.
24	S	Thos. Spencer Baynes, LL.D., born, 1823.
25	S	Easter Day. Lady Day.
26	M	Bank Holiday.
27	T	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., born, 1816.
28	W	Declaration of War with Russia, 1854.
29	Th	Marshal Soult born, 1769; died, 1811.
30	F	Don Carlos born, 1848.
31	S	Slave Trade Abolished, 1806.

MOON'S PHASES.

7th.	New Moon	..	2A.	13m.	Afternoon.
14th.	First Quarter	..	6	23	Afternoon.
21st.	Full Moon	..	2	11	Afternoon.
29th.	Last Quarter	..	8	28	Morning.

APRIL.

1	S	Low Sunday.
2	M	Capture of Richmond & Virginia by Feder.
3	T	Washington Irving born, 1783. [rals, 1865.
4	W	Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774.
5	Th	Algernon Chas. Swinburne born, 1837.
6	F	Raphael born, 1483; died, 1520.
7	S	William Wordsworth born, 1770.
8	S	2nd Sunday after Easter.
9	M	Battle of Palestrina, 1849.
10	T	Battle of Toulouse, 1814.
11	W	George Canning born, 1770.
12	Th	Edw. Bird, R.A., born, 1762; died, 1819.
13	F	Dr. Chas. Burney died, 1814.
14	S	President Lincoln assassinated, 1865.
15	S	3rd Sunday after Easter.
16	M	Battle of Culloden, 1746.
17	T	Vicat Cole, R.A., born, 1833; died, 1893.
18	W	Dr. Erasmus Darwin died, 1802.
19	Th	Primrose Day.
20	F	King Charles of Roumania born, 1830.
21	S	H. A. Taine born, 1823; died, 1893.
22	S	4th Sunday after Easter.
23	M	William Shakespeare born, 1564; died, 1616.
24	T	Daniel Defoe died, 1731. [St. George.
25	W	St. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr.
26	Th	Magellan killed, 1521.
27	F	Edward Gibbon born, 1737; died, 1794.
28	S	Chas. Cotton, poet, born, 1690; died, 1687.
29	S	Rogation Sunday.
30	M	Duke of Argyll born, 1823.

MOON'S PHASES.

6th.	New Moon	..	4A.	0m.	Morning.
13th.	First Quarter	..	0	53	Morning.
20th.	Full Moon	..	3	2	Morning.
28th.	Last Quarter	..	8	20	Morning.

MAY.

1	T	SS. Philip and James.
2	W	Dr. E. C. Brewer born, 1810.
3	Th	Ascension Day.
4	F	Sir Thomas Lawrence born, 1769; died, 1830.
5	S	Harrison Weir born, 1824.
6	S	Sunday after Ascension.
7	M	Robert Browning born, 1812; died, 1889.
8	T	Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, born
9	W	Napoleon Consul for life, 1802. [1837.
10	Th	Professor Calderwood Henry born, 1830.
11	F	Earl Granville born, 1815.
12	S	H.M.S. <i>Tiger</i> destroyed at Odessa, 1854.
13	S	Whit Sunday.
14	M	Bank Holiday.
15	T	Daniel O'Connell died, 1847.
16	W	Duke of Rutland born, 1815.
17	Th	George Barnett Smith, F.R.G.S., born, 1841.
18	F	Peter Cunningham died, 1869.
19	S	Professor Wilson born, 1785.
20	S	Trinity Sunday.
21	M	Edward Hull, F.R.S., born, 1824.
22	T	Bombardment of Gustafs-vaern, 1854.
23	W	Princess Elizabeth Bourbon born, 1764; executed, 1794.
24	Th	Corpus Christi. Queen's birthday.
25	F	Princess Helena born, 1846.
26	S	Duchess of York born, 1867.
27	S	1st Sunday after Trinity.
28	M	William Pitt born, 1759; died, 1806.
29	T	Restoration of King Charles II., 1660.
30	W	Alexander Pope died, 1744. [1854.
31	Th	Destruction of <i>Europa</i> , troopship, by fire,

MOON'S PHASES.

5th.	New Moon	..	24.	41m.	Afternoon.
12th.	First Quarter	..	6	21	Morning.
19th.	Full Moon	..	4	43	Afternoon.
27th.	Last Quarter	..	8	4	Afternoon.

JUNE.

1	F	Engagement between <i>Chesapeake</i> and <i>Shan-</i>
2	S	Thomas Hardy born, 1840. [non, 1813.
3	S	2nd Sunday after Trinity.
4	M	Battle of Magenta, 1859.
5	T	Counts Egmont and Horn executed, 1563.
6	W	Jean B. L. Say born, 1826.
7	Th	Marshal Canrobert born, 1809.
8	F	Sir Samuel White Baker born, 1821.
9	S	Georgina Duchess of Devon born, 1767.
10	S	3rd Sunday after Trinity.
11	M	George Withers, poet, born, 1588; died, 1667.
12	T	William Cullen Bryant died, 1878.
13	W	Duc de Broglie born, 1821.
14	Th	Battle of Marengo, 1800.
15	F	German Emperor Frederick died, 1888.
16	S	Battle of Quatre Bras, 1815.
17	S	4th Sunday after Trinity.
18	M	Battle of Waterloo.
19	T	Sir Joseph Banks died, 1820.
20	W	Queen's Accession.
21	Th	Marquis Dufferin born, 1826.
22	F	Great fire in Tooley Street, 1861.
23	S	General Cluseret born, 1823.
24	S	5th Sunday after Trinity. St. John Baptist.
		Midsummer Day.
25	M	H. C. E. Childers born, 1827.
26	T	Rev. Gilbert White died, 1793. [1891.
27	W	Charles Stewart Parnell born, 1846; died,
28	Th	Coronation Day.
29	F	St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr. [1841.
30	S	Great Western Railway opened to Bristol,

MOON'S PHASES.

3rd.	New Moon	..	10A.	56m.	Afternoon.
10th.	First Quarter	..	1	14	Afternoon.
18th.	Full Moon	..	7	6	Morning.
26th.	Last Quarter	..	10	3	Morning.

JULY.

1	S	6th Sunday after Trinity.
2	M	George D. Leslie, R.A., born, 1835.
3	T	Battle of Sadowa, 1866.
4	W	Declaration of Independence, U.S., 1776.
5	Th	Battle of Carthage, U.S., 1861.
6	F	Earl of Pembroke born, 1850.
7	S	W. Mulready, R.A., died, 1863.
8	S	7th Sunday after Trinity.
9	M	Thomas Hayter Lewis, F.S.A., born, 1818.
10	T	Captain Marryat born, 1792; died, 1848.
11	W	Bombardment of Alexandria.
12	Th	Battle of Aghrim, 1691.
13	F	Marshal MacMahon born, 1808.
14	S	Archbishop of Canterbury born, 1829.
15	S	8th Sunday after Trinity.
16	M	Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723; died, 1792.
17	T	Franco-German War began, 1870.
18	W	Francis Petrarck died, 1374.
19	Th	J. Martin, artist, born, 1789.
20	F	Hyacinth Rigaud born, 1659; died, 1748.
21	S	Battle of Bull's Run, U.S., 1861.
22	S	9th Sunday after Trinity.
23	M	Duke of Devonshire born, 1833.
24	T	Window Tax abolished, 1851.
25	W	St. James, Apostle and Martyr. Rt. Hon.
26	Th	St. Anne. [A. J. Balfour born, 1848.
27	F	Battle of Talavera, 1809.
28	S	<i>Alabama</i> sailed from River Mersey, 1832.
29	S	10th Sunday after Trinity.
30	M	Samuel Rogers born, 1763; died, 1855.
31	T	Richard Savage, poet, died, 1748.

MOON'S PHASES.

3rd.	New Moon	..	5A.	45m.	Morning.
9th.	First Quarter	..	10	15	Afternoon.
17th.	Full Moon	..	10	3	Afternoon.
25th.	Last Quarter	..	9	7	Afternoon.

AUGUST.

1	W	West Indian slaves freed, 1834.
2	Th	Enghien, Louis Henry de Bourbon, born, 1772; executed, 1844.
3	F	Sir Frederick Peel born, 1829.
4	S	Battle of Weissenbourg, 1870.
5	S	11th Sunday after Trinity.
6	M	Daniel O'Connell born, 1775.
7	T	Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., born, 1831.
8	W	George Canning died, 1827.
9	Th	John Dryden born, 1631; died, 1700.
10	F	Rt. Hon. J. G. Goschen born, 1831.
11	S	Dr. Richard Mead born, 1678; died, 1754.
12	S	12th Sunday after Trinity.
13	M	Lord Escher born, 1817.
14	T	Richard Jefferies, author, died, 1887.
15	W	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771; died, 1832.
16	Th	Battle of Tchernaya, 1855.
17	F	Thomas Stothard, R.A., born, 1755; died, 1834.
18	S	Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.
19	S	13th Sunday after Trinity.
20	M	Robert Herrick born, 1591.
21	T	F. Michelet, historian, born, 1798; died, 1874.
22	W	W. C. Hazlitt born, 1834; died, 1893.
23	Th	Baron Cuvier born, 1769; died, 1832.
24	F	St. Bartholomew, Apostle and Martyr.
25	S	Battle of Cressy, 1346.
26	S	14th Sunday after Trinity.
27	M	Duke of Teck born, 1837.
28	T	Battle of Kassassin.
29	W	Oliver Wendell Holmes born, 1809.
30	Th	Battle of Plevna, 1877.
31	F	John Bunyan died, 1688.

MOON'S PHASES.

1st.	New Moon	..	0A.	24m.	Afternoon.
8th.	First Quarter	..	10	5	Morning.
16th.	Full Moon	..	1	17	Afternoon.
24th.	Last Quarter	..	5	40	Morning.
30th.	New Moon	..	8	4	Afternoon.

SEPTEMBER.

1	S	Partridge Shooting begins.
2	S	15th Sunday after Trinity.
3	M	Lord Halsbury born, 1825.
4	T	French Republic proclaimed, 1870.
5	W	Cardinal Richelieu born, 1585; died, 1642.
6	Th	Shakespeare's Jubilee at Stratford, 1769.
7	F	Comte de Buffon born, 1707.
8	S	Amy Robsart killed, 1560.
9	S	16th Sunday after Trinity.
10	M	Mary Godwin died, 1797.
11	T	Professor Everett born, 1831.
12	W	Marquis of Bute born, 1847.
13	Th	Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
14	F	Holy Cross Day.
15	S	Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., born, 1847. Eclipse of Moon, partly visible at Greenwich.
16	S	17th Sunday after Trinity.
17	M	Frederick Goodall, R.A., born, 1822.
18	T	Dr. Gilbert Burnet born, 1643; died, 1715.
19	W	Battle of Poitiers, 1350.
20	Th	Sir Edward J. Reed born, 1830.
21	F	St. Matthew.
22	S	James Thomson, poet, born, 1700; died, 1748.
23	S	18th Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	Samuel Butler died, 1880.
25	T	W. M. Rossetti born, 1839.
26	W	Thos. Sidney Cooper, R.A., born, 1803.
27	Th	George Cruikshank born, 1792; died, 1878.
28	F	Straabourg Capitulated, 1870.
29	S	St. Michael and All Angels. Michaelmas
30	S	19th Sunday after Trinity. (Day.)

MOON'S PHASES.

7th.	First Quarter ..	1A.	3m.	Morning.
15th.	Full Moon ..	4	21	Morning.
22nd.	Last Quarter ..	0	32	Afternoon.
29th.	New Moon ..	5	44	Morning.

OCTOBER.

1	M	Battle of Volturmo, 1860.
2	T	Major André executed, 1780.
3	W	Valentine Green, engraver, born, 1739.
4	Th	Marquis of Ripon born, 1827. [1893.]
5	F	John Addington Symonds born, 1840; died, 1880.
6	S	Madame Campan born, 1752; died, 1822.
7	S	20th Sunday after Trinity.
8	M	Great Fire at Chicago, 1871.
9	T	Harriet Hosmer, sculptor, born, 1830.
10	W	Benjamin West, artist, born, 1738; died, 1820.
11	Th	Battle of Camperdown, 1797.
12	F	Pekin captured, 1860.
13	S	Murat, King of Naples, shot, 1815.
14	S	21st Sunday after Trinity.
15	M	Allan Ramsay, poet, born, 1686.
16	T	Houses of Parliament burnt, 1834.
17	W	Battle of Nevill's Cross, 1346.
18	Th	St. Luke, Evangelist.
19	F	Leigh Hunt born, 1784.
20	S	Thomas Hughes born, 1823.
21	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.
22	M	Captain Mayne Reid died, 1883.
23	T	Battle of Edgahill, 1642.
24	W	David Roberts, R.A., born, 1796; died, 1864.
25	Th	Battle of Balaklava, 1854.
26	F	Count Von Moltke born, 1800.
27	S	Capitulation of Metz, 1870. [Jude.]
28	S	23rd Sunday after Trinity. SS. Simon and
29	M	Sir Walter Raleigh executed, 1618.
30	T	Richard Brinsley Sheridan born, 1751; died, 1816.
31	W	Hallowmass Eve.

MOON'S PHASES.

6th.	First Quarter ..	7A.	1m.	Afternoon.
14th.	Full Moon ..	6	41	Afternoon.
21st.	Last Quarter ..	6	56	Afternoon.
28th.	New Moon ..	5	57	Afternoon.

NOVEMBER.

1	Th	All Saints' Day.
2	F	All Souls.
3	S	Hicks Pasha & Egyptian Army destroyed, 24th Sunday after Trinity. [1883.]
4	S	Battle of Inkerman, 1854.
5	M	Colley Cibber born, 1671; died, 1757.
6	T	Battle of Prague, 1690.
7	W	Edmund Halley, astronomer, born, 1656.
8	Th	Lord Mayor's Day. Prince of Wales born.
9	F	Martin Luther born, 1483; died, 1516.
10	S	25th Sunday after Trinity.
11	M	Battle of Sheriffmuir, 1715.
12	T	Sir John Moore born, 1761; killed, 1809.
13	W	Sir Chas. Lyell born, 1797; died, 1875.
14	Th	Edwin Booth, actor, born, 1833; died, 1893.
15	F	John Bright born, 1811; died, 1889.
16	S	Queen Charlotte died, 1818.
17	S	26th Sunday after Trinity.
18	M	Ferdinand de Lesseps born, 1805.
19	T	Thomas Chatterton born, 1752; died, 1770.
20	W	James Clarke Hooke, R.A., born, 1819.
21	Th	Justin McCarthy born, 1830.
22	F	Perkin Warbeck executed, 1499.
23	S	John Knox died, 1572.
24	S	27th Sunday after Trinity.
25	M	William Cowper born, 1731; died, 1800.
26	T	Duchess of Teck born, 1833.
27	W	Leslie Stephen born, 1832.
28	Th	Maria Theresa died, 1780.
29	F	St. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.
30	F	

MOON'S PHASES.

5th.	First Quarter ..	3A.	16m.	Afternoon.
13th.	Full Moon ..	7	49	Morning.
20th.	Last Quarter ..	2	8	Morning.
27th.	New Moon ..	8	54	Morning.

DECEMBER.

1	S	Princess of Wales born, 1841.
2	S	Advent Sunday.
3	M	Battle of Austerlitz.
4	T	Pretender entered Derby, 1745.
5	W	Dumas the Elder died, 1870.
6	Th	St. Nicholas.
7	F	Algernon Sidney beheaded, 1683.
8	S	Thomas de Quincey died, 1859.
9	S	2nd Sunday in Advent.
10	M	William Hogarth born, 1697; died, 1764.
11	T	John Gay, poet, died, 1732.
12	W	Robert Browning died, 1889.
13	Th	Council of Trent, 1545.
14	F	Prince Albert died, 1861.
15	S	George Romney born, 1734; died, 1802.
16	S	3rd Sunday in Advent.
17	M	Sir Humphry Davy born, 1778; died, 1829.
18	T	C. M. von Weber born, 1786; died, 1826.
19	W	J. M. W. Turner died, 1851.
20	Th	John Fletcher, dramatist, born, 1679.
21	F	St. Thomas.
22	S	Thomas Banks, sculptor, born, 1738; died, 1806.
23	S	4th Sunday in Advent. [1805.]
24	M	Matthew Arnold born, 1822; died, 1888.
25	T	Christmas Day.
26	W	St. Stephen.
27	Th	St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
28	F	Innocent's Day.
29	S	W. E. Gladstone born, 1809.
30	S	1st Sunday after Christmas.
31	M	Battle of Wakefield, 1460.

MOON'S PHASES.

5th.	First Quarter ..	0A.	15m.	Afternoon.
12th.	Full Moon ..	7	46	Afternoon.
19th.	Last Quarter ..	11	16	Morning.
27th.	New Moon ..	2	20	Morning.

Golden Number ..	14	Solar Cycle ..	27	Roman Indiction ..	7
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